PS
1764
G7905v

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LOS ANGELES
THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LOS ANGELES

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LOS ANGELES THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LOS ANGELES

THE

VESTAL,

OR

A TALE OF POMPEII.

Oh Time ! thou beautifier of the dead,
Adorner of the ruin, ...
. . . . . .
Amidst this wreck, where thou hast made a shrine
And temple more divinely desolate,
Among thy mightier offerings here are mine.

CHILDE HAROLD.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY GRAY AND BOWEN.

M DCCC XXX.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT.

District Clerk's Office.

BE it remembered, that on the thirteenth day of September, A.D. 1830, in the fifty-fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Gray & Bowen, of the said district, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, *to wit:*

"The Vestal, or a Tale of Pompeii.

Oh Time! thou beautifier of the dead,
Adorner of the ruin, ...
. . . . . .
Amidst this wreck, where thou hast made a shrine
And temple more divinely desolate,
Among thy mightier offerings here are mine.
CHILDE HAROLD."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned"; and also to an act, entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JNO. W. DAVIS,
Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

CAMBRIDGE:
E. W. METCALF AND COMPANY.

PS
1764
G7905 v

PREFACE.

At the outset of a tale like the following, it seems proper to state in what particulars actual facts have been departed from. In the description of places and things, I have rigidly followed the facts, as ascertained by the most accurate description that could be obtained on the spot, aided by personal examination, except in two instances; viz. there is no temple of Vesta yet discovered, nor are there subterranean passages beneath the city, like the catacombs of Rome and Naples. The house of the Vestals, however, exists there precisely as described. The house of Diomedes is the first show non entering the street of tombs, and is well known to all who have visited this most interesting city. The forums, the temples, the tombs, the houses, are precisely as described. I have altered no inscriptions, and have changed no names. Pompeii as she now is, has sat for the portrait of what she once was. In the house of Diomedes, and the sepulchral chamber of Saturninus, as will be noticed, I have even retained the actual names of the owners; and in the houses that I have had occasion to describe, I have selected particular ones, which will be readily recognised by those who have visited Pompeii. A more minute account of these houses will be found in the notes. The theatres, the amphitheatre, the prisons, the quarters of the soldiers, the basilica,—all in short are unchanged from the facts.

But in the following tale I have not only entered the houses of the Pompeians, I have even occupied their very

bones. The character of the priest of Isis is built upon the manner in which his bones were found; and they may seem to afford but a narrow basis for the superstructure reared upon them. He might himself smile perhaps, could he look over the pages of this veracious history, and compare himself as delineated here, with what he actually was. He might smile—he probably would not blush. His virtues are his own—his failings are those of the times, of situation, of paganism, and as there is good reason to believe, of the Pompeian priests of Isis.

With regard to dates, I have taken some liberty. Pompeii was buried A. D. 79, under the reign of Titus. The day of the month I find variously stated; Pliny in his letter to Tacitus, mentioning the 28th of August, another the 1st of November, another the 23d of November, &c. It is sufficiently evident that it was at the time the inhabitants were laying in their winter stock of fruits, yet I have thought it probable that Pliny's date was most likely to be correct. Domitian succeeded Titus, A. D. 81; and the second persecution of the Christians under that emperor, took place A. D. 95. It is to this period that I have found it convenient to defer the eruption.

Pompeii is situated on a plain at the distance of six or seven miles from the summit of Vesuvius; and as we sit in the amphitheatre looking towards the mountain, it is with difficulty we can realize the possibility of such a city being buried by ashes thrown from such a distance. At present but one fifth part of Pompeii is disinterred. Lying on the "banks of the sea, which wound round two of its sides, it formed a peninsula. At the part towards the amphitheatre the shore made a curve which extended to Stabia. Here was its port, in a basin formed by the embouchure of the Sarnus.

Sarrastes populos et quæ rigat æquora Sarnus,—*Virgil.*"

INTRODUCTION.

PERHAPS it will not be considered as using too strong language to say, that the whole world presents not another remnant of antiquity of equal interest with that of the ancient city of Pompeii. After a period of nearly two thousand years, when history has become almost a fable, and fable is registered with the chronicles of history,—when facts and legends, in the long line of time, have become blended together, as the outlines of the far-off mountain-tops fade into the perpetual clouds that rest upon them, there is a sensation of inexpressible interest and delight in the feeling with which we view this astonishing preservation of antiquity; almost realizing the fairy tale that delighted our childhood, in which the sleeping princess, who had wounded her hand with a spindle, with her whole court was put to sleep; and when, after the lapse of many years, the enchantment was broken, they all awoke as young as when they first slept, and all instantly recommenced the avocations that occupied them at the moment of the enchantment, unconscious of the lapse of years, or of the changes of the world around them.

To one emerging from the noise and bustle of Naples, a dreamy, melancholy repose seems to brood over this ill-fated city. The ashes that buried it, covered with soil, are sprinkled with vines and flowers, that seem like those scattered upon the grave. There is enough here to ex-

cite contemplation in the lightest and the gayest mind. On entering the limits of this sepulchre of a city, we seem to have stepped back over a space of two thousand years. We are transported at once from modern times to the days of our Saviour and of his apostles. The curtain that separated the past from the present is taken away, and we breathe and move among realized dreams and fables.

Among the first of our schoolboy labors, is the study of ancient history; and when by dint of spur and whip we toil heavily along through labored accounts of wars and men, temples and statues, gods and manners, so long before our day, we scarcely realize that history is other than a fable, pleasing or otherwise, according as which of our principal extremities did or suffered most actively at that period in the cause of learning.

Accordingly, the moment we set our foot in Pompeii, we are in a world of illusions. The temples and the gods are before us. The altars are still reeking as it were from the sacrifice. The bones of the victims are around them. Household utensils, ornaments, provisions, lie carelessly about, as if just left by the inmates of the house. In the temples we see the secret passage and chamber, running behind the altar and beneath the base of the statue of the god, whence the sacred oracles could be uttered by the priest. They have no secrets from us now. We are not merely informed of their general history, but are admitted *in penetralia*. We may enter the family circle, and witness its domestic economy; we may see their wealth, refinement, mode of life, furniture, the Lares and Penates, nay, the very remnants of the half-eaten meal, with the vessels overturned around them. Amphoræ still recline against the walls of the cellar. Loaves of bread bear the name of the baker stamped on them, while the stamps themselves which were used for this purpose, and which have likewise been found, inspire only surprise

that with so near an approach to the art of printing, that art should not have been discovered. We see, in short, their traces in every object, fresh as if left but yesterday—strange as two thousand years can make them.

But amid the interest that all this excites in the mind of the visiter, there is blended a feeling of disappointment and surprise, at perceiving not only how few are the boasted improvements of modern times, but absolutely how little we have changed. The world seems to have been running in a circle, and mistaking motion for progress. Household utensils, children's toys, ornaments, culinary apparatus, the fine arts and the mechanic arts (in both which last they are even capable of being our masters), with the luxury of their dwellings, all serve to fill us with surprise, and prove to us how much less have been our improvements than we have been in the habit of boasting and believing.

I have sometimes fancied that something even of individual character may be gathered from the situation and circumstances in which the skeletons are found. Thus in the temple of Isis, one of the priests was found at table, in the refectory of the temple. He had been dining, and the relics of his meal lay before him. The dishes were overturned on the table; and his own bones lay scattered beneath his seat. He *must* have been a *gourmand*. In another cell of the same temple, was one who had lain down and died quietly on his bed;—and still another who had remained in his cell, till, probably, unable to open the door, from the collection of ashes without. Then, in his desperate frenzy, he had seized a hatchet, and endeavoured to beat through the solid brick wall. The wall still remains marred and beaten, an evidence of his violent struggle for life; while on the floor beneath lay the bones of the unfortunate priest, his hatchet still grasped in his skeleton hand. Five skeletons were found not far

from the tomb of Salvius; and among them a woman who had apparently been very tall and gaunt. They had several coins of silver and bronze upon them, a bundle of keys, and a pick-lock; whence it is supposed that they were a party of thieves, who had been attracted by the hope of plunder, and whom Vesuvius had justly punished. Two skeletons of soldiers were found in the Civil Forum, near the temple of Fortune, who had probably been on duty there, and would not abandon their post. One of them had been killed by the sudden fall of a column. In the quarters of the soldiers, there were found in a room, probably a guard-room or prison, the skeletons of four men with their feet in the stocks. Near this room, is that of the centurion. At the door was found the skeleton of his horse, most richly caparisoned. The skeletons of upwards of thirty-seven of the soldiers were likewise found there. A quantity of their arms was also found in the different rooms.

The walls of the various apartments of the houses in Pompeii are ornamented with paintings, supposed to designate the purpose for which the apartment was used. The Appian Way enters the city from Naples at the Herculanean gate, the approach to which is through a street bordered with beautiful tombs of white marble; with inscriptions which show that men felt and wept two thousand years ago as now. Some of these tombs are of a brilliant whiteness as if just erected; others are of a darker or yellowish cast, as if a long time exposed to the air and weather. This probably was the case at the time of the eruption. The city was much injured by an earthquake that occurred A. D. 63; and at the time of the eruption, they were still occupied in repairing it. In one place we find half-built columns; seeming as if the workmen had just gone to their meals. In another, a tomb half finished, with the blocks of marble that were to have completed it, lying strewed about it. These tombs are often

of great magnificence and size, and of every form of elegance and beauty. The sculptor's shop still exhibits the half finished statue that he was employed upon at the time of the eruption. The streets are narrow, and paved with broad, flat, irregularly shaped stones, the product of some former eruption. A narrow side-walk borders them. The houses are low, small, and, for the most part, covered with stucco that is painted of a dull red color. The names of the owners are often painted beside the door. The floors are of mosaic, laid in beautiful or fanciful figures. Almost every house is provided with a bath, that great luxury of the ancients. The houses are built in the form of a square enclosing a central court. In the middle of this court, which is often paved with mosaic, there is ordinarily a reservoir, into which small marble troughs conduct the rainwater, or the water from the fountains, that, if I may use the expression, irrigate the house. These courts are sometimes open, sometimes covered. A garden is often attached to the house, bordered by a portico for promenade.

Articles of food are found in abundance; fruits, some as fresh looking as if yesterday put up—loaves too, black indeed, and pies, except in color, exactly resembling our own—dates, olives, figs, chesnuts, &c., in abundance. Pots, kettles, saucepans, stewpans, spoons, moulds for pastry, &c., with all the culinary apparatus; surgical instruments, children's toys, bracelets, rings, cameos, seals, &c. all serve to impress the idea that there is nothing new under the sun. Keys stand half turned in the locks, fixed in that position by the enchantress—rust. The streets are furrowed with ruts. Shops, where liquors of some kind were sold, still bear on their stone counters the marks where the wet glass has been inverted upon them, and stained them with the mark of its rim. Mills are seen consisting of a conical stone, upon which a concave stone being fitted, turns on its centre, and crushes the grain.

Inscriptions, scribbled upon the walls by boys or idle persons, advertisements painted upon them,* public notices of magistrates, &c. all confirm the fact that cities, boys, and magistrates, are the same now as in the time of our Saviour. The female toilet too, differs not greatly from that of the present day. Combs, hair-pins, whose heads are of every elegant form, metal mirrors, tooth-picks, ear-picks, pins, thimbles, and even rouge!! "Regarde-les, o lecteur," says Bonucci, after enumerating the various articles of the 'mundus muliebris,' "et tu diras qu'on les a volés à ta maîtresse. Eh bien! tu sais maintenant que la coquetterie est plus ancienne que tu ne l'aurois pu supposer."

"These habitations," says Bonucci, "were the abodes of luxury and softness. The free threshold seems still to invite to hospitality by the beautiful word *Salve*. Variegated mosaics and precious paintings embellish their floors and walls. There are seen, in abundance, arabesques, landscapes, divinities, and interesting histories. At each instant we meet, now lascivious satyrs and charming nymphs, now drunken Bacchantes and voluptuous dancing-girls, with forms so delicate and so seducing, that neither did Guido so well represent the Hours, nor were the Graces so charming under the pencil of Albano and of Carlo Dolce. Their architecture is simple and ingenious. Courts and porticoes form the interior; and these last remind us of

---

* The following is a specimen :—

N. Popidi
Rufi Fam. Glad. iv. K. Nov. Pompeiis
Venatio. et xii. Kal. Mai
Mala et Vela Erunt
O. Procurator. Felicitas.

"The gladiatorial family of Numerius Popidius Rufus will give, on the 29th of October, a hunt in Pompeii; and on the 20th of April will be erected the poles and awning of the amphitheatre. Octavius Procurator. May happiness attend you."

the favorite custom of the ancients of walking there half the day, discussing the objects of the Lyceum with their friends and freedmen—recall to us the dialogues of Atticus, of Cicero, and of Pliny.

"Further on we observe the place, where, after having spent half the day in business, the Pompeian refreshed himself with the bath, anointed himself with essences, and, stretched voluptuously on cushions, raised languidly his head to taste of the most exquisite viands, while the flowers of the neighbouring garden exhaled for him the sweetest perfumes. On the other side, we observe the secret chamber of the timid girl. She could see from her little window only the long porticoes of her garden. There may be still seen her toilet and her low, narrow bed, which, formerly covered with carpets of Tarentum, invited her to repose, while the silent lamp, the sole confidant of her charms, threw over her, from the gilded candelabrum, a languishing light."

"Among the temples," observes the same author, "that of Isis was one of the first discovered. There every thing breathes of mystery. The Goddess is veiled; she represented Nature. With one hand she held a sacred instrument, with the other the key of the Nile. It is thus that the ancients deified their interests. We next behold the temple of Fortune, adorned with the statue of Cicero and that of Venus.

"How many recollections does this last excite! Young girls, half naked, crowned with myrtle and roses, there executed their dances, and made the offering of their sighs and of their hearts.

"It is very difficult to resist the illusions of paganism in entering its temples. The vestibules, the altars still covered with the ashes of the sacrifice, the mythologic paintings, and the richly painted columns, seem to transport you into another world. Imagination paints the priests in their

long robes pouring the sacred incense from their censers; the sacrifices—the victims—the crowd—its deep silence—and the choir of young boys and girls who chanted alternately the hymn of Venus Genitrix and of Quirinus. Add to all this the murmur of some fountain, the multitude of statues, the monuments of different ages and nations, the works of the Pelasgi, of the Samnites, and of the Cæsars, over which twenty-seven centuries have passed with more than the rapidity of a summer's night,—the banks of the Sarno, which, ashamed to bear a name once so celebrated, glides silently along and hides itself beneath the ruins,—in fine, an indescribable something of tenderness and melancholy in the air, in the outlines of the sea and of the mountains, and we shall have some idea of the interest that Pompeii now offers to the beholder."

TALE OF POMPEII.

CHAPTER I.

Travelling with a friend from Rome to Naples, we stopped one night at the little town of Nettuno, upon the shores of the Sicilian sea, near the site of the ancient Antium. Here my friend was taken severely ill, which of course detained us some days. Meantime I became acquainted with a Catholic priest, a candid and intelligent man, with whom I soon grew intimate.

As my friend's recovery advanced, I often took short excursions in the neighbourhood, preferring those by water, on account of his health, as he was then able to accompany us. One of our first trips in that way was to the beautiful little island of Palmaria, that was visible from our hotel. But I could not avoid noticing an unusual degree of thoughtfulness that all day hung about the worthy father. I ventured to inquire the cause.

He smiled. "There is a legend," he said, "somewhat connected with that island, which I have lately met with among the old, worm-eaten manuscripts of our convent; and the recollection of its details came

so fresh over my mind, that it caused the somewhat unusual circumstance of my taciturnity. This manuscript was originally, as it seems, in the possession of a hermit, who lived on this island. But at his death it somehow found its way into our convent, and is now in my possession."

"May I beg the favor of perusing it?" I asked.

"Assuredly; I will send it this evening to your inn."

He kept his word. An hour after parting with him, I had the satisfaction of receiving an old, musty, worm-eaten scroll. My friend retired to bed, raising his shoulders with pillows, that he might listen at his ease. Then trimming my lamp and putting up my feet on the table, with my chair lolling luxuriously backwards, I read to my friend the following

TALE OF POMPEII.

Born amid the free and beautiful scenes of nature, solitude produced its usual effect on a sensitive temperament and, I may say, a rather cultivated mind. I loved it. I wooed it as a lover a mistress. I was never happy but when wandering under the leafy arches of the woods. The noonday sun and starry midnight found me still faithful to this first love. Often would I pass the long summer's day, stretched lazily on the bank of a little stream, that flowed noisily enough through the depths of a wood, which I had made my favorite haunt, watching the figures of the clouds that seemed to float over me as lazy and as listless as myself. There I bowed in secret to the Dryads, and Naiads, and Oreads; while a little Harpocrates stood crowned

with flowers upon the bank of the stream, which I had thus dedicated to silence and myself.

My character, suffered thus to fashion itself amid such scenes, became, as commonly happens under such circumstances, dreamy and visionary. I was naturally shy, and proud, and diffident. Of course I was reserved; and many took reserve for coldness, and believed the heart to be cold as Alpine snows, whose feelings were deep and intense as the secret fires of Vesuvius. What mattered it to me? I cared not, or I thought I cared not, for the opinions of others. But I knew not myself. I knew not that such an education causes at the same time extreme sensibility to the opinions of others, and perfect inability to step boldly forth on the arena of life, and wrestle manfully against them.

But the time was fast coming when this dream was to be broken. Domitian had succeeded to the throne of his brother. My father had a villa in the suburbs of the city of Pompeii, just without the gates; and as I had now arrived at an age when he wished to see me married, he proposed to leave his rural dwelling for a time, and remove to the city, where he could more readily accomplish his object.

While we were slowly making our preparations for this to me important event, it was suddenly reported that the Emperor was about making a visit to this delightful little city. There was no longer time nor desire for delay. Hitherto I had not well known my own sentiments with regard to the contemplated removal. I loved my solitary, dreamy life too well to quit it without a pang. Yet to a youth, whose whole life had hitherto been spent in the quiet retirement of the

country, it was an event pregnant with anticipations of astonishment and delight, to go for the first time to the city—to see the games and the fights of the amphitheatre—to hear the music of the Odeon—the recitations and representations of Ennius and Pacuvius at the tragic theatre—to behold the pomp of religious shows and processions—the temples, and altars, and statues, only faint and exaggerated reports of all which had as yet awakened my fancy, brought up by some straggling rustic, who had occasionally strayed to so great a distance from home, for the purpose of selling his superfluous produce in the crowded mart of the Forum Nundinarum, and who had returned in safety to astonish his gaping neighbours with the wonders he had seen and heard. But above all it delighted me that I should see the Emperor, and with him all that pomp and parade, which must of course, on such an occasion, fill the little city with life, and astonishment, and delight. All these thoughts crowded through my mind, blending with and tempering the pang that I felt at leaving my lovely and beloved solitude. One other sentiment, one spark of a better feeling, mingled with my pleasure on this occasion. It was, that I should see the urn of my mother, whose loss I had never ceased bitterly to deplore.

It was near the kalends of July that we removed to the city. Never shall I forget the bustle and the sensations attending our departure. After the greater part of the night, spent in packing, and unpacking, and repacking, in giving orders and countermanding them; in wondering, and bustling, and making all the confu-

sion possible; at about three o'clock* [1] our large, old-fashioned travelling carriage, a rheda, inlaid with silver and ivory, and drawn by three mules, came lumbering to the door.

Strange as it might sound in many ears, although scarcely a day's ride from Pompeii, I had never before undertaken what then seemed to me so vast a journey, as a visit to it; and now that I was actually commencing it, it seemed almost impossible to realize so astonishing and unusual an event. Porcia, my kind and ever gentle sister, although not less delighted than myself, sat lost at once in wonder and in silence; while my father's grave and serious countenance relaxed into a smile—happy, because we were so.

Our course lay through the laughing vineyards of Campania, and along the base of the everburning Vesuvius.

With all the diligence that we could exert, which in sooth was not much, it was not till the close of the third hour of the first watch, that we arrived at my father's villa,[2] within the suburbs of the city. Here the constant throng of passengers, the rumbling of cars, the shouts and noises of men and boys, and the occasional flashing of lights, serving but to show the dark outlines of what I then took to be houses, but afterwards found to be tombs, only served to weary and exhaust me with my own fruitless efforts. My imagination, excited by its own fervor, and exhausted by my vain toil to distinguish objects amid the indistinctness of night, at length yielded to weariness and fatigue, in spite of the novelty and excitement of my new situa-

* About 9 of modern time. See *note* 1, at the end of the volume.

tion, and after long tossing on my restless couch, I at last fell into a deep sleep.

It was late the next morning when I awoke, and it was some time before I could sufficiently command my thoughts, to recollect my change of situation. Never shall I forget the sensation that came over me, as the thought flashed upon me, "I am in Pompeii." I threw on my dress as hastily as possible, and girding my tunic, and thrusting my right arm for modesty's sake[3] under the manly gown, which my father had not long permitted me to assume, although nearly three years beyond the usual age, I sallied forth into the street.

Here I found myself surrounded at once by the abodes both of the living and of the dead;[4] and of all objects, the latter was one from which I always turned with a sensation of unutterable loathing and horror. It was a melancholy thought to a character dreamy and impassioned as mine—the power that was to blast for ever all my burning affections and thoughts. There was a shuddering and a horror came over me wherever I dared to fix the monster death, and to gaze for an interminable moment on his ghastly face. This horror certainly was not mitigated, when the first thing that met my view was my family name engraved on a sepulchre, in the centre of a frontispiece of white marble with Corinthian pilasters at the sides.

M. Arrius J. L. Diomedes
Sibi Suis Memoriæ
Magister Pag. avg. Felic. Sub Urb.

"And here," then thought I, "lie the poor ashes of what was once my mother, never to revive again.

Here is the desolate end of that deep love, which through the wide world, and the long life, comes not a second time to any. In bitterness of spirit I wept over the ashes, that never before were insensible to my grief, as I twined a coronal of fresh flowers around the alabaster urn;—for there is something in our hearts that always claims kindred with flowers—a language that *will* touch the heart;—for they too fade away like all loved and lovely things; and on the blossom in whose bosom the bee has revelled to-day, the canker-worm will banquet to-morrow, and we may mourn and moralize over the beautiful ruin, but the spoiler within will not heed us."

Scattered about were other mementos of those of my family who had preceded me to the gloomy regions of Pluto.

"Why," thought I, "why should the heart ever love, if that lover is for ever to be wrung by separation? Why should our affections become the racks to torture us? Why should heart ever be bound to heart, if ties so delightful in life, become to the survivor at death, only barbed arrows to be torn from its quivering, bleeding core?" But my heart from its inmost depths sent back the answer, "Thou too shalt die."

"Thou shalt die!" There it was—death, the fiend that scared peace from me. Could I lose all at once, I thought, could I stand alone, however gloomy the security, I should still be happy. Death, that bugbear of my peace, was ever with me. He met me at every turn, and spoke to me from every object. The world seemed to me one vast charnel-house, and wherever I directed my view, the grave bounded the prospect.

"Thou shalt die." Wherever I turned my eyes, I read it in characters of ice. Amid the warmest pulses of life, and the most brilliant hours of joy, the fatal sentence came, freezing and chilling my soul like a blast from the tomb. I watched the young birds, as they warbled their first notes, and stretched forth their untried wings for life's commencing task. I looked at the budding rose, when it first peeped out from beneath its green covering, kissed into being by the genial sun, and I thought, "How vainly do ye pour forth a music that the next winter will silence, or exhale a fragrance that the next breath even of the summer wind may scatter! Ye shall die."

Wherever my eye or my heart rested, they shrunk withered before the fatal truth. It was written on the blossoms of spring, on the summer roses, and the autumn leaf. Sleep shut it not from my eyes. The voice of mirth died on my lips, and when my tongue would have given utterance to the jest, it died away in the sentence, "Thou shalt die." In vain at the banquet did I strive to forget the decree—in the brightest cup I saw "*death*" written at the bottom. At the feast it was always at *my* side that the skeleton reclined.[5] In vain about the funeral urn, sculptured Bacchanals and dancing Satyrs moved in the lifeless marble—in vain roses twined around it, cheating and seducing the imagination by artificial beauties, from the poor ashes there. My heart saw too truly through the smiling exterior—it was still death within.

Such were my feelings then, as I passed hastily through this melancholy street, observing the different inscriptions to the Diis Manibus. Here I saw

N. VELASIO GRATO VIX. ANN. XII. Near it another to SALVIUS PUER VIX. ANN. V. Near it another large tomb, SERVILIA AMICO ANIMÆ.

Statues and inscriptions and urns and villas rose thick around me. I passed hastily on, till I found myself at the gates of the city. After a moment's hesitation I resolved not to enter; but turning aside to the right, I threw myself into a semicircular seat that I noticed there, to enjoy the delightful prospect of the gulf and the neighbouring mountains—of Stabia, the cape of Misenum, and the island of Capri. But another loftier association attached itself to this seat. Here, as I well knew, it was, that Cicero, whose fame has filled the world, was accustomed to sit and converse with the augur Scævola "in hemicyclo sedente, ut solebat." Here, too, he wept his beloved Tullia, and recited to Marcus Marius, and to Pætus, the treatises that he wrote at Pompeii.

Around the seat was the following inscription. MAMMIÆ P. F. SACERDOTI PUBLICÆ LOCUS SEPULTUR. DATUS DECURIONUM DECRETO. After some time enjoying my reflections on this seat, I at length prepared to return.

But what greatly surprised me, was the vast torrent of living beings, that was continually pouring into the city. It seemed as if the whole of Campania had been giving up its inhabitants, in order to pour them into the city. There were long trains of waggons closely covered, but which, from the occasional growling and roaring within, evidently contained wild beasts; the incessant oaths of the car-drivers, as their mules, though well trained, started aside as they suddenly

heard the deep roar of the lion, or the angry snarl of the tiger; filling the air with invocations and imprecations to and by Hercules and Jupiter and Apollo and the whole catalogue of divinities, uttered in every language and in every different dialect. I attributed my surprise at all this uproar to my rusticity and ignorance of city manners and customs.

It was with some difficulty that I could make my way through the increasing crowd, which was all pouring into the city, back through the street of tombs to my father's house.

CHAPTER II.

On entering the house, I found my father conversing with a plump, rosy-cheeked, merry-looking priest, whom he introduced to me as Caius Marcus, a priest of Isis, and an old friend of his.

"So," said the latter, "you have stolen a march upon me; and while I was thinking to do the honors of the city to the son of my old friend here, he has been running about alone, to enjoy his pleasure and his surprise by himself. Well, you have been to the amphitheatre, I suppose?"

"To the amphitheatre," I ejaculated in surprise; "why?"

"Do you not know," he replied, surprised in his turn, "that to-day there is to be a famous exhibition of gladiators, and wild beasts, and Christians, in honor of the Emperor?"

I felt the blood start—bound through my veins. I was arrived at the summit—ay, above the summit of my most sanguine hopes. Not only should I enjoy the long-coveted sight of what I had so long heard in the quiet of the country, as, in the stillness of night, men listen to the far-off echoes of music, but I should actually see the Emperor. Alas! pleasure is not always "*enjoyed.*"

I answered I know not what, but some extravagance expressive of delight. The broad, jolly countenance of the priest expanded in sympathy with mine.

"Well," said he, "eat a little first; for you will feel hungry enough before we have done; and if I might venture to recommend, I know nothing better than eggs and chickens, moistened with a draught of good old Massicum, such as stands in the amphoræ below* leaning against the wall. I know it well, that wine. It is the true Massicum; inferior to nothing but your true Falernian, and that is fit only for gods."

"And their priests," rejoined my father.

"Certainly," replied the ruby-faced Marcus; "but more especially is it befitting the priests of Isis."

"Exactly so," said my father. "Theirs is such a life of austerity and self-denial, that they require it to strengthen them in the performance of their sacred rites."

"True," returned Marcus. "By Hercules, that poet fellow of Venusia had the true taste for the beautiful. Jove! how those fellows know good wine. Why, Horace might have been a priest of Isis, instead

* And which stand there to this very hour in the cellar of the house of Diomedes.

of a mere favorite of Augustus. My father knew him well. He used to call him the blear-eye; and when the emperor dined with Horace at his right hand and Virgil at his left, (the Mantuan always had a wheezing asthma,) he used to say, that he sat between sighs and tears."

Meantime, delighted with the unexpected news, I ran to my sister's apartment to inform her of it and to invite her to go.

"No," said the gentle girl; "I am too much of a rustic to desire to witness such an exhibition, and I will content myself with your description, Lucius." Accordingly I returned to my priest, who was still laughing at the emperor's oft-repeated jest, and signified my readiness to attend him. We were soon crushed and crushing in the crowd, that was squeezing its way into the city. On arriving at the gates, I saw, what indeed I had before noticed, a soldier standing at each little gate.[6] If I was surprised at the narrowness of the streets, I was yet more so to see with what perfect order all this multitude passed on, not only without accident, but even without danger. Whenever we approached a corner, we were almost deafened with the sharp jangling of the bells,[7] attached to the cars or litters of those, who, borne luxuriously along, thus at once gave notice to the crowd to give place, and forbade any other car from turning into the same street till they had passed the corner.

We followed in the great tide of living beings that was now flowing through every avenue to the amphitheatre. Passing straight on for some distance, we turned to the left, and in an instant after to the right.

The crowd for the most part continuing straight on, by our last turn, we avoided a great share of its uncomfortableness and jostling. Still, however, a very considerable number seemed to be of our opinion, and turned likewise. This irritated my merry conductor, who turning again to the right, left the crowd to pass on. I soon found myself in a large oblong square, bordered on three of its sides by magnificent porticoes, sustained by colonnades of superb Doric pillars of travertine, and surmounted by a second colonnade of the Ionic order. In front of these porticoes, at the intercolumniations, were ranged a number of statues on lofty pedestals, each with its inscription. I only remember that there was a statue to Rufus, to Sallust, to Pansa, to Scaurus, to Gellianus, in short to all the illustrious Pompeians. The pavement of this square was of marble.

"Here," said Marcus, as he wiped away the sweat that was bursting from every pore of his ruby face, while he stopped to recover his breath, "here is the Civil Forum." I gazed around me absolutely stupefied with wonder and admiration. My companion enjoyed my surprise; and drawing me farther into the Forum, he seized me by the shoulders and suddenly whirling me about, I at once stood before what then seemed to me the masterpiece of beauty and of human art. It was the temple that formed the whole of one of the smaller extremities of the forum, leaving only a passage on each side for egress and ingress.

"There," said my conductor, puffing out his words and his breath together, as he gazed with evident admiration upon the edifice; "that is the temple of Ju-

piter, and in that temple is contained the public treasury. Let us examine it more closely."

So saying, in his zeal he seized me by the border of my toga, and fairly dragged me towards the temple. We approached a flight of magnificent steps, on each side of which were ranged colossal statues, whose gigantic size and form seemed to excite an involuntary fear. In the midst was seen the altar elegantly carved—a vestibule with six columns of the Corinthian order and a covered cella with two wings, each of which was sustained by eight Ionic columns. At the extremity there were three small chambers, strongly grated with iron bars, serving at once as the deposit of the public money and documents, and as the sub-base to statues placed upon them, in the centre of which, and above all, rose the lofty and kingly head of father Jupiter. The effect of this temple was in the highest degree imposing and majestic.

"Come," said Marcus, "let us breathe a little here," as he seated himself upon the lowest step of the temple. Taking my place beside him, he began to lament that he had eaten so little this morning.

"I foresee," said he, "that we shall suffer; and I think that a couple of chickens with about a dozen of eggs, would help us better to sustain this toil of pleasure. What say you, Lucius? We can easily pass the temple of Isis on our way to the amphitheatre; and I will engage to give you a draught of the wine of Isis, as I call it—the true Falernian."

I did not dare to object outright, yet I ventured gently to suggest a fear that we might arrive too late to see the commencement of the games, or to secure a seat.

"Never fear, never fear, boy; *I* cannot arrive too late for a good seat; and for the games, if they are no better than the last, there will be little lost; such a shabby set of gladiators, such tame wild beasts—such amiable lions and gentle tigers, were never before exhibited in Pompeii."

"Shall we have contests with wild beasts too, to-day?"

"Yes! a little of every thing, in honor of the Emperor; the whole to conclude with the slaughter of some Christians, unless they recant, which Jupiter forbid!"

I blush now to say, that to this sentiment I echoed amen. I felt exceedingly impatient to have him resume his walk; but he seemed in no such haste. Quietly stretching out his legs, he began to explain to me the different buildings we saw about the forum.

"Observe," said he, "in the first place, at our right, that long, low range, whose narrow doors are barred with iron. They are our prisons. The vast quantities of cloths and stuffs for sale yonder, speak for themselves. The cavities or vases that you next see yonder, are the standard public measures. They have all been proved in the presence of magistrates, whose names are inscribed on them, to contain the just measure. You next observe a handsome temple. Examine it well, Lucius. It is the temple of Venus.[8] Ah! that Venus and Bacchus have more than one temple in Pompeii. Our late earthquake shook the goddess off her pedestal, and the pedestal too out of its place. That was a sad business that earthquake. See how it has disjointed the steps of the temple."

I proposed approaching it, in the hope that if once fairly started, my good-humored, garrulous companion would continue on his route. No such thing. Stopping before the beautiful temple he had been last observing, he made me remark the masterly statues of Venus and her son Hermaphrodite, with the ears of a Faun.

"No one understands the fine arts like a priest after all," he ejaculated. "Yet the paintings of these priests of Venus are but beggarly things. They boast greatly of a very common-place painting they have in a secret chamber of that temple, of a young Bacchus sleeping to the sound of the lyre of Silenus. The truth is, we priests of Isis may be said to be priests both of Venus and of Bacchus; therefore we are just twice as good judges of excellence as the priests of either of those divinities, for we are filled with the inspiration of both."

"And what is that vast quadrilateral building next beyond," I asked, edging along at the same time.

"No wonder," replied Marcus, observing my action, "that you are so desirous to pass this temple in safety. But you need not hope that you will always escape Venus with impunity."

"I shall trust to my head to take care of my heart," said I laughing, but still edging on.

"Here," said he, stopping before the building concerning which I had just been inquiring of him, "here is our Basilica,[9] our court of justice."

In front of the tribunal, which was elevated about seven feet, he made me observe a beautiful equestrian statue of bronze, gilt. "Those three large rooms,"

said he, "near the entrance, with each an elevated seat, are the places where inferior causes are tried; but here," marching, as he spoke, towards the tribune which was deserted then, and showing little openings in the pavement, "here is the prisoner's place, in the apartment below into which these openings lead. There he can be addressed and be heard by his judges, without being brought from his prison." The porticoes at the sides of the basilica were adorned with marble statues and Hermes of bronze.

I succeeded, however, at length, in extricating myself from the basilica, and was instantly carried opposite to the edifice of Eumachia, which consisted of a Chalcidicum,[10] a Crypt, and the Portico. The Chalcidicum presented on its architrave an inscription, which in my impatience I resolved never to read.[11] Passing therefore by a large door from this vestibule, we entered the interior porticoes. They were formed of forty-eight columns of Parian marble, of exquisite workmanship, surrounding a large court; at the bottom of which in a niche, stood a charming statue of Concord. In the Crypt stood the beautiful statue of the priestess Eumachia,[12] raised to her by the washer-women, for whom at her own expense she had built the Crypt.

"Now at least," thought I, "I have seen and heard all that is to be seen or heard." But my good conductor began to return down the forum, to explain to me the object of the different buildings on that side. Finding me however resolved not to stir a digit back, he quietly took his stand by my side, and proceeded.

"This next little building," said he, "is the temple of Romulus. The semicircular space beyond, adorned with seats, niches, and statues, with an altar in the midst, is the place where the Decurions hold their public meetings; and the noble building beyond is the temple of Augustus or the Pantheon.[13] If you would but go there you might judge of the effect of the new plan for the application of glass to windows.* It is

* Some critics may find fault with the mention of glass window panes. To their theories and creeds upon the subject, I can only oppose the simple fact, that they have *actually been found there*, as described. A specimen of the glass is now in the possession of the author. It is thick, coarse, and imperfect; distorting the objects seen through it, yet for the admission of light, as good as any. This discovery, so long boasted as of modern origin, was for a time a sad blow to the long cherished opinions of some of the antiquarians, till, in a happy moment, one of them conceived the idea that it must have been made and deposited there by some modern rogue, for the express purpose of puzzling them. This luminous thought is well capable of being improved; and perhaps in time it will be discovered that the whole city is a modern toy, buried by some laughter-loving wag for the purpose of exciting the curiosity of Christendom. For the rest, I shall only observe, that as in the Museo Borbonico at Naples there are hundreds of glass bottles, entirely resembling the common Florence flask, and whose antiquity is alike unquestioned and unquestionable, crushed, like lead, out of form by the superincumbent weight of the matter that buried them, and evidently caused by that matter having previously heated them to nearly the point of fusion; and moreover, as innumerable vessels and ornaments of glass have been found in the various houses, taking all this into consideration, I would observe, that glass being once known, the improbability of its not having been thought of for so obvious a purpose as windows, seems so much greater to my mind than is the probability of the solution offered by these antiquarians, that, with all due deference to their opinions, I cannot but differ from them.

indeed fine. I will show you this building when you are in less haste than you now seem."

"My good friend," said I, "I would not lose one moment at the amphitheatre, to be made Pontifex Maximus; no! not even to be deified myself."

"Enough said, my young friend," replied he; and turning into the Appian Way, opposite nearly to the basilica, we hurried on. The crowd had evidently diminished; and the diminution augured no good to my wish to witness the commencement of the show. Turning again to the right, we soon came to another triangular forum, called the Forum Nundinarum. My guide cast longing eyes at the temple of Hercules and Neptune, that stands upon this forum; but seeing my no longer disguised impatience, he reluctantly deferred for the present his wish to explain, or rather his love for hearing himself talk, contenting himself with merely indicating it to me, and informing me that here were the tragic theatre, the Odeon, and the quarters of the soldiers. Leaving this forum on our right, a few steps brought us to a temple, which my companion instantly indicated as the temple of Isis; [14] and calling to a slave who stood near, "Curio," said he, "bring the refreshments I ordered, and follow us."

The obedient slave soon appeared with a basket on his arm, and we proceeded once more on our path.

"Observe, Lucius," said my conductor, who seemed never weary of commenting upon the richness and beauty and superiority of his own city, "observe that in our short walk from the Civil Forum to the quarters of the soldiers in the Forum Nundinarum, we have passed eight temples, a basilica, two public squares,

the magnificent monument of Eumachia, the baths, two theatres, and shops most sumptuous and numberless. In that short space are more than eight hundred and thirty columns, of every material, and of every degree of beauty; and at the same time he made me notice an advertisement of nine hundred shops to let by a votress of Isis.[15]

Meantime the press of the crowd increased, and we at length found ourselves in a spacious opening or piazza, which served as a circus for chariot races; and in the centre of which, towered the huge black walls of the amphitheatre. This circus was now thronged with men and vehicles of every kind. There was heard the cursing of men in every language and tongue, the yells and growls of the beasts, brought up for the day's sport, and which stood in close boxes along the circus around the amphitheatre, the starting and snorting of terrified horses, the deep-baying of dogs, the shrill exclamations of women, and the deep steady hum of that vast multitude, like the hoarse voice of the distant ocean.

Marcus seemed well known and respected. Every one strove to give him way, and we walked deliberately to the principal entrance of the amphitheatre, where lictors were busily employed, by dint of heavy blows and loud words, in repressing the occasional attempts of the crowd to force their way in, in a disorderly manner. Directly opposite this entrance, I noticed a triclinium or dining-couch. I inquired the meaning of it. "There," replied my companion, "the prisoners condemned to death, are sumptuously feasted, the day before their execution, at the public expense.

This repast is called *free*. The law would teach its convicts the value of the life they have forfeited, by holding its most luxurious indulgences before them, who must so soon be deprived of it."

"Alas!" thought I, "and is this all that life can give, all that death can take away? Do all the joys that make life dear, consist in gratifying the animal appetites? What then is life when age has palsied or sickness destroyed them—when pleasure has ceased to please, and the joys of the past, by their vivid contrast, only point out to us the more palpably the wreck of the present. Alas! it is but little then that even the public executioner can take away."

Such were the tenor of my reflections; but any reply was prevented by our entering at that moment the amphitheatre.

CHAPTER III.

Passing under a broad, deep-vaulted passage, declining downward, we soon entered another passage, which intersecting the first at right angles, passed entirely round the amphitheatre, beneath the spectators, and parallel with the edge of the arena. Upon the walls of this passage, were numerous inscriptions, scribbled by boys or idle persons with charcoal and paint.[16] Steps passing up from this passage, all around the amphitheatre, form numerous entrances called *vomitoria*, thus preventing the confusion and toil of a large

crowd, struggling for admittance at a few narrow doors. Mounting one of these flights of steps, we soon emerged into the crowded amphitheatre. My companion presented a couple of tickets, and was instantly shown to a couple of seats, whose numbers, painted red, corresponded to the numbers he had presented on his tickets. The space to be occupied by each one, is designated by lines drawn upon the seats.

The Emperor had not yet arrived, and of course the games were not begun; and I had leisure to gape around me, and to satisfy in a degree the first cravings of curiosity, before the spectacles should commence, whose overwhelming interest I knew would swallow every other emotion. The amphitheatre is a vast elliptical building, intended to contain about 20,000 persons. The arena is likewise elliptical, and the seats, which are of stone and rise one behind another like a flight of stairs, have the back part of each step or seat scooped out, that the spectators may not be troubled by the feet of those behind them. These steps are of a breadth sufficient to allow the space necessary for this double object.

The people meantime were amusing themselves, as is common with the crowd before the commencement of the spectacle. Some were yawning upon their seats —others conversed soberly with those next them— others again were greeting their friends, whose seats were at a distance from their own, and carrying on a conversation, certainly not in whispers, across the seats. Some whistled—some sung—and some drummed upon the seats with their feet and fingers. Others, too distant from their friends to excite their attention, were

amusing themselves by throwing figs or olives across at them—while others sat wrapped in their own deep meditations, and apparently so completely absorbed, as to be unconscious of the presence of any other being than themselves.

My companion, knowing my rustic habits, and consequent ignorance of every thing about me, was kind enough to explain.

"The first seat with its wall projecting over the arena, covered with beautiful paintings," said he, "is the *podium*. There sit the senators, the Vestals, and the foreign ambassadors; and yonder pavilion which rises from it, is the Emperor's throne. The next few rows, so comfortably cushioned, are the seats of the knights; and there, as soon as Caius Cennius comes, who is an old friend both of your father and myself, we will contrive to get a seat. The division of seats that we now occupy is called the *popularia;* while that at the top of all, where you hear such an incessant chattering, is the place for women, who, as you see, have not been backward about filling it."

Here Marcus suddenly broke off in the midst of his explanations; and turning towards him to learn the cause, I saw him very busy in making signs to a fine venerable looking old knight, who had just entered.

"Come, Lucius," said he to me, "yonder is Cennius, who is making signs to us to go down to him. Follow me."

So saying, he instantly left his seat, and partly by elbowing the crowd with a good will, partly from the personal respect in which he seemed to be held, we were soon able to reach old Cennius, to whom, and to

his son Julius, Marcus introduced me. The good old man was desirous of showing me every attention, and accordingly placed me with himself on the first row of the knights' seats, and next to the podium. Our seat was on the side of the arena opposite to the Emperor's tribune. But directly before me was a sight that attracted most strongly my attention; and whispering to Marcus, in a low voice lest they should hear me, I asked who were the ladies with the long, white, purple-bordered robes, and whose heads were adorned with fillets and ribbons.

Marcus instantly burst into one of his loud and merry laughs.

"Ah!" said he, "put that question properly, Lucius, and you will ask, who is *she?* By Bacchus, I can always read a young man's question in his eye."

I felt myself blush a little, for in truth my question had reference but to one, whose large, soft, black eye looked out under her high, white brow, across which a single lock of black hair was seen just escaping from under her head-dress. Her complexion was pale, and the whole expression of her countenance serious and calm; while her soft, flute-like voice, as she conversed with her companions, seemed to me to realize one of my own dreams. Assuming, however, his own tone, "Well then," I said, "who is *she?*"

"One, Lucius, that you must not make love to, notwithstanding her pretty face. That is Lucilla, a Vestal, as are also her companions. So, beware of eyes however bright, that Venus must not inspire."

"I thank you for your warning," said I; "I shall need it, and all the other armor you can give me, if I

should meet those glances often. And who is the pretty Vestal next her?"

"Pretty! Canuleia pretty! Now we must change that rustic taste of yours. Look at those white eye-brows, and light hair, over a pair of fine, large, black eyes, and lament with me that their expression and beauty should be ruined, only for want of black hair. Why, it is not in good taste. It is like a noble foundation of solid marble and Doric pillars, to support a light fantastic pavilion of wrought ivory."

"But the cheeks, my good sir, looking like a ripe peach, they surely were never made to wither in everlasting virginity like a dried-up berry. Look at her. There is surely more of Venus than of Vesta in that large, well-opened eye. But the other Vestal, Lucilla—there is a countenance for a Juno."

"Conclamatum est,* [17] by Venus," exclaimed the laughing priest. "But speak lower if you please, for Cennius may not like——"

How he finished his sentence I know not; for at that moment the fair Lucilla, whether she had heard any portion of our remarks, or whether she only desired to survey the assembly, turned round, and glancing over the whole of that great multitude, ere she turned back again, rested for a moment her large, deep eye full upon me, as I thought, with a slight expression of curiosity.

"Ah!" thought I, "if she were not a Vestal!"

At this moment a trumpet sounded. In an instant the vast, dark mass of living bodies, rose as by one impulse. A man entered, bearing fire [18] in a little cen-

* Equivalent to saying, "It is all over with you." See *note* 17.

ser, and was followed by the Emperor himself. On his head was a brilliant crown, and on his shoulders a magnificent triumphal robe.[19] He was accompanied by few attendants. The air was instantly rent with the acclamations that burst at once from twenty thousand tongues. The Emperor ascended the tribune; and as he bowed slightly and rapidly on each side, the sun, flashing upon his glittering crown and robes, gave him the appearance of a divinity surrounded by his glory. The sound of voices ceased with the acclamations upon the entrance of the Emperor; and the noise of that vast multitude, rising and sinking again to their places, sounded like the rush of a mighty wind. A silence succeeded, almost appalling from the contrast of its intensity with the shouts and uproar that a moment before rung through the place. Deep expectation seemed to hold every breath suspended.

Suddenly on a signal from the Emperor a trumpet again sounded. A door, communicating with the arena, was thrown open, and the gladiators entered in pairs, armed with wooden swords. Slowly they marched along the edge of the arena, till they had compassed the whole circuit of the amphitheatre. Then, at a second signal, they suddenly separated into two lines, which facing each other, commenced a sort of mock combat with their wooden swords. This combat had lasted but a short time, when the trumpet again sounded, and the combatants instantly separated. Laying aside their wooden swords, they now carefully armed themselves with the different weapons with which they were about to contend in a more deadly combat. Gradually, as their arming was completed, they left the arena, with

the exception of two, who were doomed first to feast the eyes of the multitude.

They stood at some distance from each other, their hands resting on their drawn swords, and with stern composure awaiting the signal to commence. They had not long to wait. Instantly facing each other, and settling themselves into the position for combat, it began. At first, to judge from the slowness and deliberation of their movements, it seemed to be any thing but a mortal strife. But gradually the strokes fell thicker and faster. Fire flashed, as the deadly blades crossed each other. The spectators sat breathless with intense interest, and leaning eagerly forward. Not a sound or a whisper was heard. It seemed as if the world's fate depended upon the issue of the combat. It was after a long time decided. One was slightly wounded in the arm.

The combat ceased. The deep silence that had hitherto pervaded the assembly was instantly broken by thousands of voices shouting tumultuously, "He has it—he has it!"* The wounded man turned towards the Emperor, and lowered his arms. The conqueror, on whose sweating brow not an emotion of exultation was perceptible, turned, and slowly and carefully sought the will of the people with regard to the wounded man. The contest had been long and animated, and both parties had fought well. The people were satisfied, and the thumbs were generally turned down. The conqueror read the will of the people with the same stern composure which had marked his demeanor throughout, and sheathing his sword, he turn-

* "Hoc habet—habet!"

ed and left the arena. Assistants came forward, and while some busied themselves in aiding the wounded man, others scraped away the bloody sand, covering the place with fresh, that it might not cause the next combatants to slip. They seemed to take an excessive degree of pains for this object, raking it over with the utmost care, and again and again examining and levelling the arena in different places, until, as if at length satisfied, they retired.

There was an interval of a few minutes, during which an universal buzz of conversation was going actively on throughout the amphitheatre. Some were making bets upon the next combatants; others were wrangling about those lost or won—others were speculating on the weather—some were detailing domestic misfortunes or evil omens, and some were yawning listlessly till the next combat should commence.

The signal was soon given. Conversation was instantly broken off, and the immense, dark, living mass was seen suddenly sinking to the seats, as if vanishing into the earth. Presently a door was thrown open, and an instant after a gladiator of the order called Mirmillones, bounded into the arena with all the agility of a deer. He was armed like a Gaul, with a buckler on his left arm, in the centre of which was represented a fish. In his right hand, he carried a crooked sword or cutlass. He was closely followed by another, a Retiarius, of equal agility, armed with a trident in his left hand, and a large net in his right. Scarcely was he well out upon the arena, ere seizing, as he thought, a favorable opportunity, he hurled his net at his flying foe. But the nimble Gaul was prepared; and darting with incredi-

ble swiftness off his course, the net fell empty upon the sand. It was now the Thracian's turn to fly, which he hastily did, dragging the net after him, and gradually working it up into his hand again. This the Mirmillo tried eagerly to prevent, and to slay his antagonist before he could regain his net. But in this he was constantly foiled by the wary Thracian, who to the most thorough coolness and indifference, joined the most surprising activity ; and in spite of all the efforts of his opponent, he succeeded in regaining his net after a hot pursuit, and in preparing it for another cast. It became necessary now for the Gaul again to fly, which he did, and I think with as much celerity and address as before ; but unfortunately, in attempting to turn short off his course, his foot accidentally slipped back. A precious moment was lost. It was instantly seized by the dexterous Thracian, and again his net was seen darting from his hand.

I said that I thought that the slip of the Gaul's foot was an accident, and by no means his fault. But the people thought otherwise. The net fell not this time as before. So true was the eye, and so practised the hand of the Thracian, that its large open mouth fell directly over the head of the Mirmillo; while the Retiarius, by a rapid motion suddenly drew it together, at the same time repeating the stale jest, " Why do you fly me, oh Gaul ? I would only catch your fish." * As he uttered this, he grasped his trident in his right hand, and then, secure of his captive, he paused and looked round the amphitheatre. But the unfortunate slip of his foot, as I before stated, had displeased the people,

* " Non te, piscem peto. Quid me fugis, Galle ? "

who had promised themselves a long amusement from the fight; and wherever the eyes of the Thracian were directed, the thumbs of the people were turned up. Slowly the cool eye of the victorious gladiator regarded the will of the assembly, his gaze gradually wandering from the farthest popularia to the podium, where it rested at last upon the tribune of the Emperor. This deliberateness of the gladiator displeased the Emperor, and he half rose from his seat, with a gesture of impatience, at the same time hastily elevating both thumbs.

Meantime, the Gaul stood captive in the net, the cords of which his conqueror held in his left hand, much as if it were the halter of a beast. The captive just glanced around, and his mouth curved in a contemptuous smile, as he saw the determination of the people with regard to him; but his countenance underwent no other change. But when he saw the action of the Emperor, he drew himself proudly up to his full height, turning at the same time his well-expanded chest full to his foe. The action was the work of a moment. The glittering points of the trident were drawn suddenly back, trembled for an instant, and then darted into the unshrinking body of the Gaul, who continued erect for a moment, then, as the muscles relaxed, fell heavily to the earth. And as the instrument, on account of its barbed points, was withdrawn with difficulty, the Retiarius planted his foot upon the quivering body, and seizing the haft with both hands, forcibly dragged it out. The blood and bowels of the unfortunate victim followed the instrument; and some of the latter adhering to the barbs, were calmly twisted off by the deliberate Thracian, who then proceeded to

free his net from the still gasping gladiator, from whose firm-set lips not a groan had escaped. A hook was then attached to his heel, and he was dragged by it off the arena to the *spoliarium*, the body painting red, in its passage, the gully that it scraped in the sand. An assistant followed with an instrument with which he raked the dry sand over the blood, and the arena was again clear.

For my own part, at this bloody spectacle, I could not avoid an involuntary groan of horror, which accorded better with my rustic habits, than with the place. But it caught the ear of the fair Vestal, who instantly turned her deep, full eye upon my face, with an expression that I shall never forget. It spoke volumes—horror at the bloody scenes we had just witnessed—wonder that any other than herself could entertain such feelings, and, pardon the vanity of the remark, as I thought, a smile of approbation, that sent my blood boiling through every vein in my body.

But my delight was soon interrupted by the renewal of the games, between a pair of Dimachæri, who fought each with two swords, one in each hand, and who gave evidence of the most surprising address. These two gladiators were said to possess the rare faculty of not winking; and this, it was thought, rendered them nearly invulnerable with single swords. As it was, however, one of them was slightly scratched after a very long contest, and they were dismissed with honor. Next came two Laquearii, who were armed each with a noose and a sword, with which each endeavoured to entangle and to slay his antagonist. This contest resembled greatly that between the Mirmillo and

Retiarius. But it lasted much longer; and the efforts of the two gladiators to entangle each other, and to avoid each other's noose, kept the whole amphitheatre in an incessant roar of laughter. This was well for the poor combatants; for when at length one was fairly noosed, the good humor of the people spared the victim that had entertained them so well. But why should I enumerate these different contests? Suffice it to say, that at length the Emperor rose to retire for awhile, and the games of course were suspended till his return.

CHAPTER IV.

In an instant all was confusion and bustle. Some were crowding and fighting their way to the vomitoria in order to retire and refresh themselves in the interim between the games,—others were pressing forward to secure the seats of those who were leaving the amphitheatre,—others stood gazing with vacant and listless eye upon the arena, their minds obviously far absent from their bodies. Some were paying lost bets, mingling the business with execrations upon their own ill luck, or the gladiator's want of skill,—some were laughing,—some were dreaming,—and some were eating; nor was it long before my jolly companion desired to know if my appetite were as good as his own.

"Did I not well, my young friend?" he began, as after much bawling he was able to get the slave sufficiently near to obtain possession of the much desired

basket. "Trust to the providence of your true priest of Isis, if you wish to live well, which, I take it, means to eat eggs and chickens. Now some of your whining, beggarly, barefooted, bald-headed priests, eat lentils and drink cold water. But our Pompeian Isis is a jolly goddess after all, and likes a warm religion and a full belly."

"But how is it," I asked, "that the priests of Isis, who are enjoined perpetual chastity, and mortification, and mendicity, live so freely, that one would swear that Venus, Bacchus, and Isis, were brother and sisters?"

"Trigemini," replied the laughing priest. "Do you not know the motto of our goddess, 'I am all that has been, and shall be, and none among mortals has hitherto taken off my veil. The fruit that I have begotten is the sun.'"

"Well," said I, not understanding the application of his remark.

"Oh!" interrupted Cennius, laughing; "our friend Marcus has peeped under the veil; and satisfied with a portion of the bliss of immortality, he embraces what is, leaving what have been and shall be, to jealous husbands and impatient lovers. I greatly doubt, however, if he have always begotten the *sun*."

"I have heard," I said, "that offerings, and presents, and prayers are constantly brought to the temple of Isis, by childless wives and heirless old men."

"Ay, ay," returned the chuckling old knight; "and so great is our friend's influence with his patron goddess, that his prayers seldom fail to be answered. There was old Pacuvius now, two years ago married young Martia, a fine, lively, buxom wench of sixteen;

and after six months' experience of hope deferred—and six months is something, young man, when one gets to the age of seventy-five, he brought her in despair to the goddess Isis. By Hermes, never was prayer more expeditiously answered. For lo! in exactly nine months from the time of her visit, a fine, fat bouncing boy was brought into the world, the very image of our worthy Marcus here, and weighing even at his birth, as much as the shrivelled anatomy of his good father. There is a miracle, by Jupiter, and not a solitary one either! Isis is a generous goddess, and half the husbands of Pompeii have at different times had cause to be grateful." [20]

The jolly priest attempted to reply; but apparently the chicken's leg that he was then most eagerly discussing, prevented his success; and discovering after one or two fruitless attempts, that the emission of words implied also the emission of chicken, he contented himself with a laugh in which his defence died away.

I have already mentioned having been introduced to young Cennius, whose fine, manly, but rather melancholy cast of countenance, interested me deeply in his favor. He had listened with a smile to our conversation, but had not joined in it. It seemed as if his own grave and thoughtful countenance belonged more properly to more years than he had numbered. There was an expression of sedateness, that while it indicated thought, indicated also that which is too often apt to accompany, or rather perhaps to cause, its early developement—suffering. Turning towards his father, he inquired in a remarkably soft, low voice, if he really

believed that the Christians would be brought upon the arena as reported?

"Believe it, Julius," replied the old knight; "why should I doubt it? Do they not well merit death?"

Happening at this moment to cast my eyes towards the fair Lucilla, I was instantly struck with her manner. From her situation immediately before us, she could readily hear our conversation, if she desired; and now her beautiful head, without being turned towards the speaker, was slightly thrown back; and the fixed expression of deep attention, that I could easily read in her full eye, indicated a strong interest in the subject of Julius's question.

"Deserve death!" interrupted Marcus. "If all countries made as liberal contributions to the dominions of Pluto as our wise Emperor does, I can only say, that a man of good parts, your good, useful, practical man, would stand a chance for promotion either above or below; for even Pluto could not govern such a rascally mob as is daily ushered into his realms, without some additional prætors and viceroys—and the ranks of the Emperor here are getting so thin from his liberal tribute to his infernal brother, that meritorious men may at last hope to be distinguished, instead of being lost as hitherto in the crowd."

An expressive "hush," from the knight, was the only reply to this hazardous jest, which had not even the excuse of being good to palliate its recklessness.

"But," again asked Julius, "why should these poor men perish for worshipping a different deity from the rest of the community?"

"Why," replied Marcus, "the wiser part of the community worship no one but themselves; and if this new-fangled sect would only be content with believing nothing, no one would care a straw about them. But they not only believe nothing in our ancient and faithful gods, an aberration of intellect that they share with some of their ancient and faithful priests, but they believe in another; and one, which if the creed prevail must knock all religion on the head. And since our religion is so connected and interwoven with our civil establishments, that the one cannot be subverted without destroying the other, those attempting it must be treated as traitors." Then, like one satisfied that he had given a luminous and satisfactory statement of the merits of the case, he turned again to his basket; and, to say sooth, old Cennius and myself found the contents of the subject therein contained, not less interesting than that we had abandoned.

The return of the Emperor, and the renewal of the exhibition, soon interrupted our employment. I had remarked, during the intermission, some men busily employed in wheeling opposite to the tribune of the Emperor a large and closely covered frame. When they had placed it to their satisfaction, the frame was removed, and there appeared a large, majestic statue of father Jupiter. He was seated on an ivory throne, holding in his left hand a sceptre and in his right a thunderbolt with an eagle. Around his brow was a garland of his own sacred oak leaves. At his feet was an altar decorated with flowers and green leaves, among which those of the oak predominated. A fire was burning upon the altar.

Upon a given signal, a door was suddenly thrown open, and there appeared a long and brilliant procession of the different orders of priests, headed by the Flamen Dialis, with his rich purple robe and conical cap, attended by lictors. No sooner had he entered, than all the spectators, as by one consent, arose, not even excepting the Emperor. He was followed by the other Flamines. Then came the twelve Salii, with their embroidered tunics, brazen belts, spear, sword, and ancilia, leaping and dancing violently, and singing, as they slowly followed their Præsul. Next came the Luperci nearly naked, or having only a girdle of goat-skin round their waists, and thongs of the same in their hands. Next followed the Potitii and Pinarii; who were followed by the Galli, the mad priests of Cybele, making a great noise with drums and cymbals, using the extravagant gestures of madmen, rolling their heads, and beating their breasts to the sound of the flute. A score of soldiers succeeded, and behind them came in pairs the real or supposed Christians. Of these, some followed with downcast eyes, dejected countenance, and faltering gait—some walked boldly forward, with firm step and erect carriage—some tripped gaily and carelessly along—and others, and by far the greater part, with countenances, which, though solemn and anxious, indicated at the same time, the firm and determined spirit within. Another score of armed soldiers followed to secure the prisoners, and these closed the procession.

The procession meantime winded slowly round the arena, after which it stopped for some minutes. The Flamen then advanced alone to the altar, and after the

due performance of sacred rites and invocations, he threw a handful of incense upon it; the fire lighted up for an instant with a bright, flashing flame, throwing upward a torrent of vivid sparkles—and the procession moved on. Each in turn as he passed took incense from a small silver censer, that stood for the purpose beside the altar, and threw it upon the flame, the smoke of which rolled up before the face of the statue seeming to wrap the Thunderer in his own clouds.

Soon it came the Christians' turn to acknowledge or deny their Saviour. Then, indeed, curiosity and interest were intensely excited. The first pair walked calmly and steadily by, without even looking at the altar. They were instantly withdrawn from the procession, and placed in the middle of the arena, as were all who refusd to throw incense upon the flame. Of the second pair, one seemed to hesitate, but his companion walked steadily on. The pause of the first was but for a moment. The voice of nature *would* be heard—that of religion prevailed; and he too at last passed the altar. The third pair seemed of a different mould; and carelessly taking some incense from the censer, they jerked it lightly upon the altar, and passed along with the procession. Of the next pair, one was remarkably disturbed. His first impulse was to stop before the censer, and his hand was half stretched out to take the incense, then drawn back as if irresolute—then "My child! My child!" burst from his pale lips. "Thy God"—said the deep, stern voice of his companion. The incense dropped from his trembling hand. But the voice and the agony of nature

again prevailed, and again he seized some incense. "Choose," repeated the deep voice of his companion, "salvation and eternal life, or an hour and eternal death." The incense again dropped from his hand, and with a desperate resolution he passed the altar; but as he turned away to join that band of fearless martyrs in the centre of the arena, he stopped abruptly, and in a tone of agony, and as if unconscious that any one saw him, he again ejaculated, "My child! my poor fatherless, deserted Marcia!"

At that moment I chanced to look at the fair Vestal; and though her face was turned down, I caught a glance of her eye, as it rested a moment upon the poor desolate father. It was swimming in tears; and mine, I confess, were not dry. But why protract the painful description? Enough, that many that day denied their Saviour, and many too stood faithful to his cause. Some, as they passed, sang hymns with loud, clear voices—some prayed—others wept. But enough. Let us trust that He who requires not ten talents where he has imparted but one, who knows both the weight of the burden and the strength of him who is to bear it, will not punish his children for wanting the fortitude and strength of nerve that He created them without—that they who that day "denied Him before men," may find mercy in His sight who knows at once our temptations and our frailty—that the repentant sigh may have arisen and found acceptance before Him, and that hereafter they too may not be denied "before the angels in heaven." Let those who would condemn *their* weakness, first search their *own* hearts, and be still."

I have already said, that they who threw incense upon the altar, passed on with the procession and were dismissed. The rest were conducted away under a guard of soldiers, but to return again; and shortly I was condemned to witness a spectacle, whose bloody cruelty surpassed immeasurably all that I had hitherto witnessed. Armed only with short, straight swords, these men were obliged to contend with furious wild beasts, and were soon torn limb from limb. Some, who had fought successfully with single beasts had two fresh ones let out against them. I was grieved when any of these poor men came off victorious, for it was evidently only prolonging their sufferings; since they were instantly beset by fresh and more numerous assailants.

The poor father who had so much interested me was condemned to contend with an elephant. It would seem as if a victory might be easily obtained over so heavy and unwieldy a beast; but he was armed only with a short, straight sword, sharp-pointed indeed, but without an edge. Consequently, in order to wound his foe, he was obliged to approach him so nearly, as to come within the reach of his trunk. The victory to the elephant would have been almost bloodless, but for an accident. During some part of the preceding exhibition, some one had dropped a short, sharp sword, which meantime lay buried beneath the sand, having escaped the notice of the persons employed to level the arena after each contest. This sword, in the course of the present conflict was disclosed, the sand having been accidentally brushed away during the scuffle. The poor man, after a violent thrust at the side of the

animal, in an attempt to turn short round, slipped, and he fell directly over the weapon mentioned. He grasped it with all the energy of a desperate man! The ponderous beast stimulated by his pain had turned after him with a rapidity hardly to be expected from his mountainous bulk. A desperate scramble ensued. I saw him at one instant, as I thought, crushed into the earth with all the weight of his terrible antagonist's body—the next he sprang up and I saw the bright blade of the weapon vanish in an instant, as it darted into the body of his foe. The motion of lightning is scarcely more rapid, than was the motion of that desperate and dying man, as he ripped up the belly of the beast. This terrible and unexpected attack seemed to stagger the confidence and courage of the elephant. He bellowed fearfully for an instant, as he even attempted to rear his huge bulk. The amphitheatre rung with acclamations at the unexpected feat. A torrent of blood followed, and the very bowels of the beast hung from the wound. But recovering in a moment, he wound his trunk round the poor and, I hope, senseless man, as he lay writhing on the earth, and hurled him into the air; then elevating his head and throwing back his trunk, received him as he fell, with the aid of his trunk completely impaling him upon one of his huge tusks. Never shall I forget that horrid spectacle. I saw the still animated form of the Christian, whirling round upon the tooth—I saw his eye straining and winking, and his hand wildly clutching vacancy, while the terrible beast held him up as if in triumph to the spectators. The crowd, that a moment before had hailed with acclamations the unexpected feat of the

Christian, now again strained their throats in honor of the victorious beast; while many in mockery turned up their thumbs. The elephant, as if he understood the laws of the amphitheatre, instantly seized the poor, mangled victim in his trunk, and dashing him upon the arena, stamped him to death.

But the beast himself was now become an object of interest. He attempted to move away, but his excessive weakness prevented him. Perceiving how his strength was ebbing, the poor animal stopped —held down his head—blew out his trunk—uttering through it as through a trumpet a succession of deep, short sounds. Then, as if endeavouring to combat with his weakness, he raised his head. In vain—it again sunk—again a deep moan was blown out, as it were, from his trunk—a rocking sort of motion followed—he staggered a few steps, and with another groan, the ponderous animal fell like a tower upon the sand.

Disgusting as are these revolting details, I should have spared you them, but that I wished you to know what was the nature of the dangers and sufferings of those, who in the beginning dared to acknowledge their Master. For myself, I can truly say, that this horrible exhibition gave me any thing but pleasure; and when I looked around me, and saw the brightest eyes and the fairest cheeks of Pompeii, gazing and flushed with intense and delighted interest—when I saw white and delicate little hands, loudly applauding the bloodiest scenes of this bloody tragedy, mocking the sufferings of the courageous martyr, by giving the signal of death to the elephant, while their full white bosoms heaved with delight, I could not avoid ex-

claiming to myself "Either these are all monsters, or I am too imbecile to be a woman." I could not however but observe that the fair Lucilla, instead of enjoying the scene, looked steadfastly down; and once for a moment, and as if involuntarily, covered her face with both hands. But as my exclamation burst from my lips, she again turned towards me with a look of surprised and increasing interest, and a smile—that I still wear in my heart.

It is time I had left the amphitheatre; but one more incident, as connected with my story, I must not omit. The last Christian who was brought out to suffer was an old and venerable man, whose white hairs and benevolent countenance pleaded eloquently in his behalf. In the procession he hobbled along by the aid of his staff alone—the last of the Christians in the procession. But the feebleness of his body extended not to his mind; and he had joined the band in the centre of the arena, with a countenance as calm and a spirit as firm as the boldest martyr there. As he advanced into the arena, leaning upon his staff alone, without a weapon, which he had refused as being too old and too feeble to wield it, the door communicating with the *vivarium* was thrown open, and a huge lion rushed, with a deep roar, into the arena. The helpless old man turned instinctively towards him, but without offering any show of resistance. The infuriated animal lashed his sides with his tail, and tore up the sand, as he bounded furiously round the arena. The old man constantly turned towards him, with his eye fixed upon him; while the lion, as if he wished some apology for his attack, seemed endeavouring either to rouse him to

some show of resistance, or to attack him in the rear; for as he sprang towards him, he constantly turned aside as he met the calm, fixed gaze of the unwavering Christian. At length, amid the deep and breathless silence, the old man's voice was heard, as he turned upward his gaze, "Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit."

"Now," whispered Marcus, "the charm is broken;" and at the same instant, the lion was seen bounding towards him with prodigious leaps. This time he swerved not as before from his course, and in an instant he was seen crouching quietly at the feet of the old man. A pause of astonishment held the spectators breathless for an instant; then "A miracle! a prodigy!" burst from a thousand tongues, in every part of the amphitheatre.

The Emperor liked not this; and at a private signal from him a tiger was turned out upon the arena. The lion instantly recovered his fierceness—his loud, deep roar sounded like thunder—his mane bristled, and his eye flashed fire. The tiger came leaping towards them, but was instantly met by the ravenous lion. The contest was fierce, but it was short. The short snarl of the tiger was heard, mingling with the deep roar of the lion—now they appeared like two wrestlers erect, and closely embraced in their desperate struggles —and now rolling together upon the sand, and half buried under the cloud that their struggles raised about them. There was sudden leaping back and forth, as each tried to gain some advantage in a new attack. Gradually however the contest seemed becoming less violent; and as the cloud of sand subsided, the lion

was seen standing over the prostrate tiger, his teeth buried in his throat, from which he was evidently draining the blood to satisfy his ravenous appetite; while the tiger, by the feebleness of his occasional struggles, which gradually became only convulsive efforts, and terminated in what appeared a mere spasmodic shiver of the limbs, showed how complete was the victory of his foe. The emperor would gladly have ordered fresh beasts to be turned in; but the clamor of the superstitious mob was so loud, that the emperor, who was unwilling to give offence to the people so soon upon his first visit, thought proper to consent. "It is the will of the gods—it is the will of the gods!" was shouted on every side. The Emperor yielded reluctantly to the will, not of the gods, but of the people, and the old man was removed unharmed.

The spectacle closed. The people rose—while the Emperor retired, and the confused hum and noise of a retiring crowd was heard.

For my own part, I involuntarily exclaimed, as the old man was led safely away "I thank the gods for this!"

"Thank Jehovah rather," said a soft, low voice at my side.

I turned instantly round towards the Vestal, who, I was convinced, must have uttered the remark, but nothing in her manner indicated it. On the contrary, with the rest of the Vestals she seemed preparing to retire, conducted and guarded by the lictor and the sanctity of her own character.

For myself, I returned home, wearied, disgusted, and disappointed. Unheeding the jests of my garrulous

companion on my effeminacy, I lay down to dream of fights and amphitheatres, and death, and, must I confess it?—of the fair Vestal, whose image somehow blended strangely with all.

CHAPTER V.

In the morning I was awaked by the low, soft voice of young Cennius who stood at my bedside. He had come he said, to serve as my guide, "Yet I fear I shall make but a dull one after your lively companion of yesterday."

"You know him well?" I asked.

"Yes!" he returned; "he is well known to all the city, as one whose love of eating is surpassed only by his attachment to his friends. But come," he added, as he saw me ready to follow him.

Stopping only to take a hasty mouthful, I followed him through the ordinary routine of sight-seeing, till near the hour of the bath; when Julius apologized for leaving me.

"An old friend of my family is just dead," he said; "an old and a brave soldier. His house is hard by; where, unless you feel disposed to go in with me for a moment, I must bid you good morning."

We soon reached the place. A large cypress branch was placed at the door. I entered with Julius. The body, dressed in a white toga, was laid on an ivory couch in the vestibule, with the feet outwards, according to custom, as if about to take its last departure.

The couch was decorated with leaves and flowers. Wreaths of flowers were scattered over the body. A crown that had been given him for his bravery, was placed on his head. In his mouth was put a small coin, with which to pay Charon for his passage. His wife, who had received his last breath,[21] with her family was standing over the couch, uttering bitter lamentations.

Julius had too much tact to attempt consolation. He wrung the hands of the family in silence, then mingled with the other friends.

We soon retired; and after the bath, we both repaired to the temple of Isis, where we had engaged to dine with Marcus. Our meal, notwithstanding our late sombre visit, was both merry and hearty; and in the company of the worthy priest it could not well be otherwise. We were obliged however to retire at an early hour, in order to be present at the funeral rites of Saturninus, where we had stopped in the morning, and where we found the friends of the family fast assembling.

When all was ready, a couch richly adorned with gold and purple was brought in on the shoulders of the nearest relations. Upon this the body was placed, and borne out by them, care being taken to carry the feet foremost.

The order of the funeral procession was regulated by the Designator, a sort of undertaker or master of ceremonies, attended by lictors clad in black. First went musicians of various kinds, with pipes, flutes, and trumpets; the two latter being much larger and longer than those used on common occasions, in order to pro-

duce a more grave and dismal sound; then came the mourning women, hired to lament the dead—then the band of boys and girls, employed to sing the praises of the deceased to the sound of the flute. Next came players and buffoons dancing and singing; one of whom, the Archimimus, supported the character of the dead, by imitating his dress, manner, words, and actions while alive. Some of these players from time to time repeated with a loud voice quotations from dramatic writers, some of which would come with striking force to every one, from their adaptation to the occasion. Then came the freedmen of the deceased with caps on their heads, and forming no inconsiderable train. The corpse itself followed borne on an open couch, preceded by other couches, in which were placed the images both of himself and of his ancestors, with the crowns and rewards that he had received for his valor.

Behind the corpse walked the family of the deceased, in mourning robes; his sons with their heads veiled, and his daughters with their faces uncovered, contrary to the usual custom of both. Then followed the magistrates and nobility, friends of the deceased, the former without their badges, and the latter without their ornaments. Julius and myself walked among these last.

In this order the funeral procession proceeded, with torches in their hands, to the Civil Forum, where a eulogy was pronounced over the dead; after which the procession moved to the funeral pile, which was without the city, in the street of tombs, near to the Via Appia, but a little removed from the street.*

* A law required them to be at least 60 feet distant from any house.

The pile was built in the form of an altar, with four equal sides, of inflammable and unpolished wood, and stuffed with paper and pitch. The body of Saturninus was then carefully laid with its couch on the pile. The eyes were opened. The family crowded around the body, kissing it with many tears. His eldest son then applied a lighted torch to the pile, at the same time carefully averting his face, as did also the rest of the family, in order to indicate the reluctance with which they did it; at the same time uttering prayers that the winds might assist the flames. As the fire blazed fiercely round the body, the children of the deceased threw into it incense, myrrh, cassia, cups of oil, and little vessels bearing inscribed on them the names of the substance they contained; also the clothes, arms, rewards, spoils, and ornaments of their parent, as well as whatever articles of their own they supposed to have been agreeable to him while living. To gratify the taste of the Manes for blood, whatever animals he had been fond of in life, were now slaughtered and thrown in upon the pile.

A pair of doves, of which Saturninus had been fond, and whose perfect tameness and gentleness were remarkable, were first brought out to perish with their master. His son presented his finger, and the gentle birds instantly stept upon it, at the well known signal for receiving their wonted caresses, at the same time ruffling the feathers about their necks, and uttering the hoarse croak with which they express their kindness. They suspected not the treachery that awaited them. Their necks were instantly wrung off, and their bodies thrown upon the pile.

But what grieved me most was the sacrifice that followed. There was a large, beautiful dog, now old like his master, who had been his favorite and constant companion. During his illness, the dog had taken his station beside his couch, which he never quitted. After his death he had stretched himself beneath the bier, where he kept his constant and faithful watch; and when the body was brought to the funeral pile, he had still followed in the train, and now lay panting before the pile where his master was extended. Upon being called by the eldest son of Saturninus, the honest animal arose, and instantly received a heavy blow upon the skull. The courageous animal sprang up as if to seize his assailant by the throat; then, as if recollecting whose was the hand that dealt the blow, he seated himself and fixed his eyes reproachfully upon the face of his unkind master; his angry yell changing into a howl of extreme pain. A second blow instantly descended, and the poor animal fell, but not dead. I saw a tear drop from the eye of the young man as he stooped over the faithful beast. He lay silent but not dead, as a few convulsive struggles from time to time gradually becoming fainter, indicated. He opened his eyes as the young man bent over him, and fixing them upon his cruel master, and feebly wagging his tail as in forgiveness, he licked the hand that had slain him, and died. His body was likewise thrown upon the pile with that of his beloved master.

When it was at length burnt down, the fire was extinguished and the embers soaked with wine. The bones and ashes of the deceased were then carefully collected by his children; and, sprinkled with the rich-

est perfumes, were placed in an alabaster urn along with a small glass vial full of tears.[22] The urn was then carefully raised by the eldest son of the deceased and placed in the sepulchre. The friends then present, were three times sprinkled with lustral water from an olive branch, after which the Præfica pronounced solemnly the accustomed form of dismission, "You may depart."*

All present now came crowding about the tomb to utter, ere they departed, the last farewell, and to repeat their last kind wishes. "We also shall follow you in the order which nature shall permit," was uttered by many a voice—"May the earth rest lightly upon you, my friend"—"Farewell"—was uttered and repeated by a hundred voices. Upon the sepulchre itself were graven the initials of the last kind wishes, S. T. T. L.†

When all but the family had departed, the urn, twined with roses, was carefully raised and carried to the sepulchral chamber of the family of Saturninus, where it was placed on the little pillar erected for this purpose, while the family, on the couches surrounding it, partook of the funeral repast.

Such were the formal ceremonies of the funeral of Saturninus. Passing the tomb some time after with Julius, I saw them busied in the rite of oblation to the dead; an offering periodically performed, and consisting of liquors, victims, and garlands. The tomb was strewed with flowers, and covered with crowns and fillets. On the little altar before it, libations were poured, and incense was burnt; while within, the cavern of death was lighted by ever-burning lamps.

* Ilicet—*quasi*, Ire licet. † Sit tibi terra levis.

The ceremony that I had witnessed, was one well adapted to jar most discordantly the string that was always most ready to vibrate in my bosom. I had just seen that, whose warm pulses, and gallant heart, and glowing mind, but a few short days before were animated and ardent as my own, reduced to a handful of powder, that a goblet could contain. I concealed not the feeling from Julius.

He seemed to ponder deeply for some minutes; then as if suddenly expelling his reflections from his mind, he said gayly, "To-morrow one of my sisters is to be married, and I shall expect you as a guest. Perhaps the wedding will efface the funeral. The sponsal contract was sealed a few days since, and the ring placed on her finger.[23] To-morrow was then fixed for the nuptial ceremony.

I readily accepted the invitation; and accordingly at the appointed hour, I repaired, nothing loth, to the house of old Cennius. So great was the crowd of friends that it was with difficulty that I could get sufficiently near to be presented to the bride; and Julius whispered to me that he believed he must defer introducing me to the rest of his family till the next day, when I was to dine with him. But how was I astonished and delighted at seeing among the crowd, the fair Vestal, who had so charmed me at the amphitheatre. Could I but have crowded to the side of Julius at that moment, I should certainly have made myself master of all the information respecting her that he could bestow. As it was, I could only gaze and admire, and lament that she should be a Vestal.

The bride however, to all other eyes, was the great object of attraction. She was dressed in a long white robe, bordered with a purple fringe. Her waist was bound with a zone, made of wool, and tied in the knot called Herculeus. Her face was covered with a flame-colored veil;* her shoes were of the same color. With the point of a spear her hair was divided into six locks, and crowned with flowers. All then being in readiness, the auspices were solemnly consulted, and sacrifices were offered to the gods; especially to Juno. The gall of the victim, previous to the sacrifice, was taken out and thrown away.† The bridegroom then asked her if she were willing to become the mistress of his family. She answered that she was willing. In her turn she put the same question, and received the same answer. She was then taken as if by force from the arms of her mother, to be conducted to her husband's house. Three boys, whose parents were living, attended her; one supporting her on each side by the arm, while the other walked before, bearing a flaming flambeau of pine. Five other torches were also carried before her. A boy, called Camillus, carried in a covered vase the utensils of the bride, and playthings for children. It was not till night that the procession left the house of Cennius, still attended by a large concourse of relations and friends.

The house of the bridegroom was situated very near to that of Cennius. On our arrival, we found the door and door posts adorned with leaves and flowers. According to custom, the bride was then asked who she

* To denote modesty.

† To indicate the removal of all bitterness from marriage.

was. To which she replied, "Where you are the master, I am the mistress."* She then proceeded to bind her husband's door-posts with woollen fillets, and to anoint them with the fat of swine, to prevent enchantments.†[24] She was then gently lifted over the threshold, to avoid the evil omen of touching it on that occasion.‡ The keys § of the house were now delivered to her, and a sheepskin ¶ was spread beneath her. Both she and her husband then touched fire and water.**

The nuptial feast was then given by the husband, while musicians sang the nuptial song, in which the oft repeated chorus, "Io Hymen Hymenæe," predominated.

The house itself was one of the prettiest I had seen in Pompeii.[25] A passage for entrance, at each side of which is a little apartment for the slaves, leads into the central court; and the room for the reception of company is beautifully painted with fruits and birds. In the garden is a fountain, in the form of a niche or grotto, encrusted with shells and mosaics, in the centre of which is a comic mask, from whose mouth gushes a stream of water. This water flows into a basin, in the

* "Ubi tu Caius, ibi ego Caia." Caia was a name applied to a bride.

† Hence the name *uxor*, quasi *unxor*, is derived.

‡ Because the threshold is sacred to Vesta the goddess of virgins.

§ To denote her being entrusted with the management of the family.

¶ Indicative of her future employment in the spinning of wool.

** Because they supposed that from these two elements all things proceed.

centre of which rises a little column, surmounted by a small bronze statue of a winged genius holding a swan under his arm, from whose beak spouts another fountain. At the side of the basin sits a charming little bronze statue of a fisherman, who, with his hook thrown into the water, is waiting for his prey. In a basket suspended from his arm, is a bronze fish.

On the opposite side of the fountain reclines another small statue of marble, representing a fisherman asleep. At his side lies a vase overturned, as if it had just fallen from his hand as he dropt asleep. In the other hand is a basket. He seems to be wrapt in a seaman's cloak, with its hood or cape. But I return to the bride.

After supper, her husband untied the knot in her zone already mentioned, and she was conducted to the bridal chamber, by matrons who had been married only to one husband, and laid in the nuptial couch, which, magnificently adorned, was placed in the hall, opposite to the door, and covered with flowers. Around it were the images of Pertunda, Subigus, and other divinities. Nuptial songs, the epithalamia, were sung by young women before the door till midnight. I forgot to mention that the husband on the completion of the marriage ceremony, threw handfuls of nuts among the boys; while the bride consecrated to Venus the dolls and playthings of her childhood. The guests were at last dismissed with small presents.

The following day another entertainment was given by the husband, when presents were sent to the bride by her friends and relations. Here she began to preside over the family, by performing sacred rites.

I have been thus minute in describing the two rites of sepulture and marriage, not only from the deep impression they then made on my mind, but because as I now transcribe my history for my children, should I be so fortunate as to become a father, it may not be uninteresting to them as Christians or as men to be informed of the nature of the rites practised by their fathers, which are already hastening to be done away and forgotten, in the increasing light and simplicity of Christianity. At the same time they will rejoice that I spare them any account of the nature of the feelings that agitated and occupied my own mind during the day, from the presence of the Vestal.

CHAPTER VI.

The following morning Julius called early upon me. He had thought much upon the remarks which had fallen from me with regard to the funeral, and he now endeavoured to turn the conversation into that channel. After speaking of the ceremony and events of the preceding day, he at length suddenly observed,

"By the way, Lucius, I have always neglected to ask you how you were pleased with the exhibition at the amphitheatre."

"Why, to tell you frankly," I replied, "the only combat that pleased me, was that between the lion and the tiger, in which the old man's safety seemed so deeply implicated. For the rest, and I care not who knows it, I never desire to be again present at such

bloody exhibitions. They accord as little with my rustic habits, as I suspect they did with the feelings of the handsome Vestal who sat before me."

The rapid change in the aspect of a deep black cloud when brilliantly illuminated by lightning is not more sudden, than was the vivid, kindling expression of Julius's countenance from its ordinary sad gravity, as he fixed his eyes upon me.

"You love not then to look on death?"

Death! there it was again—the scorpion that never slept—the dagger that hung eternally over me.

"No!" I replied. "I confess I had heard so much of these vaunted exhibitions, that I greatly desired to witness them. But I have seen enough. Julius," I added, "there is a fiend that haunts me, and wherever I go, I see his terrible footsteps, and listen to his remorseless voice—it is death. I would fly to the deepest forest, so I might shut out for ever his approach."

"Lucius," said Cennius, in accents grave even for his grave voice, "Death is a monster that you cannot fly—but you may conquer him."

"What mean you, Julius?"

"What I say. Since life is short, you say, I will crowd it out with pleasures—since but few sands have time to run, they shall at least be golden. *I* say to you, since time is short lay hold on eternity—since life here is fleeting, seek that which endureth for ever."

"You speak in riddles, Julius."

"I will do so then no longer. *Become a Christian.*"

"A Christian!" echoed I in astonishment. "Is it possible that you too have become a victim to that fearful delusion? Have the terrible tortures and death

you so lately witnessed, not terrors sufficient to guard you from such a desperate credulity?"

But I will not detail our conversation. Suffice it to say, that before we parted, I had agreed to meet him the following morning before daybreak, to accompany him to one of the meetings of that sect; having first plighted my word, neither to betray him, nor any that I should meet there. It was a bold promise—eternal life. But to what strange credulity will not fanaticism lead its votaries. My curiosity, however, was piqued, and never did lover pant more for the desired hour, than I for that of the meeting of this Christian assembly. We had engaged, Marcus and myself, to sup with Cennius. After running over the city till we were heartily tired, we repaired at the eighth hour to the bath, previous to meeting again at supper. On our way home for this purpose, we passed a house on our right near the Herculanean gate, which Julius pointed out to me as the house of the Vestals.[26] I cast an eager glance upon it, but there was nothing peculiar in its external appearance. Having arrived at the gates of the city, Julius left me and returned home.

After having bathed, I repaired to his dwelling, which is situated not far from the temple of Isis. Upon opening the door I absolutely started back from fear of a dog, which, wrought in elegant mosaic upon the floor, is represented chained indeed, but in the act of springing upon those who cross the threshold. Below was written in letters of mosaic, the words, CAVĒ CANEM.[27]

Passing through a narrow passage, adorned with elegant taste, I entered the atrium of the building. In the crowd and hurry and jostling of the day before, in

merely passing through this court the things I am about to mention had escaped my notice. But now when it was empty and I left alone in it to wait for my friend, they forced themselves upon me.

In the centre of the atrium was a large basin for the reception of rain-water. The walls were adorned with Homeric paintings. On the wall, at the right as I entered, was a beautiful painting of the daughter of Chryses, who, sought by Agamemnon, is received by Ulysses, who extends to her his right hand, as he is about embarking in the vessel destined to conduct her to her father. The second was a painting of Briseis, parting with Achilles. The expression of Briseis, as she raises her veil as if to discover at once both her grief and her beauty, the consternation of the heralds, the fierce vivacity of Patroclus, the group of the Myrmidons in the back-ground, all served to mark this a painting of uncommon beauty. At the left on entering, is a beautiful Venus with golden bracelets about her ancles. A dove reposes at her feet, holding in its beak a branch of myrtle. But the fourth—how shall I express my surprise, at recognising in a Thetis, who accompanied by Isis supplicates Jupiter to avenge the wrong of her son, the perfect breathing likeness of the fair Vestal. While I stood gazing in mute admiration, Julius entered. "Well," said he, "how like you our family portraits?"

"What, are these portraits of your family?" I inquired.

"All of the most important figures. All those fair ladies are my sisters, to whom I shall have the pleasure to introduce you."

"And the Vestal?"

"Is likewise my sister."

"But why did you never tell me before."

"Because you never asked me before."

Our conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Caius Marcus, whose broad, laughing visage appeared at the door. What, Lucius! here before me," said he; "for the last thirty years I have been the first at all the feasts, both merry and funeral in Pompeii."

"Yes," interrupted I, "and if fame speak truth, the same has sometimes happened at the weddings."

"Doubtless that accident has sometimes happened—what does not happen in the long space of thirty years?"

We were received by old Cennius with the rough, but frank and manly courtesy of one more used to camps than to courts. "Come," said he, as he ushered us into the supper-room. "If our number exceed that of the Graces, we shall contrive not to fall short of that of the Muses."

"We are but eight," I observed.

"There is one already at the board," he said, "who is always ready to complete the number;" at the same time pointing to a motionless figure that already reclined on his couch at the semicircular table. Then, fixing his eye upon it, in a grave voice he added, according to the accustomed form, "Be merry, while life is ours to enjoy."*

Well did I know the everlasting form of death, as it grinned beneath its semi-transparent veil; and already did I feel the breath of the sepulchre chilling the

* "Vivamus, dum licet esse bene."

sunny blossoms that enjoyment was just calling into being. My place was at its side. I reclined upon the same couch, in dreadful amity with the ghastly monarch. The table was consecrated by the presence of the Lares and the sacred salt-holders, which, beautifully wrought in ivory, surrounded a little silver altar, supported by grotesque figures, that adorned the centre of the table. Upon it burned constantly a pale and attenuated flame. The old knight made the customary invocation and libation, throwing a portion of the different viands upon the little altar, whose flame flashed up brightly for a moment, as portions of fat fell into it.

The ceremony concluded, a number of slaves entered with baskets hanging upon their arms, and going behind the company, crowned their heads with garlands of flowers and leaves, tied and adorned gayly enough with ribbons, to prevent intoxication. Others carved the meats to the sound of flutes. As usual, the supper began with eggs, and remembering my worthy priest's apparent prevailing passion, I could not help smiling as I witnessed the fervor of his devotions. Scarcely could he find time to utter even a joke. But my smiles were exchanged for wonder, as I saw with what unabated ardor, turbot and lamprey, pike and pheasant and thrush, were all vanishing away beneath the ruthless mastication of the worthy protégé of Isis. And when, to the sound of a flute, some rare dish was brought in by slaves crowned with flowers, his attacks upon it were made with as much eagerness as if he had hitherto remained famished. When at length even the inveterate appetite of Marcus began to betray symptoms of satiety, the meats were removed. This was

soon succeeded by slaves bearing amphoræ. They were followed by four beautiful young boys, who poured out the wine into a large bowl, mingling it with water from which they filled the goblets. Other slaves brought in the dessert. Music breathed its full, rich notes—libations flowed from the table and jests circulated around it. The goblets were wreathed with coronals of flowers—healths were drunk—and in a short time Marcus's jests were not the only ones that sparkled like their own bright inspiration—old Cennius's Falernian.

It was midnight before we began to think of separating. We then poured out our libations anew—drank to our host and to the Emperor—and when at last we had risen to depart, Marcus insisted upon our taking a parting cup, in honor of Mercury, that we might enjoy profound repose.

For myself, I must confess, that notwithstanding the grisly companion at my side, whose motionless figure eternally spoke of the grave, by whom the jests passed unenjoyed and the viands untasted; whose rigid form never bent in courtesy, and whose mute tongue neither jest nor enjoyment could move,—notwithstanding all this, there was no voice that echoed back the laugh or scattered the jest more heartily than mine. Old Cennius was boisterous, and Julius himself was warmed for a while out of his serious gravity, to be as gay as myself.

We took leave at last of our worthy entertainers; and for myself, with a giddy and confused head, I began to wend my way homeward. I had arrived nearly at the house that Julius had pointed out to me as the house of the Vestals, when I observed a female figure gliding before me, and evidently hastening at the sight

of me as if afraid. Astonished to see one out so late and alone, and somewhat flushed with the wine I had drunk, I hastened to follow her. She perceived my purpose and darted across the street with the intention of passing down the first that leaves the Appian Way after entering the city gates, and which passes off at a very acute angle. The moon was up, and bright; but this street lay in deep shadow, and she evidently took it in order to baffle my pursuit. But she met with an unexpected obstacle. The dark street in which she had entered to conceal herself from me, concealed likewise from herself the figure of a tall, powerfully built man, who was approaching from that direction, and who, opening his arms, received the fair fugitive in them, as much to his confusion as to hers. For a moment we all three stood motionless with surprise, but when the man who thus held her, attempted to draw her more closely to him, she turned her head to me, who was standing in the broad moonlight, and to my unutterable surprise, addressed me by name, demanding protection.

Astonished at this unexpected appeal, I advanced toward them.

The man seemed irresolute for a moment; then, releasing her, said, with a shrug of his shoulders as he turned away, "Beware, lady, for the future, how, when you desire to find yourself in the arms of one man, you contrive to throw yourself into those of another. It is no uncommon circumstance." Then turning towards me, he said, with a haughty air, "I congratulate you, young man, on your prize. It is not every one who would so readily give up the plum that

had dropt into his mouth; nor, to say sooth, should I, but that I have commonly found such fruit to be rotten." So saying he walked away, and the fair one came instantly toward me; but judge of my surprise, I had almost said horror, at beholding, distinct in the clear moonlight, the beautiful features of the Vestal. She saw my astonishment.

"Lucius," she said, "judge me not by appearances, but tell Julius of this rencounter, and he will explain all to you, if it be prudent. Meantime I need not remind you, that my life depends on your discretion."

I readily promised secrecy, and, before I left her, already had half forgiven and acquitted her in my own mind.

"Do you know that man?" said she. "I do not, nor indeed did I see his features very distinctly," I replied.

"I know him well," said she; "and woe to me, had he recognised me. His name is Matho, a creature of the Emperor's. I have an indefinite feeling of horror always at the sight of that man, against whom I know nothing, but for whom I have an unaccountable antipathy."

So saying we arrived at the house of the Vestals. A light scratch upon the door caused it to be very carefully opened, and the Vestal vanished. But as she entered, she again turned towards me, and laid her finger on her lips as she disappeared. For myself, I returned home, with my head more full than ever of the fair Lucilla; wondering, speculating, doubting, yet, after all, believing.

CHAPTER VII.

I HAD not much time for sleep, had I felt ever so much disposed to it; since, in order to keep my engagement with Julius, I was obliged to rise before daybreak; and according to appointment, I met him at the semicircular seat in front of the tomb of Mammia. He was punctual to his engagement.

So full was I of my last night's adventure, that I had scarcely saluted him before I commenced the history. He listened, without betraying the least surprise, to my tale, and after a moment's silent deliberation, he said, "I will explain this to you as we return."

After passing a short distance through the street of tombs, Julius suddenly turned off from the Appian Way into a private path, that led behind a magnificent tomb. On his touching a secret spring, the door started open, and we entered. Julius carefully shut the door after us, and we descended some steps, the entrance to which was artificially closed by a marble block, which, even to a close observer, seemed to be one of those which composed the wall. At the bottom of the steps there twinkled a single and feeble light, whose rays were barely sufficient to show me that we were in a crooked, low, narrow, descending gallery, whose walls were constantly projecting masses of ragged stone, now from the sides, and now from the roof, to the great inconvenience of the passenger. Julius, however, seemed perfectly acquainted with the way, and his familiarity enabled him to proceed with a rapidity, that I found very inconvenient. A sudden sharp

turn in the passage, brought us unexpectedly to the end of it, and we stood at the entrance of a spacious, lofty cave, lighted by what seemed to me a blaze of dazzling light, as I came from the dark and gloomy passage-way. An altar stood at one part of the cave, but there was no statue of a divinity presiding over it. Instead of it, however, there was the figure of a cross, around which blazed a score of tall candles. The altar was elevated upon a platform, which was mounted by three steps. Upon this platform stood a man whom I at once recognised as the same old man whom I had so lately seen at the amphitheatre, and whose venerable countenance and wonderful escape had so much pleased me. While I stood at the end of the passage, almost blinded by the sudden glare and the strange scene and rites, a sudden burst of delightful harmony swelled from the united voices of that assembly. The music was solemn and imposing ; and this, joined doubtless with the mysterious scene, and the recollection of the tremendous peril incurred by the worshippers of this unknown God, was well adapted powerfully to affect the imagination. The congregation was very considerable in point of numbers, and was composed equally of males and females. But near the door was one, whose low, rich, full voice, sounded to me as not altogether that of a stranger. I started eagerly forward to gain a view if possible of her features, although so closely was she veiled, that a moment's reflection convinced me it was a hopeless attempt. Julius noticed the action, and, divining the motive, he gently drew me back and whispered in my ear, "It is Lucilla."

Her Vestal robes were laid aside, or effectually concealed beneath the long dress in which she was muffled. At a little distance from her, stood a large, athletic man, whom Julius pointed out to me as Matho. "Lucilla has a violent, and I think, a groundless antipathy to that man. He is the one whom you met last night. He professes to be a convert to Christianity; but God only sees the heart."

Meantime the music ceased, and the venerable Vetullius, which was the name of the old man, arose and addressed the audience.

His first words fixed and chained my attention, for he spoke of a resurrection from the dead. How my heart leaped within me as he proceeded and demonstrated, with the most forcible simplicity, the ground of the doctrine, and its immutable strength. I listened with astonishment, which gradually yielded to hope and delight. Here then, if true, was what my heart had so panted for, a promise and a pledge of eternal life. I had heretofore considered the supporters of this doctrine but as dreaming enthusiasts, who had persuaded themselves at last of the truth of what they had so earnestly desired. But when I heard the grounds and arguments of the doctrine stated in the calm, forcible, and dispassionate language of the preacher, I felt that there was no dreamer there, and I was carried away for a moment, and my heart yielded, and my reason bowed beneath the overwhelming weight of truth.

After the exercises were over, and the audience had gradually dropped away, I was introduced to Vetullius, and expressed to him the pleasure I had felt in listening to him. The old man heard me with satisfaction,

and taking from a little cabinet beneath the altar a scroll of parchment, he offered it to me, first making me promise both to conceal it, and to read it. I readily agreed to both conditions, for my own curiosity was now strongly excited to know what this doctrine was which seemed to be able so to brace the most cowardly against the fear both of tortures and of death.

"The God of the Christians must indeed be both powerful and benevolent," said I, "since he interfered in so miraculous a manner for your preservation at the amphitheatre." "He is indeed both," replied the old man. "My escape was truly miraculous, but not in the way that you imagine. That lion was reared by me. I fed him, and he was attached to me. But when I fell under the suspicion of being a Christian, he was taken from me, with all my other effects, was sold, and was subsequently purchased for the amphitheatre. But the overseer of the animals for the arena is a convert to Christianity, and knowing this lion to have been mine, he selected him for that purpose from the rest. The artifice was successful, and my life preserved." After some more conversation with him, we parted, as I flattered myself, mutually pleased. He invited me to come often to see him, and I resolved not to neglect the opportunity.

On our return I did not forget to ask of Julius the explanation he had promised me. He readily consented. "Lucilla," said he, "is a Christian. But the danger attending the acknowledgment of that creed, fearful as it is to all, to her is tremendous. That a Vestal, a priestess, to whom so much is entrusted, and on whom in consequence such singular honors and

immunities are conferred, should become an apostate to her religion, would weigh against her with a fearful force. Her precautions against detection, too, must necessarily be great. Now, you must know that Lucilla is not the only Christian Vestal. Canuleia is likewise a Christian; and about a furlong from the house of the Vestals, up the street, there dwells a Christian family, one of whose members lies at the point of death. It is the daughter of the poor man whose doom it was to contend with the elephant. You may imagine how much she must need consolation and sympathy; yet how dangerous it would be for Lucilla to visit her openly. She therefore takes advantage of the time when it is the turn of the other Vestals to officiate at the temple, and only Canuleia and herself are together at the house, to pass a few moments with her friend. But it must not be repeated. The risk is too great for the object. Lucilla told me this morning, that she thought that Matho had watched her, and noted where she entered. It may be so, but I cannot believe it—or, if he did so, that he did it from any other motive than curiosity."

"For my part, Julius," I replied, "I agree with your sister. Hypocrisy is written upon every line about his mouth, and appears in every glance from his eye."

"But is it just, Lucius, to condemn a man for his looks? "Julius," said I, "I will not enter into any argument upon the subject; but this I *will* say, that if the gods choose to write 'knave' or 'fool,' 'hypocrite' or 'scoundrel,' in plain, legible characters upon a man's brow, it is no fault of mine that I cannot look at him without reading it."

Meanwhile time passed rapidly on. My intercourse with the good Vetullius was frequent; perhaps not the less so, that I often met there the fair Vestal. Her inquiries and remarks showed that she took an interest in my conversion, that flattered me not a little.

The doctrines and evidences of Christianity began to have great weight on my mind. Day after day did I unroll the sacred scroll, with new and increasing delight. The earth began to assume a different hue to my mind, because my mind itself was changed; and who does not know with what different sentiments we view the same object, under different states of feeling? Who has not known the scene, which in the morning sunlight was gayly beautiful, look solemn and serene in the quiet moonlight, and monotonous and dull in the dim twilight? The mind changes—objects remain the same.

Blame me not, I say, that a spice of earthly love quickened and mingled with my holiest aspirations. I had known bereavement, and Christianity promised me reunion. Death, the horrid spectre whose form had ever blackened my days of happiness and startled my dreams of repose—death, the universal conqueror—lay conquered here beneath the victorious spear of Christianity. I doubted, wished, hoped, trembled, and believed. I became a Christian. I was as one who, after groping a lifetime in subterranean caverns, finds himself unexpectedly emerged into the broad, bright, warming light of the noontide sun. The nightmare that had so long weighed down my soul vanished away. Forms of light and of loveliness, upon which I had long looked back in all the bitterness of hopelessness, as among the illusions

that were, I could now joyfully hail as among the realities that should be. I had been as one launched with a few loved beings upon a wintry, interminable, and shoreless ocean, who had seen, one after another, the loved ones drop away, helpless and hopeless, into the insatiable waters. What mattered it to me whither my bark might be drifted then? Clouds, and darkness, and solitude of soul were every where, and every where the same. There was no cynosure to me. Suddenly, as by the wand of an enchanter, my bark was floating over the laughing surface of a summer sea, with a glorious haven before me, on whose shores stood those whom the restless ocean had swallowed, beckoning my homeward approach. Christianity was all this to me. The world was no longer only one vast charnel-house, for light and joy had sprung out of darkness, and life out of death. The once freezing, chilly monition, that was uttered in the withering herbage, and the fading flower, no longer declared to me, "Thou too shalt die"; but from the tongue of decay and of death was uttefed forth in another tone, "Thou shalt live again." There was a sentiment of exultation in the smile with which I now gazed upon the sculptured galleys, whose anchor is dropping and whose sails are furling on the sumptuous tombs that surrounded our dwelling, for I thought, "Your rest is not here. It is from hence that ye are to weigh your anchor for another haven, and stretch your sails upon another and a shoreless sea." There was no longer a shadow of gloom mingled with the tender regret with which I looked back to the departed, as I gazed on the funeral urn—for I knew that a phenix should spring from the ashes within—that

"life"—"eternal life" is written over the gates of the grave.

Blame me not, I repeat, if while listening to the instruction of the venerable Vetullius, I sometimes caught my glances wandering to the deep, eloquent eye of the Vestal, as she drank in his words, or if I sometimes found my attention occupied with another subject, than that which occupied Vetullius and engrossed Julius and Lucilla. Blame me not, I say, that while the door of my heart was opened for devotion and religion to enter, love crept in unheeded behind them.

At the house of an unsuspected Christian, where the Vestal could openly and fearlessly visit, was Vetullius concealed; and here we were wont to repair at sunset to a little garden connected with the house, and seated on the turf beneath the refreshing shadow of a broad ilex, amid the perpetual gush of fountains that played sparkling around us, while their collected waters swept clamorously by the foot of the tree, with Lucilla's lyre at her side, as if we were occupied with music, we listened to the words of the good Vetullius.

But happiness like this was too like elysium to last. Never shall I forget the last time of our meeting there. It was the magic hour of sunset. Vetullius sat on the little grass platform that surrounded the trunk of the tree, scarcely less venerable than himself, beneath which we were assembled. At his left, but in advance, sat the Vestal on the fragment of a broken column, which had belonged to a little circular Greek temple, which had stood on the spot at the side of the river enshrining a beautiful Harpocrates, who with his finger on his lips, still seemed to say, "Hush," to the group

that surrounded it. The late earthquake had overthrown the light temple, and broken its fairy columns; yet, by one of those accidents that sometimes happens, the statue stood uninjured. It was upon a fragment of one of these columns that Lucilla sat. Her lyre stood at her side. Her left hand rested carelessly on it, while her large, full eye was fixed with intense interest upon Vetullius, her lips parted, her graceful form reclining against the portion of the column which remained upright. At the base of the statue on a little fragment of a pillar that he had himself placed there upright for the purpose, sat Julius. Reclining on his elbow as he lay comfortably stretched on the fresh grass, was our worthy host. For myself, as Lucilla had taken the left of Vetullius, I took his right, opposite to her; where, as I stood with folded arms leaning against a young tree, I could with equal facility gaze upon the Vestal or Vetullius. A noble dog, belonging to our host, took his station at my feet, who soon found the same effect in the charms of sleep, as I had sometimes found in those of the Vestal, viz. an utter inattention to Vetullius. Above the whole group, towered the statue; and as he too was looking toward the old man, it seemed as if he were likewise an anxious listener to his words—as if he were commanding all around him to be silent, that he might profit by the words of the Christian.

Of that evening, I have forgotten not a syllable. I have treasured it all within my heart of hearts. The hymn of the Vestal had ceased, but the repose of nature remained unbroken by our voices. All seemed under the influence of the magic hour. On the coun-

tenance of Vetullius was painted the grave and tempered delight of age, as he gazed on the fair scenery around him. But the more ardent delight of Julius, that deep-toned enthusiast, was manifested in the change from his ordinary grave and sad expression of mild and thoughtful reserve, to the kindling eye, the glowing cheek, and half suppressed impassioned exclamations of delight.

CHAPTER VIII.

A PLACID smile passed for a moment over the venerable countenance of the old man, as he quietly observed the vivid and eloquent expression that lighted the high brow of the youth; but *his* feelings were apparently too powerful for silence, and his ecstacy broke forth in words.

"How bright, how glorious, is nature;" said the delighted boy, "and how more than glorious is man, for whom all this gorgeous scenery is arrayed! Lord over all, to him the horse lends his swiftness, the elephant his strength, and the dog his fidelity and zeal. For him the trees bear their fruits, and the waters their freshness. The strength of the strong, and the ferocity of the fierce, are weakness and impotence before the mightier strength of his wisdom. From his power the regal eagle finds no refuge in his clouds, nor the whale in the depths of his waters. To him the

forest gives up its inhabitants, and the bowels of the earth yield their uncounted gold. Man is every where, and every where triumphant—God's vicegerent below. How great must he be, for whom all this goodly workmanship has been framed?" As Julius uttered these words, he encountered the eye of Vetullius, bent upon him with an expression of benevolent interest, but of no sympathy with the youthful ardor of his companion. He knew not why, but he felt that look a rebuke; and he blushed, and faltered, and stopped.

"My son," said the old man, "man *is* great, but God is greater. Where do you learn that all these fair creations are but ministering servants to this self-styled vicegerent? I know, indeed, that they who are accustomed so to consider it, esteem the extension of this benevolence to what we proudly consider as insignificant objects, to be a limitation of it as regards themselves. Hear me.

"On the banks of a beautiful river stood a gigantic elm,* whose venerable date was not of years, but of centuries. Its majestic branches rose proudly from the trunk, and with a graceful curve swept downward again, till their long, slender extremities dipped into the waters at its foot, causing a gentle ripple in the else quiet stream. Year after year came the golden-winged trochilus, and the bird of paradise, to sport in

* In speaking of the elm, I have described the *Ulmus Americana*, that queen of our forests, distinguished from the European by its long pendulous branches. It loses its leaves some weeks sooner in the fall—its flowers have from six to eight stamens, instead of five, and its leaves are more smooth and more uniformly serrated.

its branches, build their nests among its foliage, and repose in the green shelter of its leaves. Beneath its protecting shade sprung up a beautiful magnolia, holding up its broad, green leaves, and exhaling a delicious odor from the long bell of its white blossoms. The green bank beneath it was sprinkled with a thousand flowers—the variegated anemone, the lowly violet, and the queen-like rose. Thither, amid the odor of blossoms, the song of birds, and the ripple of waters, came lovers at the twilight hour, to breathe their vows and their sighs beneath its shade, to carve their names on its trunk, and hang there garlands of fresh flowers as on an altar. But twilight darkened into evening—the lovers departed, and the garlands withered. The birds folded their wings and hushed their voices. The flowers shut their bells, and hung down their heads as in sorrow, while the damp dews collected upon them, as they fell drop by drop upon their fairy cups, glanced thence, and fell back to the earth, again to rise in vapor and descend in dew. But the change in the external scenery came but as a change of beauty. The breath of God's spirit was altered, but it was still divine. Silence came with darkness. The ripple that during the day was an almost inaudible murmur seemed in the deepening silence, as the voice of many waters. Suddenly the moon came slowly wheeling her silvery disk up the horizon. Through the silent and golden hours, the nightingale came wooing and singing to his beloved rose, as she hung breathing around her unheeded fragrance, beneath the shadow of the elm. The plaintive note of the whip-poor-will resounded from time to time from amid the flowers at its foot.

Ten thousand glittering lamps of the fire-fly, sparkled and vanished amid its branches. The chirp of the cricket was heard, mingling with voices of a thousand different intonations, that rose from every part of the river. From time to time, the dreamy air seemed to revive for an instant, to emit languidly a breath heavy with its load of fragrance and music; and then, as if exhausted by the effort, to subside again into a repose befitting this sabbath of nature. 'How good is God,' said the exulting elm, 'who has created so many beauties for my use and enjoyment; and how noble a being must I be, to have such varied and exhaustless creations for my good. For me the birds sing, and the flowers blossom. *He* clothes me in my robes of beauty —*His* moon-beams are sent to lend with their silvery brightness an unutterable beauty to my exalted perfections. Benevolent as happy, I protect the birds of heaven and the beasts of the field, in and beneath my branches. To the lowlier species of vegetation I accord my patronage, and spread over them the giant arms of my protection. Man bows before me in astonishment and delight. In the sunshine he seeks my refreshing shelter, and in the shower he still finds my ever benevolent protection.'

"Year after year passed away. There came one evening a hoary-headed old man leaning upon a youth, and they seated themselves upon the ever flowery bank beneath the elm. 'What a glorious creation,' said the happy boy, as his young black eye flashed proudly upon the noble scenery around him. 'Thank God,' replied the old man; 'who has made it all rich in its exulting beauty and glory for *man alone*. He has

placed him here in a vast storehouse, replete with all necessary and useful and glorious things, and has given him dominion over all. The rose-tree puts forth its leaves, and the summer its foliage, and the autumn its fruits, only for his enjoyment and happiness. For him the birds sing, and the fountains flow, the bee labors, and the silkworm toils. For him the clouds are painted in all the gorgeous hues of sunset, and nature is ever changing her garments of beauty, her beauty only being for ever unchanged. Observe my child the noble tree beneath which we sit. I am an old man; but compare my years with the years of this elm, and I am but as an infant. For it, generation has followed generation, as leaf follows leaf. Its owners, like us, come to sit beneath its shadow, and to boast of their venerable possession, yet hath it changed them almost as often as it hath changed its leaves. Thank God then my son, who hath created you such a glorious being.' So they knelt together upon the fragrant turf—the hoary hairs side by side with the curling clusters of that fair boy's young locks, and blended their gratitude and praise with the odor of flowers, and the song of birds, and the mingling burst that swelled from tree, and flower, and fountain, and turf—from the roaring ocean, and the rustling leaf, and it rose to heaven with theirs as acceptable and—as vain.*

"Time flows ever onward. The venerable elm still

* The word *vain* is here to be understood in the sense of conceit or vanity, and not of fruitlessness. The author would not wish to be understood as putting on an equality, the gratitude of intelligent, and the attributes of physical nature.

stood erect in its strength, and glowing in its beauty—but an unusual agitation seemed to exist in its branches. At times they were violently shaken, and its large boughs waved steadily up and down as if swayed by the hand of a giant. A huge black column was seen to dart into the air, high above its topmost boughs—a straight and lofty pillar—then again with a graceful swan-like neck, and head gently depressed, seemed reconnoitering the far space around it—and again, with a graceful undulatory motion, it vanished from its height, and the next moment was seen hanging as if lifeless from its lowest bough. The huge trunk of the elm was seen to rock like a sapling in the school-boy's hand. The affrighted beasts fled in dismay—the birds with loud screamings flew shrieking from the place. Wrapt in the rich communings of their own hearts, two only were seen approaching. They were lovers. Every sign of life and of movement vanished at once from the graceful tree. Slowly and thoughtfully the fated pair approached. They were pouring out the fulness of their hearts into each others ears. They dreamed not of unhappiness—why should they ?—they were together. They sought the beautiful vicinage of the elm by a sort of instinctive wandering. Arm in arm, earth to them was an Eden wherever they wandered. Alas ! it was not only in Eden that the serpent basked in bowers of beauty. Nearer and nearer they approached the treacherous spot. Suddenly there was a rushing noise—a huge black body was launched from the tree, and in an instant they were bound in the mortal folds of the anaconda. But nature's agony could endure but for a moment. With an instinctive effort,

the youth threw his arms around the beloved object, as if to shield her from their foe; then perished in his embrace—and the crushing bones were heard to crackle for an instant, like corn beneath the mill-stone. 'How good is God'; said the mighty serpent, as the bodies fell, still locked together, from his relaxed folds; 'how bountiful is He, who hath made such goodly trees for my dwelling, who hath surrounded them with flowers and fragrance, and who hath stocked this earth with its inhabitants, as food convenient for me.' But man allows no other tyrant than himself; and gorged with his prey, the monster fell an easy victim to that arch-destroyer.

"Swiftly speed the flying years. When the breath of spring was playing amid the leaves and the blossoms, a humming-bird came poising himself on glittering wings, as he reconnoitered the peaceful and beautiful tree. There he fixed his habitation, and built his nutlike nest. Its tiny inhabitants were soon clothed in their beautiful dress, and fluttering on fairy pinions, were conducted triumphantly away by their exulting parents, to enjoy elsewhere their dreamy and independent existence. And as they wheeled sparkling away on untried wings, 'How good is God,' said the beautiful birds, 'who hath made this fair creation for our use; who hath planted trees that we may build in their branches, and flowers that we may live in their odor, and sunshine that we may sport in its beams, and summer that we may live in its spicy breath.' But a hawk spied from his height the gentle birds, and stooped, and ended in an instant their gratitude and their lives;—and *he* too thanked God for his wise and mer-

ciful creations for *his* use. Yet as the proud bird rose again, there came a messenger swifter than his own wing, and he too fell fluttering and lifeless to the earth.

"Again the breath of summer came floating over the beds of the violets, wafting lazily along the spicy breath of the orange blossom, and the magnolia flower, to mingle their odors with those of a rose-tree that flourished under the protecting shadow of the elm. There it put forth its buds, which opened their fragrant bosoms to the lay of the nightingale, protected by the overshadowing branches from the scorching sun, and the too violent showers; and in the pride of its beauty, and the fulness of its happiness, boasted of the exclusive providence of God for the necessities of its nature, who had provided man to cultivate it, and trees to protect it, and showers and sunshine to cherish it, and birds to sing to it. But ere the voice of its pride was yet silent, the destroyer came, hanging in clusters upon its damask leaves, and revelling unrebuked in its beauties;—and when these fair things had resigned their frail existence, 'How good is God,' said the destroying insects, 'who for us hath planted the rose, and given it its pleasant perfume. How good is God! and what important beings must we be to have so much, and so much beauty provided for us.'

"Time flies not in vain over any. The heart-wood of the venerable tree had felt its influence. Its vessels no longer carried it nutriment; it shrivelled, and rotted, and at last crumbled into dust, and the trunk was now only a vast and hollow cylinder. In this hollow a swarm of bees took up their residence, and made in it their rich cells. 'How good is God,' said the indus-

trious insects, as their summer task was ended, 'who hath created all for our sole use;—trees for our habitation and blossoms to yield us their honey. The rain descends, and summer opens, and man is sent us, only to nurture our necessary flowers and destroy our enemies, the birds;—winter comes to give us rest from our toils, and time to enjoy the fruits we have so industriously collected. Can man, with all his machinery, rival, or even in any degree imitate our skill? What important beings then must we be, on whom such knowledge and art is bestowed.'

"But another season came with its changes. A large, unsightly grub-worm was seen slowly dragging its slimy trail along the trunk and boughs of the elm. There it selected a spot in a fork of the tree, and fastening itself to it, resigned itself to the common law of its nature; and there this low reptile slept quietly in its leafy asylum, amid the high creations of God. Yet was its sleep not eternal. Again it came forth in its new state of being, the ancients' beautiful image of the soul, a bright and glorious thing, emerged from the sleep of death; and as it sailed proudly away on its beautiful wings, 'How good is God,' exclaimed the delighted insect, 'who hath made for me, this beautiful world; who for me hath painted the hare-bell and the violet, and scented the lily and the rose;—who hath made my bed in the tulip's bell, and hath sent there the sweet breath of his zephyrs to rock me to my repose. How good, how merciful is God.'

"But the quiet repose of nature could not last for ever. Clouds began to gather and darken above the stately tree. The windows of heaven were opened. The

voice of the bellowing thunder roared through the skies. The lofty head of the elm was reared high above all the neighbouring objects. The deep black cloud lay heavy above it. Suddenly a sheet of fire burst from its opening bosom, and descended full upon the majestic tree. In a moment, the air was darkened with sticks and splinters from its venerable branches, flying far and wide in every direction. Its verdant foliage shrivelled and withered in an instant, as beneath the touch of an enchanter. Yet the noble tree fell not.

"Time that destroys all, also heals all; and the mighty tree again reared its head in the quiet sky; in all its natural verdure and majesty. The busy spider wove his web in its branches—the smaller animals burrowed beneath its root—the butterfly slept out his mysterious changes upon its boughs, and came thence floating on gorgeous wings, another and a higher creature—the industrious bees were again busy in its trunk, and the beautiful birds in its branches. But another charm was now added to its beauty—it had seen centuries and it was venerable—but it had been riven by the lightning, and it was sacred.* 'Am I not strong,' said the proud tree, 'when even the bolt of heaven hath but shivered my topmost boughs, while I was still able to protect the myriads who had sought the shelter of my power? Powerful indeed must that be which can lay me in the dust; me—whom years have sapped, and storms have rocked, and lightning hath shivered in vain.' But even in that moment came the destroyer.

* With the ancients, whatever object was struck by lightning, was from that moment sacred.

Myriads on myriads of worms, almost too minute for the unassisted sight to discover, had taken possession of its gigantic trunk. Despising the tender bark, they sought their nourishment from the more solid wood. Day by day, and hour by hour, the boasted strength of the stately tree withered away. The cloud flashed not —not even the rustling summer breeze lifted a leaf in its branches—the moon looked placidly on the long admired scenery—nature slept in her sweetest and softest repose, when the graceful elm fell—in the silence of evening it fell—and its beautiful ruins crushed and destroyed all that had derived shelter from its existence—and its destroyers in *their* turn thanked God, who for them had formed creations of glory and strength, and had bestowed on them the power, insignificant and mean as they were, to lay low the loftiest; and they too reasoned from God's goodness to their own importance, and upon *their* boast and *their* reasoning, was also written—vanity."

The old man paused.

"Father," said Julius, "methinks your instructions tend to weaken our sentiments of gratitude to the great Parent of all."

"Not so my son," returned the old man. "Is God's mercy to us less, because it is equally extended to myriads on myriads of beings, whom we proudly term insignificant? Does increased power call for diminished gratitude? Does that state, in which each finds all as perfectly adapted to suit his particular purposes, as if all were actually created for the sole benefit of his species, demand less gratitude than if all *were* created for the happiness of one? Shall we pettishly withhold

our gratitude to the great Giver for his blessings to us, because he has thought proper to bless other beings than ourselves? Is our happiness diminished, because others are made happy? Or do we fear to be overlooked or forgotten amid the immensity of God's universal family, by Him who 'hath numbered the sands on the sea-shore?' Away then with the ludicrous vanity with which man is eternally boasting of his own vast importance in the infinite scale of God's works, nor longer utter that proud boast, alike unsupported by His works and word, and which may be echoed as proudly by every being in the vast creation, down to the very earth-worm that fattens upon his corpse. 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and yet I say unto you that not one of them is forgotten before God.' Cease to reason from God's omniscience to human wisdom, or from God's benevolence to human pride, and to make his goodness the measure of our vanity. How many birds skim the air that human eye never saw? How many beasts inhabit the forest that human hand hath never taken? Myriads and myriads of insects swarm in the air, too minute for human optics to discern; and they too in their turn are perhaps sustained by and sustain others, as much smaller than themselves, as they are than we.

"Man is but a solitary link in the infinite chain of God's creation. And as we know how wonderfully that chain extends downward, in each descending step, body more and more predominating over mind, analogy renders it in the highest degree improbable that the chain is abruptly broken with man—that the ascending links are wanting—that the vast space between

God and man is a vast blank;—and as with man, mind has probably arrived at the highest degree of perfection and ascendancy possible, while connected with matter, its next step would naturally lead to a state purely spiritual, whose constant tendency is toward the Divine perfections. It is a beautiful theory, and surely beautifully consistent with the benevolence of God's character, to believe that the whole creation is thus tending upward toward Him; that from the lowest and the meanest insect upwards, each remove by death is but a step advanced in this grand scale of Omnipotence,—that the loved and the lost from their unseen state, are yet permitted to watch around our earthly steps, and, unseen and unheard, to sympathize in our earthly enjoyments and sufferings."

CHAPTER IX.

As the old man concluded, he arose; and we all followed his example—for the broad brightness of the full moon, and the deep shadows that the tree and the broken columns threw around them, warned us that night was already upon us. For myself I stepped forth into the street of tombs, and as I strolled leisurely along, I met the good-natured Marcus. But his broad countenance wore an expression of anxiety, that with him was indeed unusual.

"I have been seeking you," said he earnestly, "my young friend, to warn you that peril is about you. Its extent and nature you yourself best know. A rumor

is abroad that all is not right among the Vestals. A whisper is in circulation, that the Vestal rites are performed by those who have little claim to the honor. Fame as yet fixes upon no particular one as the criminal; but the man, it is distinctly reported, who is the partner of the crime, is yourself. You, it is said, have turned Christian; you attend their nightly, secret and mysterious rites; nay, you have been dogged when in company with a Vestal, at an hour when there could have been but one object in your meeting, and the Vestal was seen to enter their house. How far you are or are not guilty, you best know; but the extent of the peril to yourself, guilty or not, is tremendous."

Alarmed at these remarks I instantly returned to the house I had just left, to consult with Vetullius upon what was most proper to be done. Instant flight would have seemed the most obvious recourse; but this was at length abandoned, and it was resolved that I should remain as if nothing had happened. Flight would not only instantly establish my guilt, but might involve the fair Lucilla in my own destruction, for I could not doubt that it was she at whom the rumor pointed. Julius meantime joined our council, having been informed by Marcus of the strait I was in. His opinion coincided with ours. It was then agreed that in consequence of the peril and persecution of the Christians, the services should be discontinued in the cavern before mentioned. The entrance was blocked up, and the stone that opened from the tomb was cemented to the wall. Julius then took me by another passage, and one known only to Vetullius and himself, into this cavern. Connected with it, were several

other winding passages, which had been entirely unknown to the assembly that had been in the habit of worshipping there. Thus possessed of the secret of admittance, I was to avail myself of it whenever affairs should seem to have become so desperate as to render it necessary.

Meantime the situation of Lucilla occupied all my thoughts. What could have been the cause of this unexpected disaster, I was at a loss to conjecture. I would have given worlds to see her, if but for a moment. I asked Julius if it were possible. He assured me that it was not;—indeed none but a mad man would have dreamed of it—but who is wise in love ?

"It is Lucilla's turn to watch the sacred fire to-night in the temple," said Julius ; "of course there could not be a more unpropitious time for the purpose. Besides," added he, "I see no possible advantage to be obtained by an interview; but on the contrary, the most formidable perils." He suspected not that motive, the most powerful that ever actuates the human mind. Even I, while I felt its power, knew not its terrible strength. I parted with Julius at my father's door, which I entered with the consciousness of a culprit. I imagined all eyes to be fixed upon me. But my father, as usual on such occasions, was the last to hear of the report. As yet he was ignorant of it.

Darkness closed around; and when I arose from my *tête-à-tête* supper with my father, I retired to my chamber. But vain were all efforts at sleep, and after tossing in feverish restlessness, I at length arose and went into the street, to try if the fresh night air would

lull my restlessness; as if a breeze would allay the tumult of a troubled spirit, or restlessness be assuaged by avoiding repose. I had certainly no definite object in my mind; yet there was a feeling half latent, which guided my footsteps to the temple of Vesta,[28] that I might gaze once more upon the building that contained Lucilla. The little temple of Vesta was situated near the house of the Vestals. The roof, projecting considerably beyond the walls of the cella, circular as usual, was supported by nineteen Corinthian columns of white marble, which thus formed a circular, covered portico around the temple.

Arrived there I gently ascended the steps of the portico, and endeavoured to catch, through the chinks of the door, even a glimpse of the light of that flame which Lucilla was watching. I stationed myself at the door to listen if I could hear any indication of life. A low cough assured me that Lucilla was within. I put my hand to the door to open it, but recollection of the peril in which we should both be involved, should I attempt it and be discovered, restrained me. Yet I listened with beating heart and throbbing temples, if I could again hear aught within. Again I heared a deep drawn sigh, and earnestly pressing against the door to hear more distinctly, it yielded, and opened; but so softly, and so deeply involved in her own reflections was Lucilla, that she heard it not.

In a niche over the altar, was the statue of the goddess;[29] and upon the altar at her feet, in a broad, shallow lamp or vessel, burned the sacred fire. At the foot of the altar stood the beautiful Vestal, her head

supported by her hand as she leaned gracefully upon the altar, wrapped in deep thought, every line of her countenance stamped with serious meditation distinctly marked by the broad blaze from the sacred fire, which as it flared with an unsteady light, displayed at times the transparent fingers, the long black eyelashes, and large thoughtful eye, with vivid brightness. From her left hand depended a crucifix, the gift of Vetullius. It was a scene alike for a painter or a lover. I stood fascinated, wishing but unable to depart, as I gazed on the beautiful girl. But what lover, especially under circumstances like mine, would not have alike forgotten danger and prudence. Reason indeed might have whispered me to depart, but hers is a still small voice, and when was it ever conqueror against the deep pleadings of love?

"Lucilla!" I ejaculated.

So deep were her meditations, that like a person waking from a sound sleep, she seemed not at first conscious of any thing, unless that those meditations were interrupted. But when she recollected herself, and knew me, her countenance became crimson.

"Imprudent being," she exclaimed, "what can have brought you here? Is not danger already deep enough around us that you thus court destruction?"

"Danger!" I exclaimed, and half beside myself, I seized her hand, and uttered—I know not what—I know only that it was love—deep, burning, passionate love.

Lucilla heard me in silence; and when I at length paused, "I will not say," she replied, "what, under other auspices might have been my answer; enough

that under our present circumstances, hope and love are illusions indeed. Faith in God is all that we can claim without a doubt or a misgiving."

I represented, as forcibly as I was able, the peril in which we now stood; and earnestly implored her to fly with me, north, south, any where, where we might live in the free exercise of that religion for which we were now likely to sacrifice all. I even touched upon the impiety of her continuing the professed priestess of an idol, who had once acknowledged the true God. She acknowledged the truth of the remark; and that she was even then making preparation to leave the city secretly with Julius—that meantime, she continued the performance of the sacred rites to avoid suspicion, and to spare her friends as much as possible in the painful step that she felt compelled to take. "But he," she added, "who loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." She then told me what I was hardly surprised to hear, that Matho had known her the night of our accidental meeting, and that he had had the boldness to speak to her of his shameless love; threatening her at the same time, in case of refusal, with all the horrors of violated Vestal vows and blasted reputation. "For you," she added, "he will crush you from mere suspicion; therefore be on your guard."

It will be readily supposed that knowing all these circumstances, I redoubled my solicitations to be permitted to become the companion of her flight, with Julius. I pictured to her the elysium that love would make around her. I painted to her mind the pleasures of domestic happineas. Retired from the multitude,

we should be the more shut up amid the deep rich springs of our own affections. Solitude, ever delightful to my mind, seemed doubly so when shared with Lucilla. The artificial dam that had so long impeded the course of our affections would be broken away, and they be suffered to be poured out, in all their deep and silent fulness. I spoke of sunset walks and twilight music, of all that I wished, and more than all that I dared to hope. But while I was yet pleading with all the fervor of my enthusiastic character, the light upon the altar began to waver. Lucilla started as from a dream. "Go!" she said earnestly, "fly and leave me, if you would not subject me to severe punishment. My watch has expired and I shall be relieved instantly." At the same time she hastened to replenish the sacred lamp. For myself, aware of the danger into I had plunged her by my delay, I hesitated not a moment to obey her; but just as I placed my hand upon the door, I heard the sound of approaching footsteps. In the little temple it was scarcely possible to conceal myself with any hope of success; and to go out was inevitable detection.

Bitterly did I then curse the folly of my own selfish passion, that had thus betrayed its object into a situation of such extreme peril.

The area of the temple was open—but a row of light Corinthian columns, surrounded the interior of the little building, corresponding with those of the portico without. The temple was lighted only by the sacred fire, but that was too vivid for me. I had but one chance. I threw myself flat on my face in the line of the shadow of one of these little pillars. The shad-

ow was not above half my own width, but my toga was dark coloured, and there was no choice. I gathered myself into as narrow a compass as possible; covering my face, and only leaving space sufficient to see those who were about to enter.

I had not to wait long. The door soon opened, and there entered an old woman followed by a Vestal who was to take the place of Lucilla at the sacred fire. The former stopped as she entered, within two yards of me; and turned round to see if the Vestal who followed her had closed the door. I saw the dim, rheumy eye fall directly upon me, but it glanced coldly and carelessly away, and I was convinced that she did not notice me. The Vestal too turned back to the door, but her keen eye was more to be feared than that of her purblind conductor. She was turning her head carelessly back again, when as her eye glanced along the shadow in which I lay, I saw her suddenly turn her head again, and fix her piercing eye intently for a moment upon me. I gave myself up for lost. It was evident that the misshapen shadow had not escaped her quick glance. The old woman passed straight on toward the altar; but the Vestal advanced one step aside towards where I lay ere she followed her conductor, with her head cast down, as if in contemplation; but I thought I caught for a moment the glance of her eye again bent upon me, as I lay motionless as the dead. My imagination deceived me; for she passed steadily on, and when I heard no alarm given, I could scarcely credit my own good fortune.

But I had another ordeal to go through. In a few moments the old woman returned, followed by Lucilla.

The eye of the old woman again rested full upon me, and again glanced coldly away. Not so Lucilla. I saw her countenance speak unutterable things, as she looked at me. But there was no possibility of communication, and she passed quietly out, and in a moment I was left alone with the Vestal.

My embarrassment was scarcely less now than before; since the difficulty of getting out unperceived, seemed insuperable. The alternative that seemed to offer was, to worm myself along from shadow to shadow, till I arrived near the door, and then either suddenly to break out and trust to my speed to escape any alarm that she might raise, or to endeavour to open the door silently, as I lay on the pavement, and escape unperceived, or to rise and tell her openly that unless she suffered me quietly to escape, I would report that it was by her appointment that I was concealed there.

But my plans were of little use; for no sooner were the footsteps well out of hearing, than suddenly approaching me she said, "Rise, Sir, and tell me why you are here." I obeyed, for I saw that I had been discovered. I advanced to the altar, and began to offer some embarrassed and improbable excuse. But she cut me short. "You are a Christian," she said, "and so is Lucilla. Am I not right?" "*I* am a Christian," I replied. "And so too am I," she returned. It was Canuleia, and I was safe. I stated in a few words the difficulty of Lucilla's situation and of my own. It was not new to her; and she dismissed me with a charge to be more prudent for the future, and not to sacrifice to a wild passion, the life and reputation of another.

As I descended the steps of the portico, the first

object that met my eyes was the tall figure of a man, whom I instantly recognised as Matho. Cursing him in the bitterness of my heart, I returned home, to try once more the restlessness of a sleepless couch.

CHAPTER X.

If sleep and I were at enmity before I had seen Lucilla, how much more so were we now that I had avowed my love, and that I had reason to hope that it was not unreturned. Deep and darkening as were the perils that encompassed us, there was a charm in the thought of Lucilla's love, that sent joy and hope bounding through my veins. There seemed too a ray of light in the proposal of flight. Could I but once find myself at a distance from Pompeii, the deepest solitude, the darkest midnight, would be enough with her. But our laughing hopes, like impatient children, are ever running before sober-paced reality; and my illusive dreams, after dancing for a while in summer regions, were always obliged to return from the sunny future to a gloomy present. There was too a dark background to the picture, in which Matho was a conspicuous character; but this I loved not to dwell on.

As early as I dared, I repaired to the temple of Isis, to learn from the good-natured Marcus if aught new had occurred. He was absent on my arrival; and to pass the time till his return, I went to the tragic theatre,[30] which is situated hard by the temple. Having provided myself with a ticket[31] which indicated a tragedy of

Æschylus, I entered, and was rather agreeably surprised by its appearance. It is semicircular, and like the amphitheatre divided into caveæ, cunei, &c. The seats or *gradins* rise like a flight of steps, and were elegantly covered with carpets and cushions. On the first cavea sat the Decurions, the Augustales, and all those who had the right of the bisellium.* On the second cavea sat the citizens, and on the third and highest, the mob and the women. These last were guarded from the danger of falling by little iron bars. The caveæ were separated from each other by parapets. On that between the first caveæ, was the place destined to M. Holconius Rufus, flamen of Augustus, and patron of the colony, indicated by an inscription. The statues of Nero and of Agrippina adorn the theatre. The orchestra † was occupied by many of the principal magistrates. The scenery, adorned with six statues and several niches, is of course stationary; and the stage is raised about five feet from the ground. As usual three doors serve for ingress and egress, the Regia Porta or central door being the principal. On a tribune at the extremity of the proscenium, sat the President of the show, in a curule chair; while at the other extremity was another tribune, then unoccupied. In front of the stage there are seven niches, in which sat as many musicians.

Meantime it began to wax warm; when on a signal from the president, an awning, as if by magic, shot

* L'honneur du bisellium consistoit à s'asseoir seul dans les assemblées publiques sur ce siège où il y avoit place pour deux personnes. *Histoire précis de Pompéi.*

† In modern phrase *the pit.*

over the top of the theatre, so as to form a partial roof; and this was followed by a shower of perfumed water, which rained down upon the heads of the spectators, diffusing around a delicious freshness. While I was enjoying the agreeable change, I felt some one tap me familiarly on the shoulder, and turning, I saw my good friend Marcus.

"Come," said he, "return with me to the temple; I have news for you."

We accordingly left the theatre; and Marcus by the way informed me that a solemn religious ceremony would take place the next day, at which, after the omens had been taken by the augurs, and an expiatory sacrifice at the Pantheon, the oracles of Isis would be consulted to learn if any Vestal were really guilty, and if so, who she was. He likewise informed me that Matho was at the theatre, and that he had been first led to notice my presence from the malicious glances of his eye at me. He added, that Matho had that morning been at the temple in close conference with one of the priests; and he obscurely hinted at the possibility of the oracle speaking with a golden tongue. His suspicions of Matho, though darkly intimated, were evidently not less strong than my own; and indeed he was well known to be a mere spy and informer of Domitian. "But we can discuss your affairs," he said, "with more discretion over a flask of Falernian." So saying, he led the way into the refectory of the temple, on whose Mosaic floor the names

N. Popidi Celsini,
N. Popidi Ampliati,
Cornelia Celsa,

indicated the respect paid to distinguished votaries of the mysterious goddess.

Here then it was that we seated ourselves at table to old Marcus's eternal eggs and chickens, while I listened to his remarks and opinions on my situation and prospects, which certainly did not seem very flattering. But however gloomy they might be, there seemed little prospect of improving them; and Marcus's imagination, even when quickened by his own excellent Falernian, could suggest nothing better than that I should keep myself as retired as possible; for should the oracle declare aught against me, I might fall a victim to the popular fervor. Fortunately, my person was little known; a circumstance to which Marcus attributed my having hitherto escaped all insult or attack while in public.

It was night when I returned home, where I found every thing in confusion. My father during the day had heard the reports in circulation, and was of course exceedingly alarmed. Porcia was in great distress. All seemed relieved by my arrival, and my father instantly informed me of what he had that day heard, —that I had been engaged in an intrigue with a Vestal, to accomplish which, I had abandoned my religion, and had seduced her from hers.

"And did you, my father, credit the shameful story?" I asked.

"Credit it? no!" returned he; "but who would not be alarmed at finding the treasure he valued, committed to so much peril? Trust me, my son, much fear always accompanies much love."

"And is it false then," asked Porcia, "that you have attended the secret meetings of the Christians—nay, that you have joined yourself to that terrible sect?"

"Porcia," I said, "I should indeed be unworthy the name of that persecuted sect, if I hesitated to avow my belief, whenever and wherever and however it may be questioned. I know the fearful persecution that pursues all who avow their belief of Christianity—I know that it may bring me to the prison—to the arena—to the grave;—but I shall not the less abide unshrinking by the result."

My father groaned aloud at these words, and Porcia, my ever gentle sister, wept. The sublime firmness, or as it was termed the obstinate obduracy, with which they who had once embraced Christianity, dared and endured tortures and death, rather than abjure their belief, caused it to be considered as it were a mortal and irremediable disease, in which nothing could be done for the wretched victim, but to weep over his hopeless fall;—and his friends watched him with much the same sensations as they might feel, who, standing securely on the river's bank, should see a son or a brother swept by them, on its swift current, to be dashed in pieces over a cataract, without the power to aid, or to save him. My father reasoned much and even well on the nature of the religion I had adopted. He thought it subversive of all social order and government. Porcia said nothing. She only wept in silence.

Distressing as was this scene, the wishes, the prayers, the tears, and, last but not least, the *silence* of those I most loved, I was glad finally to retire to my room and unroll the sacred scroll, that I might draw from its

pages the consolation and support that I so much needed, and that thence I had never sought in vain. While thus engaged, a soft tap at the door announced the presence of my gentle sister. She came to supplicate me by my love to her, by the remembrance of all our childish joys and hours, by all the love and respect that I bore to the memory of our dear, lost mother, by all that I owed to our living parent, by my regard to my own name and character, and all that I owed my family, to abandon my perilous creed. Half playfully taking from me the scroll that I was reading, she rolled it up and placed it in her bosom. I made no opposition to the act, for I felt a hope that she too might yet be led to drink of the waters of life, by means of that blessed scroll.

But her persuasions, though they wrung every fibre of my heart, moved not my reason nor myself; and when I kissed the snowy forehead of the fair girl as I wished her good night, I saw the tear she had been vainly endeavouring to suppress, gush from her eye; and though conscious not only that my firmness was due to my God and myself, but that a contrary course would have been guilty and criminal, yet I could not avoid a feeling of something like self-reproach, that I should have wrung a tear from the eye or inflicted a pain upon the heart of my ever gentle sister, by aught that seemed like unkindness.

Spite of all the troubles that were gathering around me, I slept and slept soundly; and was only awakened in the morning by the voice of Julius. He came, he said, to enforce the advice of Marcus, that I should absent myself from the ceremonies that were to take

place during the day; but he strongly recommended me to retire to the cavern, where I should be perfectly safe, even though the oracle, tutored by Matho, should criminate me in its reply. I was however too anxious to witness a ceremony in which I had so deep an interest, to follow his advice. I therefore muffled myself as much as I could without appearing suspiciously so, and sallied forth with Julius.

The streets were crowded almost as much as on the day of the show at the amphitheatre. We elbowed our way as well as we were able to the Civil Forum, the scene of almost all the public or solemn *fêtes* of Pompeii. This forum is about three hundred and fifty feet long and a hundred and ten wide. In the centre was raised a temporary staging or tower, sufficiently high to overlook all the buildings of the city. The centre of the area in which this tower stood, was kept free from the press of the crowd by soldiers, who with long spears walked backward and forward along the line formed by the dense multitude.

By dint of sturdy crowding, we succeeded in getting sufficiently forward to obtain a perfect view of all that was going on. We had not waited long when through an avenue opposite to where we stood, and which had been kept open by the soldiers, a man entered, who in a loud voice ordered all who heard him to leave their employments and attend to the sacred rites. At that order the hum of the vast multitude gradually died away, and silence stole through the crowd behind us; the most remote being the last to hear and obey the order; as the gradually receding sound of the long, hoarse wave dies on the sea-shore. An instant before,

and the air was filled with jests, laughter, and imprecations, mingled with oaths by all the Olympic hosts, exclamations, and execrations, as some were squeezed or crowded harder than was altogether agreeable, and amid all, the continuous hum of conversation. Now all this noise sunk away until nothing was heard but the regular tramp of the armed soldiers, as they paced with slow, military steps along their posts, mingled with an occasional "back," uttered in the brief, stern tone of military authority. After a few moments' silent expectation, the axes of the lictors were seen above the heads of the crowd, slowly advancing, and the wild notes of music were heard. Two and two the lictors entered the area, followed by the musicians; at a short distance from whom followed the Pontifex Maximus, with slow and stately step, preceded by his lictors. He was clad in all his robes of office; a purple toga, and on his head a conical cap, with a small rod wrapt round with wool, having a tuft or tassel on its summit. His head was bound with chaplets of oak leaves, mingled with the leaves of several other trees, sacred to different gods. He was immediately followed by the Vestals, on whose account these solemn ceremonies were to be performed. Following these came the Popæ and the Cultrarius, having their clothes tucked up and naked to the waist; the former leading by a rope a snow-white ram having his horns gilt and his head adorned with oak leaves and ribbons; the latter bearing on his shoulder a kind of axe or mall. Then came the pontifices, the augurs, the flamens, &c.

At the foot of the tower already mentioned stood an altar, towards which the Popæ led the ram; but

whether alarmed by the tower, or whatever was the cause, just as he was approaching the altar, he suddenly started back and struggled violently to escape. A general groan was heard, as the unpropitious omen occurred; nevertheless he was led by the rope, nó longer slack,[32] to the altar, before which he was suffered to stand loose; although, hemmed in as he was so closely on every side, that he fled not was obviously only from want of power.

The Pontifex Maximus himself now approached the altar, with his head covered, and turning his face to the east, he began a prayer, frequently interrupting it by stopping to touch the altar, turning himself round in a circle. They who stood about him repeated the words after him, often placing their right hands upon their mouths. When the prayer was closed, silence was again ordered, and a cake, composed of meal and salt, was spread on the head of the beast. The officiating priest, dressed in a long white robe and crowned with oak leaves, then took a vessel of wine, and having first tasted it himself, and passed it to those about him to taste, he poured it out upon the head of the ram, sprinkling frankincense there likewise. He then carefully selected the highest hairs between the horns, and threw them into the fire, a first sacrifice.*

The cultrarius then approached the victim, and addressing the priest he made the wonted inquiry, "Shall I do it?" † To which he received the usual answer, "Do it," and the heavy implement of the cultrarius instantly descended upon the skull of the poor victim. The alarmed animal moved his head just as the blow

* Prima libamina. † Agone? Hoc age.

fell, which circumstance diminished its effect, and the poor beast, though stunned and convulsed, did not fall till the blow was repeated. Another murmur of dissatisfaction ran through the multitude on witnessing this second evil omen. The poor animal was instantly stabbed in several places, and goblets were held in which the blood was caught as it spouted from the wounds, and it was then poured out on the altar. The victim was next flayed and opened, and the Haruspices examined the entrails. Their omens upon the whole were favorable, and the sacrifice therefore was not repeated. The parts which fell to the gods were next sprinkled with wine and frankincense, and burnt upon the altar. The sacrifice being completed, the priest washed his hands, uttered certain prayers, and again made a libation.

This ceremony completed, an augur next advanced and ascended the tower. Having first uttered a solemn prayer, he sat down, having his head covered, with his face towards the east. He was clothed in a striped robe of purple and scarlet, fastened with clasps. On his head was a conical cap, similar to those of the pontifices; and in his right hand he held a crooked wand —the lituus. With this wand he divided the heavens into imaginary portions, designating them by the motions of the wand.

Now it happened that the weather had for a long time been dry and parching; but the welcome indications of a shower were this day visible. The sky was becoming overcast, and a deep heavy cloud was rising sluggishly in the south. The augur had been but a short time seated, and a reverent silence pervaded the

expecting multitude below. It was not of long continuance—for suddenly a heavy peal of thunder was heard roaring and reverberating along the distant cloud. It was of course on the right, and a burst of absolute indignation arose from the multitude. The augur swiftly descended, and the procession instantly left the ill-omened forum, and repaired to the neighbouring Pantheon, where prayers and sacrifices were again offered to all the gods, after which it repaired to the temple of Isis.

Hastening forward, Julius and myself went by a different street from that taken by the procession, in order if possible to hear the response of the oracle. Marcus seemed struck with horror at seeing me; however, the kind-hearted man willingly gave me a situation on a staircase leading down to a bath, (where the young aspirant to the mysterious ministry was conducted by the Hierophant among the preparatory rites of initiation,) in which I could distinctly hear all that passed.

We had not waited long when the procession arrived. It halted before the temple, when the Pontifex Maximus ascended the seven steps of the sanctuary, where he uttered various prayers and invocations. He then, in a chanting sort of tone, began the accustomed invocation to the *Dii Consentes*, beginning and ending as usual with Janus and Vesta. At the end of each verse the chorus, "Hear, oh! hear," was repeated by every tongue in that countless and congregated multitude; and the imposing effect of a whole people's voice thus uplifted at once, had in it something awfully sublime.

Guardian of the Olympic towers,
Purest of the heavenly powers,

Queen of wisdom, king of war,
Who guid'st the battle from thy car,
Giver of the yellow grain,
Virgin huntress of the plain,
Cho. Hear! oh hear!

Father—ruler—king of heaven,
Be thy children's sins forgiven;
Queen o'er all th' extended sky,
Lo! we raise a suppliant eye;
Vulcan, lend thy listening ear;
Love's own gentle mother, hear!
Hear! oh hear!

Thou whom ocean's depths obey,
Thou of the lyre and thrilling lay,
Heavenly envoy, list our prayer,
Powers celestial, hear and spare.
Purest of the heavenly powers,
Guardian of the Olympic towers,
Hear! oh hear!
Thou of the sacred mystery
We come to thee.

The chorus of the thousand voices of the people was heard, at first swelling loud and deep, like a hoarse, long wave, then gradually it receded, and died away amid the distant crowd. The silence that succeeded seemed terrific from its intensity and its contrast. It was broken by the Pontifex Maximus; who advancing a step, stood reverently before the statue of the goddess, and in humble, suppliant phrase inquired if any Vestal were really guilty, and how, if so, she might be detected. My heart beat most violently. It seemed an age ere the reply was given. It came at last. A deep, sudden, clanging peal was heard, which for some time filled the air with its sullen reverberations. As

these died away, a deep, hollow voice was heard. "Beware of her who shall suffer the sacred fire to be extinguished."

I breathed again when I heard this equivocal reply; well knowing how rarely this accident occurred at all times, and how much less likely it would be to happen now that the Vestals would be upon their guard; and I hugged myself in the hope of extrication and escape from this threatening embarrassment.

Baskets containing the richest and most costly jewels and ornaments were placed upon the altar, previous to asking the response, as a present to the goddess; and now, as the reply was announced to the expecting crowd, it dispersed, and Julius and myself returned safely to our homes.

CHAPTER XI.

The magnificent car of the Vestals passed us on our return, every one respectfully making way for it. Porcia received me with delight. She had passed a day of severe apprehension and misgivings. Doubting, if the truth must be told, of my entire innocence, and relying upon the truth of the sacred responses, she had passed the day in terror lest my guilt should be announced to the people, and I fall a victim to the popular excitement.

Meantime, night after night had passed, and Vestal after Vestal had gone safely through the ordeal, the sacred fire burning undimmed. On the day, the night

of which it was Lucilla's turn to watch in the temple, Porcia informed me that she had met Lucilla, who intrusted her with a message to me. The substance of it was, that Matho had again intruded himself upon her, and had again urged his licentious passion; threatening in case of refusal, not only to denounce Julius and myself as Christians, but that her own punishment also should be fearful. He further intimated, though obscurely, that the oracle had uttered only what he chose; and that he had in his power, and should not hesitate to inflict upon her, not only the most horrible of dooms to which the Vestal order is subject, but also to destroy her reputation and honor, causing her to survive life in the infamy which should cling around her name.

Who, situated as she was, would not have paused, ere throwing themselves on the tremendous alternative thus offered to them? But the pure and lofty mind of Lucilla hesitated not a moment in its choice; and having warned Julius and myself of the threatened danger, she prepared herself for whatever of evil she was destined to suffer. For myself, my rage knew no bounds; yet no step could be taken for fear of precipitating the fate of Lucilla. For myself, I cared not, though my own fate seemed hanging by a thread. It was not till now that I had dared to declare to Julius my love for his sister; and he seemed certainly not displeased when he heard my plan of marrying Lucilla, so soon as we had made our escape, should that time ever arrive. We planned, with all the ardor of enthusiasm and youth, a thousand different methods of escape, to all of which there was but one objection, the impossibility of carrying them into execution; and we

parted at last, our projects were no more advanced than when we first began to consider them.

In the course of the day, however, he returned to inform me that Vetullius had devised a measure that seemed to promise success. It was agreed that the next evening we should assemble at the house of Vetullius's friend before mentioned. The beautiful bay lay stretched behind it, at the extremity of the garden in which we had been accustomed to sit, and listen to the words of the venerable Vetullius. Here a boat was to be in readiness, with disguises for Julius, Lucilla, and myself; and in it we were to embark for Neapolis, where a trusty friend of Vetullius would receive and secrete us as long as we should desire, until some secure place of refuge could be discovered. Vetullius himself could not be persuaded to accompany us though he promised soon to follow us. Julius, meantime, undertook to acquaint Lucilla with the plan, and secure her readiness and acquiescence. He laughingly described the disguises which he had already procured. Julius and myself were to assume the garb of fishermen, while Lucilla was to figure in that of a Campanian peasant girl. Our plan was ripe for execution, and there seemed no visible obstacle to its accomplishment. In the course of the day, Julius found means to inform Lucilla of our project, and I had the delight of hearing that she acceded to it.

Night came—the last that Lucilla was to minister at the shrine of an idol. We passed it merrily enough with Marcus, whose convivial humor made time fly swiftly. We both felt a sincere friendship for the good-humored man, and left him with regret. He little

deemed that we intended that meeting to be one of farewell,—that parting to be eternal. Julius repaired to his own house; but for myself, I felt a secret misgiving that led me to extend my walk to the temple of Vesta, in order that I might catch a glimpse of the light through the chinks of the door, and thus satisfy myself that all was well. It was about the end of the second watch, that I found myself there, and caught the glimmer of the light through the well-known crevice. The sight reassured me; but while lingering about the portico, I thought I heard the sound of footsteps, and soon recognised the voice of Matho in close conversation with another. I instantly retired, but nevertheless listened greedily to the conversation. It seemed sufficiently enigmatical. They spoke of an arrest and of a prison, but whether it referred or not to Lucilla, I was unable to determine.

She, meantime, unconscious of aught that was passing about her, sat wrapt in her meditations till the hour at which it was customary to feed the sacred flame with a fresh supply of oil. Taking the vessel in her hand, she proceeded to empty it into the broad plate-like lamp. Scarcely had she begun when the flame of the lamp sunk and grew dim. A violent spattering ensued, as if water had been thrown upon the wick. The alarmed girl examined the vessel from which she had poured the oil. Some one had poured off a quantity of the oil and supplied its place with water. She instantly flew to the spot in which the jar of oil was kept. It was empty. She then attempted to pour off the water from the oil in the vessel from which she was about to replenish the lamp; but before she had time to effect

her purpose, the light, after a short struggle for its existence, expired.

An exclamation from Matho first apprized me of the event, as well as of the share he himself had in producing it. Entering the temple, he offered to relume the sacred light, if she would consent to his wishes.

"Your victim I may be," replied the undaunted girl, "but never the victim of dishonor."

For myself, I too hastened to enter the temple, to protect Lucilla should it prove necessary, from the ruffian. My entrance was disputed by Matho's companion, but he knew not what it was to contend with a desperate man. I dashed him to the earth as if he had been an infant, and entered just in time to hear the reply of Lucilla. The man I had overthrown at the door called to Matho to beware of me and instantly ran from the temple.

I was not armed, and I rejoiced at it afterwards; otherwise I should then have become a murderer. Lucilla knew my voice, and instantly came towards me as I stood near the door, and visible to her, though the darkness prevented my distinguishing her. Matho too recognised me, and bestowing upon me a hearty curse, rushed from the temple. I pursued him, for my soul was burning with revenge. It was unavailing. He escaped me; and in the meantime Lucilla was arrested. It was in vain that she explained the artifice that had been employed to produce this result—in vain she appealed to the empty oil-jar and the adulterated oil as positive proof of deception. No one would take the trouble to examine them. The oracle had declared her to be guilty, who should suffer the holy fire to go

out, and therefore she *must* be guilty. Accordingly she was committed to prison.

It would not be easy to paint my sensations, when on my return from my unavailing pursuit of Matho, I found the temple dark and deserted, and was told by some idle loiterers who had collected around the spot, that Lucilla had been taken to prison. It was obvious that I should now be accused; and accordingly I repaired to my cavern with all despatch, and throwing myself upon the straw that had been provided for that purpose, delivered myself up to the bitter reflections of my mind. Day returned, but there was no day for me; and repeatedly did I rise and grope my way to the tomb, for the entrance to the cavern was still through a tomb, to see if the long expected dawn had at length appeared. Towards evening I received a visit from Julius, who brought with him food, but no consolation. I was publicly denounced as the seducer of a Vestal and a Christian; and a large reward was offered for my apprehension. The whole city was in an uproar. He had seen my father, who was in the greatest alarm on my account. He added, that he should return again in the evening, after consulting with Vetullius. His account of the consternation and grief of my family distressed me exceedingly. I would have given worlds to see them, though but for a minute, to explain my situation, and to exchange farewells; to assuage the anguish of the gentle Porcia, and to console the deep, but manly sorrow of my father. I began to long for darkness as much as I had before done for daylight, in the hope that then I might induce Julius to consent to my going to my father.

Time, whose steady foot joy hastens not, nor sorrow retards, at length brought the wished for hour; but with that hour Julius came not. In vain hour after hour rolled by. I posted myself at length at the door of the tomb, in order to catch the first sound of footsteps. The third watch had already begun, and disappointed and grieved I was turning with a heavy heart from the door, when I thought I heard some one cautiously approaching. I retreated into the cave, and was soon delighted with the sound of my own name, uttered in Julius's low musical tones. He threw down a heavy bundle that he had been carrying, and bidding me wait his return, instantly disappeared. In a few moments, however, he again appeared heavily laden. "Here," said he, "is a spade, mattock, and implements for digging, which Vetullius directed me to bring with me, for what purpose I know not; and here is what is likely to be vastly more useful, which I brought on my own account. At the same time he struck a light, and lighting a lamp, displayed helmets and swords that he had likewise brought along with him. "Here," said he, "if it come to the worst, we may at least fall fighting like men, and not be dragged forth to die on the arena, like the poor victims we have both seen sacrificed there. He informed me, that the cause of his being so late was, that he believed himself to have been dogged, and suspected it to have been with the intention of discovering my lurking-place. He had, therefore, sent the implements that he had brought with him by a trusty slave, first to my father's house, and thence, after darkness had closed in, to a spot in the neighbourhood of this tomb, where he had

ordered them to be left. He himself, meantime, had been loitering about the city till late. He had then entered the house of a friend, and immediately passed out by a private gate which opened upon another street, and had thus rid himself of his pursuer. He next repaired to my father's house, whence he was but now come. After securing the implements he had brought in the back part of the cavern, we armed ourselves with sword and helmet, and thus, in a secure disguise, sallied forth to my father's house, which fortunately was not far off, certain that if met by any one, we should be taken for two young officers who had been on some youthful expedition without the city. Every thing had been prepared by Julius already for my safe reception. The slaves had all been sent out of the way, and no sooner were we arrived, than, at a gentle touch on the door, it was opened, and I was locked in the arms of my father and sister. We instantly passed through the garden down into an arched subterranean gallery[33] made in the form of the four sides of a square, which afforded, during the heat of the day, a cool and agreeable promenade. It was now the part of the house the most secure from interruption.

Here to my surprise I found Vetullius and Caius Marcus. The latter, in spite of his sympathy with me, could not avoid from time to time moistening his sorrow in a cup of wine, amphoræ of which stood ranged along the side of the passage. There was something striking, I had almost said ludicrous, in the contrast presented by the appearance of these two men, the one the minister of an idol, the other a servant of the Most High. The one grave and venerable, with pallid coun-

tenance and hoary head and beard, as he supported his aged body upon his staff; the other in the fullness of middle age, his athletic and almost Herculean person, upright form, and broad, rosy face, manifesting any thing but the mortifications and austerity which his dress, as priest of Isis, would indicate. But they stood now side by side, engaged alike in a work of benevolence; and, in truth, the danger encountered now by the Pagan, was by no means trifling, if he were detected, while that of the Christian was comparatively small; and I humbly trust that in the great day of account, a just and merciful judge will not weigh unavoidable errors of creed, against virtuous actions.

He seized my hand as I entered, "Well, Lucius," said he, "have you had any thing to eat in that den of Pluto in which you have been burrowing to-day? any wine of Isis? ha, boy? By Jupiter! I got two large amphoræ of our best for you, but I knew not how to get them to you, had not Julius taken charge of them. But what in the name of all the gods possessed you to affront Matho, and make love to a Vestal? Were you sick of life, that you took such measures to be rid of it?"

I thanked him for his thought of me and mine, and I walked round and round our promenade with Porcia on one arm and my father on the other, engaged in planning and hoping for the future, when suddenly a violent noise was heard above, and Julius, who went to learn the cause, soon returned with the unpleasant news that the house was surrounded by soldiers, and that I should infallibly be taken. This appalling intelligence was scarcely less alarming to Marcus than to

me; since for him, a priest of Isis, to be found countenancing and abetting an abjurer of religion, the supposed violater of a Vestal, did not augur much more favorably for him, than for me. "Come," said he, filling a cup to the brim, "if I fall now I shall but do for a friend, what I must soon have done for myself;" then pouring out a little in libation he drank off the rest.

"Now," said he, "extinguish all the lights but one and open the door. For you, Julius and Lucius, do you stand behind the door. We obeyed almost mechanically, and no sooner was the door open than in rushed a dozen soldiers, armed pretty much as we ourselves were. Those who entered, naturally passed our hiding-place, if it deserved the name, a few only bearing torches. "Now," whisperd Marcus, who had stationed himself near us, "come boldly out and mingle with these men." The artifice succeeded. We joined the soldiers, taking care to keep as much as possible in obscurity and conceal our faces with our helmets. The soldiers, intent only on search after me, dreamed not of our being so near; and, naturally occupied in the search they had instituted, thought not of our being other than a part of their own band. But while we were expecting detection every moment, we suddenly perceived a dense smoke pouring into the room, and the cry of fire was heard from below. The soldiers, who hitherto had been so clamorous and active in their search, now began to turn back to the door, in visible terror, which was increased by the universal rush of all the soldiers at once to escape by the same narrow aperture, caused by meeting the dense heavy

volumes of smoke which came rolling up into the room, making respiration impossible. The speed with which they had entered the house, was but a snail's pace compared with that with which they quitted it, and Julius and myself crowded out along with the retreating mass, no one in the least suspecting us to be other than we seemed. A line of soldiers was drawn up before the door, which allowed none to pass through its ranks but the soldiers themselves. Under this appearance, we made our way through the line, and mixing with the crowd which was now collected, we gradually retreated till we got completely free of them, when we returned directly to our cavern.

Divesting himself of his arms, Julius instantly sallied forth again, promising soon to return and let me know how matters stood.

In the space of an hour he fulfilled his promise, and informed me that he had seen my father and Porcia, whom he had delighted with the news of my safety. The smoke and the alarm of fire had been raised, as I supposed, by Marcus, in order to give us an opportunity of escape. And after the smoke and confusion had dissipated a little, neither Marcus nor Vetullius was to be found. Marcus had contrived in the confusion, taking Vetullius by the hand, to pass the line of soldiers, who themselves startled at the sudden alarm of fire, and pressed by the crowd behind and the fugitives in front, were unable to give that attention to their duty which was necessary. When, therefore, the search was at length recommenced with more of order, nothing was to be found; and the centurion commanding the party, apologized to my father, mentioning his orders and false information as the cause.

Another piece of information that he had gained was of a nature deeply interesting to both of us. It was, that Lucilla was the next day to be tried at a solemn assembly of the Pontifical colleges. There seemed but little doubt what would be the result of such a trial, and as may readily be imagined, the reflections of a lover and a brother on the fearful prospect of having a mistress or a sister buried alive, could not be very consolatory.

CHAPTER XII.

The trial of Lucilla, if that could be so called, which seemed rather a solemn assembly for the purpose of an emphatic condemnation, was soon over. It was unanimously agreed that she had been pointed out by the oracle in the most decisive manner. As far, however, as it might be satisfactory to prove the criminality of Lucilla by direct testimony, the Pontifex Maximus said, that he had a witness, who was able to prove it. Matho was then introduced, who deposed that he had met Lucilla walking alone with Lucius Diomedes at the hour of the third watch, that he had seen him in attendance upon her at the private meetings of the Christians—that we were both Christians, and regularly had attended the secret assemblies of that sect, whose mysterious meetings had for their object the disorganization of government—that he had seen Lucius Diomedes enter the Vestal temple between the second and third watch, at the time that Lucilla's watch oc-

curred, and at last retire, only after having been a long time alone with her, and that this had repeatedly happened—nay, that on the very night of her arrest, when, alarmed by hearing of the extinction of the sacred fire as he was passing by, he had hastily entered, he was violently attacked by this young Lucius, and not knowing but that he might be armed, he had fled and was pursued by him, doubtless with the intent of sealing his lips effectually from giving testimony against him;—finally, he inferred from all these facts, of most of which he was able to bring other testimony, not only that Lucilla was dishonored, but that the temple itself had been the scene of her unholy love, and that dishonor and sacrilege had assailed alike the priestess and the temple. The reply of the oracle, and its apparent remarkable coincidence with the fact, were considered as fully maintaining and supporting the evidence thus adduced, and she was condemned to the terrible punishment decreed to those Vestals who had violated their Vestal vow, viz. to be buried alive with the customary forms in the Campus Sceleratus.[34] The imposing pomp and form which marked the proceedings of this assembly, were well adapted to carry a degree of awe and terror into the bosom of a young girl of seventeen. But they failed of their effect upon the firm spirit of Lucilla. She met her accusers with the resolution that innocence only can give. The first question they asked her was, "Are you a Christian?"

"I am," was the prompt reply.

A low but carefully suppressed murmur ran through the assembly, as if that confession included all of which she was accused; after which the Pontifex Maximus resumed.

"You confess then your guilt?"

"The child of Flavius Cennius has no guilt to confess to man. Dishonor belongs not to the name."

"The worse then for her who is the first to sully it. Are you, or are you not, guilty of a violation of your Vestal vow?"

"I might hope," she replied, "that the readiness with which I have already aoknowledged, what in your eyes is a scarcely less crime, and would meet a scarcely less punishment, might obtain due credit to my veracity, while I most solemnly invoke Heaven to attest my total and entire innocence of the charge."

But why should I pursue the history of the trial. Suffice it that she heard the sentence of condemnation pronounced by the Pontifex Maximus with the most unwavering calmness and firmness; and after being informed that the execution of the sentence would take place the next day, she was remanded to prison.

It has been stated, that the Civil Forum was an oblong square, one end of which was formed by the temple of Jupiter. Directly opposite to this temple, on the side of the forum stands the range of prisons. In one of these prisons, which admitted not a ray of light, a low, damp, vaulted cell, strongly guarded, its narrow door fortified by bars of iron, Lucilla was confined.

But close as was that confinement, it was not sufficiently so to exclude the creature of the emperor. The evening before the appointed day of execution, the heavy door was opened, and the dark, tall form of Matho appeared, bearing a torch in his hand. The submissive jailor had retired at his command, and he was left alone with the Vestal. As the broad glare of

the smoky torch flashed upon the low roof and sides of the prison, Lucilla was discovered on her knees before the little crucifix which has been already mentioned as the gift of Vetullius. She moved not at first as he entered; and when at length she raised her head, it was not the pale, care-worn, haggard countenance of a tender girl, the tenant of such a dungeon,—but a calm, beautiful, and tranquil countenance, the slight glow upon whose cheek might have been either the flush of fever, or of devotion.

"How now, fair Vestal," said the intruder, "upon your knees! May I ask to whom the beauteous Lucilla deigns to kneel?"

"I do not kneel to you," replied the fearless girl.

"The time will come, haughty lady, when that stubborn spirit will be less unwilling to beg the protection of Matho. A word from me to the Emperor can save you from the horrible death you are doomed to suffer; nay more, will clear your bleeding reputation. You know the conditions on which alone that word will be uttered."

"I do indeed know and despise alike them and their proposer. *You* clear *my* reputation! Yes! on condition of my becoming actually the dishonored thing which your vile breath has already represented me as being. *I* kneel to *you* for a dishonored life! Never, while Pompeii has a prison, or the Campus Sceleratus a grave."

"Ay! right—you are not the first I have met with ready to cry up the commodity they may happen to have for disposal. But beware lest you outbid your

own market. Nay, blush not, this is neither place nor time for any but direct communication."

"Wretched, profligate, abandoned villain, I may well blush that under any circumstances a pure mind should be compelled to listen to the insulting language of such a demon as you."

"Will the pure mind of the chaste Lucilla deign to inform my poor comprehension how the boy Diomedes became so much more fortunate than the demon Matho? how he was able to win the difficult love of the Vestal?"

"By not resembling you."

"By Jove, this is too much. Foolish girl, I stooped to beg when I might command. Know that I came here with a fixed and settled purpose; and if you will not yield to fair words and to fair offers, you shall to force. Here you are in my power. The jailor is my creature, and your cries will be unheard by any other ear."

"You deceive yourself. There *is* an ear will hear and an arm that will revenge me—ay! faithfully."

"It shall not lack the opportunity then;" and the miscreant darted forwards to seize her in his arms. The Vestal stood quiet and composed, and as he approached her, she suddenly seized the short sword at his side, and ere he was aware of the action, he felt it penetrate his body. He instantly started back, and by the act drew the blade from the wound. A gush of blood followed. Turning again towards her, as she stood with the countenance of an inspired Sybil, holding aloft the reeking blade, he muttered mingled curses and vows of vengeance, as he departed from the cell.

Meantime, a different scene was presented at another part of the city. Cennius and his wife, believing like all the rest, in the guilt of their child, resolved in the first burst of their indignation to let her perish. But the mother soon resumed its influence over the woman; and in the gush of her returning fondness, she resolved to have recourse, if possible, to the only power that could now avail to save her child—the Emperor. He had been represented as mild and wise; and although the jealousy, the crimes, the cruelty, and the base desires that he afterwards displayed, as yet lay comparatively in embryo in his character, yet startling traits of them even now were occasionally exhibited.

The old knight, Cennius, with difficulty obtained permission for an interview. It was therefore with a beating heart, that with his wife, Favella, he repaired to the temporary palace of the Emperor at the appointed time. The guards at the door directed them to an ante-room, where they were compelled to wait while an officer went to learn if the Emperor was at leisure to receive them. On his return, he motioned to Cennius to remain where he was, while his wife should proceed with him. After crossing several rooms and passages, a door was thrown open in a large room, filled with soldiers. A few of them were on duty before the doors of the apartment; the rest were idly lounging about, some collected in knots listening to the stories or jests of their comrades; others were lounging in listless solitude or dozing, as they lay reclining upon a bench that surrounded the apartment; others appeared to be engaged in grave and serious debate. But one thing was observable amid all their conversation, and that was

the suppressed tones which all employed. It indicated the neighborhood of the emperor. The officer who accompanied Favella passed through the large hall, whose beautiful mosaic floor might well adorn an Emperor's apartment, to a door at the opposite end of the room. Passing between the two sentinels on duty, at a signal made to a man who stood before the door, it was thrown open and discovered a rather small apartment, hung round with mirrors[35] of highly polished metal. At a table, at the extremity of the room, sat a man with a good open expression of countenance, his forehead high, and his nose approaching to aquiline.

The matronly form of Favella was clad in sordid weeds, and there was a dignity in the manner in which she approached and knelt before the Emperor,[36] who started back suspiciously, as in the earnestness of maternal zeal she approached nearer to his person than he was accustomed to permit. He was the first to begin the conversation.

"Lady, what would you with the Emperor?"

The assumed calmness and dignity of the woman was prostrated in an instant before the workings of maternal sorrow, and she burst into tears as she replied, "The life of my child."

"Your child has been capitally condemned by the college of Pontifices. I cannot interfere in that business."

"She is innocent, she is innocent;" repeated the unhappy woman, almost unconscious of what she was uttering. "My lord, spare, I beseech you, as you too would hope for mercy from the just gods, spare the innocent and the helpless."

"Can you prove her innocence?"

"Pardon me my lord, can *you* prove her guilt?"

"The nature of the crime scarcely admits of direct proof, but circumstantial evidence was abundant. But the gods themselves have taken the proof into their own hands, and supplied miraculously the evidence that was wanting. Matho has given me a full account of it, and the Vestals one and all can witness, that while she protested that water had been poured from the oil-flask into the Vestal lamp, and that the oil-jar was empty, the lamp was found filled with oil, the flask contained not a drop of water, and the oil-jar was full."

The unhappy mother heard, what she knew before but too well, in hopeless despondency; then breaking into a passionate burst of feeling, she succeeded apparently for a moment in rousing the attention even of the cold-hearted Emperor. But he soon became indifferent to the novel excitement, and bade her seek the mercy of the Pontifex Maximus.

"My lord, you too may become a father, and in the hour of your need, may call for mercy as imploringly as I do now. May the gods grant that it be not as vainly—that when the hoary head and the feeble limbs shall need the comfort that golden crowns and imperial robes cannot give—that when the heart, the weary heart, shall turn aching and sickening away from the hollowness of pomp to the solid empire of the affections—that when you have learned the sad lesson that the myriads that bow before you, are not of equal value with one faithful heart—and you *will* learn that lesson—when you shall yourself have tasted of the fruits that merciful deeds have planted—and you *will*

need that mercy—that the prayers and the thanks of a grateful mother, of a family redeemed from shame, may plead for you before the the throne of Jove, and at any tribunal that earthly power may ever erect for you."

Favella paused, for the Emperor's whole soul was at that moment engaged in the act of catching a fly,[37] that unhappily for himself had settled near him; and it was sufficiently obvious that he heard not a syllable that she was uttering. Perhaps it was fortunate for her that it was so, as the allusion to any tribunal to which he might become accountable was not likely to be very agreeable to the jealous Emperor. Holding up the captive fly with great glee, he proceeded to kill him with a bodkin that lay on the table beside him.

"My lord," uttered the astonished Favella after a pause, "may I not hope for mercy? To grant mercy is to insure its being received for ourselves."

"And what need can I have of mercy?"

"The fate of the first Cæsar, great as he was, not to mention others of your august family, is the best answer I can give you."

The brow of Domitian became dark at this palpable allusion to the frequent assassinations in the family of the Cæsars; the fate he so much dreaded, against which he took so many precautions, yet which he was nevertheless destined to undergo.

Giving a signal to his guards, she was instantly ushered from his presence.

CHAPTER XIII.

EARLY on the morning appointed for the execution of Lucilla she was roused by the opening of her heavy prison door, and Favella appeared, bearing a lamp in her hand. In the presence of the Emperor she had made a strong effort to appear calm and collected. She thought of Lucilla as of one who had forfeited, by misconduct the most flagrant, the place she had hitherto held in her heart, and she endeavoured to forget that she was a mother. But that time had passed by; and she stood now before her child, soon to be hers no longer, bowed down beneath the heavy burden of a mother's sorrow. She saw before her now not the sacrilegious and fallen Vestal, but her own helpless child, still dear, even amid dishonor and death.

The unhappy woman wept as she hung over her daughter, and Lucilla's eyes were not dry.

"My poor child!" she at length exclaimed, "how little did I think when we last parted, that our next meeting should be here and thus."

"Better here and thus in innocence, than before the altar in splendor and guilt."

"Innocence!" faintly articulated Favella.

"Yes! innocence;" proudly repeated Lucilla.

"Are you indeed innocent, my child? Say but that you are—say that hereafter when I think upon my child I may lament the injustice that has thus rent my heart, but not the shame that has blasted a spotless name—but tell me that though I must weep, I need not blush for her, and oh! how I will bless you!"

"Then bless me, my mother, for I *am* innocent."

"Dare you swear it, Lucilla, swear it by the throne of Pluto and the gloomy Styx?"

"Mother, I dare swear it by the throne of God."

"Yet, you acknowledge yourself a Christian?"

"I do—but in that do I acknowledge no crime."

"Well, I bless the gods that even a drop of mercy is mingled in this brimming, burning cup."

"Yes! mother; and it is well as it is. My convictions would not have permitted me, a Christian, to remain the priestess of an idol. An hour of parting at any rate must soon have come, and this is no more. Be thankful that the flower is culled at once, and not left broken upon its stem, to drown in the dews, and perish in the sunshine, and to hang lingering yet withering beneath its parental shelter. Grieve not, I say, that I depart at once; leaving to life's after years no painful remembrance cleaving to the unweaned heart—but rather rejoice that the flower drooped not till it was laid low—that the light, brief and faint as it was, was unclouded to its setting.

"My tears are less bitter now, Lucilla."

"Shall I not see my father and my sisters before the horrid hour comes, mother?"

"Yes, your father, perhaps, my child—but there are pangs that only a mother can bear—deep agony, conquered by deeper love. But tell me how it is that appearances are so strong against you if innocent, as I doubt not you are."

"The villain Matho had the presumption to speak to me of his lawless love; aware, that, as he knew of my conversion, I should not dare to have him punished. The response of the oracle, the water in the oil-jar—all

in short was his work—nay, only last evening he again came to this dungeon, and offered me not only liberation, but new and increased honors, if I would consent to his wishes; and when he met the repulse that I believe he expected not in my miserable situation, the unmanly villain even attempted force; but I plunged his own sword into his body, and he has now left me, I trust, to my fate."

"Matho! the miserable favorite of the tyrant Emperor? But there shall be a day of reckoning if he escape the effects of your blow."

"No, mother; vengeance is not for man. There is a power that will punish the guilty; to Him only vengeance belongeth."

A noise of the prison doors again opening interrupted the conversation. Both knew but too well the meaning of those sounds. The mother threw herself upon her daughter's neck, and wept in the bitterness of hopeless despair.

There are moments when even the boldest spirit quails before the near inevitable approach of the king of terrors. What wonder then if a young and timid girl should shrink for a moment from the tremendous fate that awaited her. It was but for a moment, however; and when the lictors and jailor had entered the dungeon, she stood before them calm, collected, and resigned. Criers had already been throughout the city, announcing the crime of Lucilla and its intended punishment. Guarded by lictors, she followed the jailor from the cell. A crowd of weeping friends were collected around the door, who, following in the melancholy train, accompanied her to the tem-

ple of Vesta, whither the lictors were conducting her. As they passed along, every house-top was crowded, and every door-step lined with spectators. Curiosity and horror seemed contending for the mastery in every breast. The passengers whom they met in the crowded streets, would stand aside and gather up their garments, as if afraid of pollution from the very earth on which she trod. Others turned their backs upon the passing girl, and with uplifted hands and arms seemed calling down protection from Jove against the sacrilegious apostate. Even the children ran affrighted away, though they knew not why, and seizing their mother's robes ventured to look back over their shoulders at the dreadful sight.

Arrived at the temple of Vesta, the whole college of Pontifices stood around the door, the temple being too small to contain them. The Pontifex Maximus, with the Vestals, stood within the temple, whither Lucilla was conducted, and there before the altar, the sacred fillets were taken from her head, and the Vestal robes from her person, and she was clad in a long, white, mourning-robe. A litter, or rather bier, was then brought, a kind of deep chest or coffin, made to close with the greatest exactness and strength, in order that the compassion of the multitude need not be excited by her cries. This litter was borne by means of two poles connected with its sides. Into this litter she was compelled to mount, and stretch herself at length. The lid was then closed and secured by the Pontifex Maximus, and the melancholy procession again proceeded on its course. Going out at the Herculanean gate, it passed through the street of tombs for a short distance,

then turning off to the right, after a few minutes' walk the procession stopped on an open plain. Beside a place where a quantity of fresh earth had been thrown up, a couple of lictors were seen slowing pacing backward and forward. Here the litter was set down. The earth that was thrown up there had covered a square stone, which closed the mouth of a subterranean cavern or tomb. The end of a ladder was seen projecting from the mouth of the tomb. At its side lay the heavy stone that was to seal its entrance, and around lay spades and other implements for covering it with earth. The Pontifex Maximus now advanced and opened the litter, muttering at the same time certain prayers in a low voice. Taking the hand of Lucilla, he assisted her to descend from the litter, and gave her over to the executioner. The multitude pressed not around the spot, but at a distance seemed watching the horrid ceremony; some on their knees with their faces averted from the direction of Lucilla; others, curiosity half prevailing over horror, fled, yet turned their heads still toward the scene of execution, under the influence of that fearful fascination which almost every one at times has felt, compelling them to witness what it is nevertheless horror to behold. But this was not the case with all. A few there still were who, despite the horrors of the scene, pressed forward to utter their last farewells, and to gather yet a parting word from lips so soon to be silent.

Lucilla herself seemed the least moved of any; and though when folded in her father's arms for the last time, the struggling feelings of nature triumphed for a moment, yet it was but for a moment. "My father,"

she said, "at this solemn hour hear me protest my innocence of the crime for which I am about to suffer. Carry to my mother my dying remembrance and love, and let this hour remain in your memory through the after years, but without its bitterness."

The sturdy old knight wept like a child over her whom he had so lately believed guilty, and whom now with the strong reaction of returning parental love, he considered as a martyr in the cause of virtue.

"Lucilla, I believed you guilty till I heard the history of your wrongs from your mother. I little dreamed when I heard the evidence against you, that I would ever have raised a finger to save you from your fate. But this is a trial to bring down the proud man's pride, and the strong man's strength. But I will drink of the cup of vengeance yet, ay, in despite of the Emperor himself."

The executioners here interposed, warning them that the time was passing, and that they could allow no longer conference.

Lucilla threw herself into her father's arms, and hung for a moment upon his neck. "It is the last time," she murmured, "the last time I shall see the light of a father's face, or feel the warmth of a father's love. Remember me amid the bright and happy hours that life may yet have for you—remember me, father."

"Speak not of happy hours to a broken-hearted parent. Alas! you have little need to bid me remember you."

"Not so, my father. I would not have my memory to be dwelt on as men look upon a black and angry cloud hanging in the blue and quiet sky; but think of

me as one living and in the midst of you still. Let the room that you have called Lucilla's, be called so still, and tell Cornelia to cultivate the flowers I planted, as if I were still there to watch them. Let my memory recur to you as the echoings of distant music float over the waters at midnight, stealing upon the sleeper's ear in notes too soft to disturb his repose. Farewell, my father. May the Christian's God protect you."

The executioner again interposed to hasten the parting hour. Again she was locked in the close embrace of her father, then addressing herself with dignity to the executioner, she said, with a firm voice—"I am ready." The unhappy father turned away in agony from the spot, and insensibility saved him from witnessing the last distressing scene. Lucilla, meantime, assisted by the executioner, stepped upon the fatal ladder, and with a firm bearing descended into the living tomb destined to receive her. A small bed was then lowered into it, upon which she was seated. A table was placed beside it, on which was a lamp burning. A small flask of oil, a loaf, a little milk, and a little water, were then placed upon the table. Immediately the ladder was drawn up from the tomb. The assistants applied strong iron bars to the heavy stone, and at length succeeded in heaving the weighty mass over the mouth of the opening, and closing the light of day upon the unhappy girl. In a few moments the rattling of the gravel was heard as it fell heavily upon the broad stone, the hollow ground giving forth a sullen echo to the first few shovelfuls of earth that struck upon it. This sound gradually ceased as the earth settled deeper and deeper over the spot, till at

length the last shovelful was thrown over it. It was then carefully smoothed over by the assistants. The crowd gradually dispersed, and at last nothing was seen about the place, except two lictors, who paced slowly backward and forward to prevent any one from attempting her liberation.

The Pontifices now returned to the temple, before which an expiatory sacrifice was made. The Pontifex Maximus then took a large convex lens, and stood beside an altar on which the sacred lamp was placed. The Vestals stood around it. The wick was made wet with some combustible substance, and after the most solemn invocations, libations, and prayers by the Pontifex Maximus, the rays of the sun, collected by the lens, were brought to a focus upon the wick. It soon began to smoke and in a few minutes flamed up on high. The air was instantly rent with acclamations; sacrifices were again made, and the sacred lamp was taken up by the Vestals with great pomp and carried in procession to the temple, where it was again placed upon the altar.

CHAPTER XIV.

When the ceremony was near being completed, Julius joined me in the cavern. He had heard the whole account of Matho's villany, and his spirit was boiling with revenge. I should not have believed it possible that his ordinarily mild and gentle character could have been so thoroughly and so terribly roused. But vio-

lent as was the excitement he manifested, mine I confess was not less; and I know not of what desperate extravagance we might have been guilty, had not a message that he himself brought from Vetullius fortunately hinted to us, as we thought, that the punishment of Matho was in his power. The forgiving doctrines of Christianity were forgotten by both of us, and the only thought that animated us was revenge—the most signal, and the most implacable. We waited with excessive impatience, till darkness should bring Vetullius to the cavern. A hundred times we cursed the lazy progress of the sun, and almost thought that another Joshua had commanded him to stand still.

Time, however, idler as he seemed, at length brought the desired hour. Vetullius appeared, and with him the last man we should have expected to see there and with Vetullius—Caius Marcus.

"There," said the latter, as he threw from his shoulders a large basket heavily laden, "since prisoners you must be, voluntary or involuntary, it is fitting you should have something better than bread and water. It grieved me to think on the pinched and starving condition of your strong-hold, and while I was sweating under a porter's load of wine and chickens, Vetullius was talking about spiritual food. What he meant I know not; but I thought to myself if he had but seen the zeal of the onset that you made bodily at the temple the other day, he would have had some reason to think that the food, whatever it is, should be solid." Vetullius sighed at what he thought the blinded condition of Marcus, and taking the torch led the way to the inner part of the cavern. Then directing Julius

and myself to take the digging implements that had been carefully concealed ever since they had been first brought, he bade us follow him. We obeyed in silence, as he led the way through one of the many long passages that branched off in various directions. Although these passages or galleries were numerous and intricate, Vetullius moved along them as one well acquainted with them, till at length he stopped at a part where several of the passages meeting formed an open place in which we could stand upright with ease. Here Vetullius began to study carefully, by the aid of his torch, the stone walls. At length he seemed to have discovered what he sought for, and planting the torch in the earth, he called our attention to the wall he had been examining. It consisted like the rest, of a soft stone, brittle, and in many places split, readily crumbling beneath heavy blows.

"Now," said the old man, "as you value sister or friend, break away this mass."

Stimulated by such an object, you will readily conceive that we were not sluggish in our exertions. The ponderous strength of the jolly priest was bestowed with as apparent good will as our own; although he was instantly aware of the object of our exertions, and must of course himself suffer a terrible punishment, should his part in the business ever be discovered. Yet, with all our exertions, our progress was but slow. Frequently were we obliged to stop, panting and exhausted, and frequent were the visits which Marcus paid to his own wine flask.

"By Bacchus!" he exclaimed, as he threw down his heavy drill and wiped away the sweat from his

reeking brow with the corner of his robe, "the Pontifices would condemn but few to be buried in this manner, if they had themselves to dig them out again. Why, as to a ghost ever finding its way out of such a Cretan labyrinth, old Pluto himself could never do it."

At this moment the part of the wall against which I had been drilling suddenly yielded, and my drill was driven half its length into soft earth. A cry of joy announced my success, and we soon found that a large fragment of the rock was loosened. Drills and levers were all instantly at work. Even old Vetullius applied his feeble strength to aid in the effort to force it from its place. But our exertions were for a long time vain, till Marcus, by a sudden effort of his powerful frame. succeeded in starting it from its position. Again our united strength was applied, and the ponderous mass, slowly sliding from its place, at last trembled on an even balance. "Now," said Marcus, "together;" and with another strong effort the heavy fragment slipped from its place, and rolled upon the floor. But it fell not alone. Another and yet another came tumbling after it, followed by a mass of earth that at once blinded and buried us. An exclamation of "By Vulcan," was buried as it were, in the very mouth of the priest, as he was in the act of raising his heavy drill for another blow. After the dust and confusion had a little subsided, we all came crawling from the earth that had covered us, no one fortunately having been injured, and proceeded in our business. Vetullius cautioned us now against speaking loud, lest we should be heard by the lictors who were guarding the tomb on the outside. After clearing away the rubbish a little,

we proceeded more carefully. Removing the scattered earth through the rent, we had soon excavated a place sufficiently large to stand erect in, and continue our labor on the other side. After an hour's work, I thought I heard, indistinctly indeed, the sound of a voice. I listened with the most intense earnestness. It was distant and seemed smothered, but I readily recognised the soft tones of Lucilla's voice, which sounded as if above me. We instantly began digging upward in the direction whence it seemed to proceed. Gradually the voice sounded louder and more distinct, and at length it seemed clearly and directly above us. We were, therefore, obliged to scrape the earth over our heads, though with great precaution, lest it should suddenly yield and fall in upon us. With the aid of a long drill we bored upwards, till at length it suddenly slipped up as if encountering no further resistance. Upon withdrawing it, a faint light was seen to glimmer through the narrow aperture formed by the instrument. The song of Lucilla ceased, and applying my mouth to the hole I called upon her by name. She instantly replied. If we were active before in our search, judge what we now were when we could communicate directly with herself. Every instrument and every hand was occupied. The earth from above our heads served still to raise our feet and prevent the roof from getting beyond our reach as we scraped the earth thence. Our zeal soon got the better of our prudence, and in a short time the floor of the Vestal's tomb yielded and fell in; and when we were a second time extricated from the unpleasant situation, Lucilla herself was amongst us.

It is not in my power to express the rapture I felt at this event. The very grave had yawned, as it were, and given up its dead. I believe at that moment I could have forgiven Matho himself. Julius folded her in his arms, and Vetullius offered his thanks where only they were due. As for Marcus, after shaking her heartily by the hand, he had taken her lamp and table and disappeared. We were all too much occupied with our own feelings to notice his departure; but when at length the turbulence of our joy was a little subsided, we took her bed, oil, and provisions, and led by Vetullius retired to the part of the cavern we commonly occupied. Here we found Marcus sitting at the little table that had been left in the tomb with Lucilla, comforting himself with his favorite repast, for the toil, by no means a favorite, that he had sustained. His own chickens, eggs, and wine, were spread upon the table; and to say sooth we did not long leave him to a solitary discussion of them.

Lucilla informed us that she had heard us at work a long time before the drill made its entrance into her cell; but at first she had supposed it to be Vesuvius, whose deep and hollow bellowings had for some time been uttered in a most menacing manner; that after she suspected the truth, she began to sing, in order by her voice to guide us to her, as calling might have caused suspicion in the guard above. She, however, doubted of our ultimate success, until she saw the drill working its way up through the floor.

Marcus, the activity of whose tongue and stomach were always in an inverse proportion to each other, now began once more to find the use of the former.

"By Hermes, Lucilla, I have not had so good an appetite before, since the time when I was starved as a Neophyte, in order, as I suppose (for I never could see any other benefit that I derived from it), to give me a good permanent appetite when I became a Hierophant. For my own part, I should be glad to dig you up every day, could I always be sure of as hearty a meal after it."

"I thank you," replied Lucilla; "but for my own part, I freely confess that if your appetite requires such a whet, I should greatly prefer that it should have a different subject."

"No need of that," he returned. "Experience is always the best teacher of what is good for us, and I assure you, you serve the purpose well enough. No, no, depend upon it, there is nothing like digging out a Vestal to give a priest of Isis a good appetite."

"I am not disposed to contest the point," replied Lucilla; "but I must request you, my excellent friend, to oblige me so far as to see my parents, and alleviate the anguish they must feel on my account."

"Ay, ay," he returned. "But as yet the business is but half done; you will never be safe while you are in Pompeii. For should any thing be suspected, the tomb will be searched and your escape be discovered, unless indeed they should chance to take it into their heads that you were innocent after all, in consideration of which Vesta had translated you bag and baggage."

After some consultation, it was agreed that our method of escape should be intrusted to Marcus and Julius; for until the latter should be publicly denounced, it was not thought necessary that he should keep himself in close confinement. Marcus was to

find some bark going to Neapolis, which Julius was to engage, in order, in case of discovery, that Marcus might incur no danger. A place of rendezvous was then appointed between them, without the city, for the evening of the coming day, after which he departed.

CHAPTER XV.

Punctual to the appointed hour the next evening, Julius sallied forth to the place of meeting. Marcus was already there. He had been strolling along the shore, and by artfully conversing with the boatmen, he had discovered a light barge which he thought would answer the purpose, and which was then unengaged. Julius, therefore, instantly went to the spot described by Marcus, and readily engaged the boat, intending at Neapolis to dismiss the man, and engage another from that port, which might serve to baffle any inquiries or search that might be made. Julius appointed the place, and where and when the boat should be in readiness the following evening. Returning joyfully to the cavern, he met a man whom he instantly recognised as Matho. He appeared as usual, occupied with his own sullen thoughts, and Julius, who at that moment had every possible motive to avoid both recognition and a quarrel with him, though burning with rage at the sight of him, passed silently by. He was well aware of the true cause of Matho's forbearing so long to denounce him as a Christian; which was, that he hoped by him, in some way to discover my place of

concealment, for he felt assured that I was still concealed somewhere in the neighbourhood. It was not, therefore, without some suspicion, that Julius from time to time looked back to see if he were not followed by Matho. Although the darkness did not permit him to see far, yet he felt more assured when unable to perceive any thing to confirm his suspicion. In order, however, to baffle his foe, should Matho, notwithstanding be watching him, instead of returning directly to the cavern, he went first to my father's house. I will not say that there was not a spice of another feeling that directed his footsteps thither. I had more than once suspected that Porcia held an influence over his mind, scarcely less powerful than that exercised by Lucilla over mine. Nor would I dare assert that the blush that covered her face, or the confusion and tremor of the ingenuous girl, at his appearance, were wholly on account of her brother. Suffice it to say, that after a stay sufficiently long to have exhausted the patience of Matho, if he were indeed watching his coming out, he returned to the cavern.

As he stopped to press the spring on the door of the tomb, he thought he heard a sound as of some one moving with great precaution near him. He paused and listened; but not a sound was again heard, that jealousy itself needed tremble at. Before entering, he took the precaution to look behind the tombs near him, but nothing was visible; and convinced that he had been deceived by his own acute suspicions, he entered, and informed us of his success.

That evening and the following day were spent in pleasing anticipations and hopes. Who would not be

happy at the prospect of the near possession of the object of his deep love, after the fearful perils that we were even then encountering, like the repose of our own mountain after the tremendous agitation within it.

But the eventful hour drew nigh. We accordingly made a package of our arms and other things that we intended to take with us. Lucilla was disguised, as well as ourselves; and it was agreed that Julius and I should go first with the package, and Lucilla with Vetullius follow a few minutes after, in order the better to avoid exciting attention from any chance passengers. Every thing being in readiness, Julius and I departed with our baggage, with which we arrived in safety at the boat. But when, after some minutes had elapsed and Lucilla and Vetullius did not appear, I began to be apprehensive, Julius laughed at my impatience, as he termed my fears for my companions; but this did not alleviate them. Accordingly, arming myself, I once more returned to the cavern.

I met them not on the way; and on my arrival at the tomb by which it is entered, I found the door open. My foreboding fears were now quickened into agony. I drew my sword and rushed into the cavern. I shall not readily forget the spectacle that met my view. There lay Vetullius bound hand and foot, and over him stood a tall, gaunt figure with a drawn sword, to guard more surely the defenceless old man. But I paused not for him, for I heard the shrieks of Lucilla ringing through the distant arches of the cavern. I followed the sound with the speed of the wind. The man I have mentioned attempted to pursue me, but he soon lost himself in the intricate mazes of the cavern.

For myself, I knew not, I cared not for his pursuit. I thought not of him. My whole soul was with Lucilla. I well knew, too, the intricacies of the place, and I soon overtook the villain. Lucilla was in his arms and struggling violently. In one hand he held a torch. At the sight of me she uttered a scream of joy. Matho instantly relaxed his hold, and planting the end of the torch in the earth he drew his sword; for he well knew that his struggle now was to be for life or for death, and with a desperate man. He was large and powerful, but he wanted the necessary accomplishment for a villain, courage. Had he but possessed an ordinary degree of coolness, he might have taken the advantage that my passionate eagerness gave him. But he was a coward as well as villain. Our combat lasted but a few moments, for what could withstand the fury of a rage like mine? I clove him through the skull, and ere the worthless villain fell at my feet, I saw the agonizing expression of the starting eye, as uttering a deep groan, he ceased from the struggle, and resting the point of his sword in the sand, supported himself for a moment upon it, though reeling and balancing himself with difficulty; then dropping his head on his chest, the muscles of his arm relaxed, he pitched forward and fell heavily upon the floor. A few convulsive struggles followed—the eye was closed—then suddenly opened to straining—the pupil dilated as by a violent effort for sight—and the soul of the villain departed.

Supporting the almost lifeless Lucilla in my arms, I turned to depart, when another armed man stood before me. It was Julius. A single glance of his eye served to explain what had passed. He, therefore,

returned and unbound Vetullius, and we now once more left the cavern. We reached our bark in safety.

But, arrived there, Vetullius refused to accompany us farther. It was in vain that we urged, and prayed, and implored. "There is work yet to be done here," he said. "I must complete it before I can join you. Meantime a friend of mine will receive you at the quay. He already has notice of your approach. Trust him fully. Do not make yourself uneasy about me; He who saved me from the lion's jaws, and who hath this night delivered us from greater peril, He will protect me still." Finding our efforts to take him with us to be vain, we bade him adieu, and parted, not without tears. The old man then gave us his blessing, and raising our little sail, in a few minutes we had the pleasure of seeing Pompeii gradually receding from our view.

Lucilla was deeply affected. When she last saw the light of heaven and the blue sky, she had taken, as she then thought, an eternal farewell of them; and there was a solemnity in the appearance of all things about us now, which was doubtless aided by the scene we had just passed through, the hour, and last though not least, the angry appearance and sounds of the mountain. From time to time a sound more hollow than thunder, yet not less loud, was heard echoing and re-echoing through the air for several seconds, accompanied by vivid flashes of light, which for an instant made every object as distinct as at noon-day. Then again it would gradually fade away to a light as soft as that of the aurora borealis, which, too faint to illumine other objects, seemed to settle over the mouth of the crater, lingering as if loth to depart. Even this at times would die wholly away,

so as to leave the mountain as black and dark as its own desolate summit, till a new peal was roared out from its sullen throat. Light barks were seen shooting by us with the fleetness of an arrow and the silence of a spirit. But whatever might be the nature of our sensations or reflections, they had no opportunity to be of long continuance; for after a few hours' sail we shot into the full port of Neapolis.

We now enjoyed a very different view of the bay from that presented in the crowded little port of Pompeii. Large galleys lay riding at anchor in the haven, through whose sterns lights were seen flashing as we glided along. The light barks of those engaged in fishing appeared darting to and fro, and occasionally the voice of the fisherman was heard echoing over the waters; while his little boat, to whose prow a torch was fixed, seemed gliding like a spirit over the deep. The moon was just rising as our bark touched the pier, the boatman informing us at the same time that the old man who refused to embark with us, had ordered him to land us at that particular spot. We readily understood the cause of this order; and accordingly we were scarcely well on the land, when a man came up to us, and as he passed us he inquired in a careless tone, "How is the wind?" the words agreed upon as a signal. "Fresh from the mountain," was the concerted reply, and we were instantly acquainted. He knew the whole history of our difficulties and situation; and instantly led the way, through the dark and intricate windings of the city, once the ambitious rival of Palæopolis, till the two were united by Augustus, to the lodgings he had provided for us. Here, he assured us,

we might remain in safety, till we should find it convenient to change our place of abode.

The next day he took us with him into the vast catacombs that almost undermine that city.[38] The subterranean galleries, like those at Rome, were used as a place of refuge and interment for the Christian martyrs. My heart sickened as step after step he raised his torch and showed the ☧, the certain indication of a martyr's tomb, graven on the wall.[39] These catacombs he assured us extended even to Misenum. But after wandering a short time in these chilling regions, to which however our residence in the cavern at Pompeii had somewhat inured us, we ascended a few steps, and found ourselves in a regularly formed church, which with incredible labor had been wrought here by the first Christians and Christian martyrs. Columns, hewn out of the solid tufo, seem to support the roof; while the altar and the sacristy are wrought in the same manner from the same material. In the latter were a number of inscriptions on marble. There was something really imposing in the sudden appearance of this church, lighted up in the bowels of the earth, and the faithful, kneeling in silence before the altar of Jehovah, in despite of persecution and in the face of death. Hither, during our short stay in this city, we daily repaired before daybreak, and united our hearts and our voices in the worship of the Most High. But that stay we were desirous of shortening as much as possible, never feeling in safety while so near the city of Pompeii This desire was not diminished by the contents of a letter we received from Vetullius, which informed us that our escape was effected only by the interposition of a merciful Providence, and con-

trary to every chance. Matho had contrived, by means of spies who followed Julius, to ascertain our place of retreat. He had then sent for a body of soldiers to arrest us. These men were to have come as soon as possible to join him, who was remaining on the watch that we should not escape. Owing to some mistake or informality in the message, the officer did not immediately comply with the request. Matho, meantime, who with one of his friends was still in waiting, at last became impatient, and despatched another messenger. This summons was obeyed; but as if Heaven were determined to frustrate the evil designs of this monster, the soldiers repaired to the wrong place. Meanwhile time glided away, and Julius and myself appeared. He saw us leave the cavern; but cowardly, as is commonly the case with villains, he did not dare to attempt to detain us himself, but contented himself with cursing the soldiers, the messengers, and us. But when, a moment after, he saw Vetullius appear with Lucilla, his joy became as great as was his disappointment before; and entering, while his friend guarded Vetullius, he seized Lucilla in his arms and was bearing her to the interior of the cavern, when I returned. The friend of Matho, who in his pursuit of me lost himself in the numberless intricate galleries with which the cavern abounded, was never again heard of, and as these galleries were said to be of immense extent, numberless, and forming a perfect labyrinth, and he himself destitute of any light, there seemed little doubt that he perished miserably. The secret of the cavern was therefore a secret still. Vetullius advised our speedily purchasing a bark and retiring to the little island of Palmaria, in the

Tyrrhene sea, opposite the coast of Latium. There in a beautiful solitude dwelt a friend of his, and there he would be able to join us in a few days. I had hoped that, before leaving Neapolis, I might be able to claim the name of husband; but Lucilla preferred waiting the return of Vetullius, and I was obliged unwillingly enough to defer that happiness. Meantime, however, I could enjoy her presence, I was with her—could see her—listen to her; and under such circumstances what lover could be otherwise than happy?

CHAPTER XVI.

Our plans for our departure were soon laid. A bark was purchased sufficiently large to convey us and our few effects. In the centre was a little cabin for the convenience of Lucilla; while Julius, who possessed what seemed to me a very considerable skill in maritime matters, was to take the management and navigation of our little vessel. A small supply of bread and fruits was placed on board, and we at length took leave of the kind and hospitable friend who had so faithfully assisted us at Neapolis.

It was daybreak when we embarked, committing ourselves to the guidance of Heaven. Disguised as we were, there seemed little danger of discovery; or but enough to give zest to our situation; and as the sun rose upon that beautiful bay, the fresh air of the morning, perfumed with orange and citron blossoms,

came floating to us over the waters. Fishing boats were already actively moving about the bay. Shouts from the land, peals of laughter, and the animation of the labors of the commencing day, were gradually beginning to be heard and seen. As yet a dreamy quiet seemed to brood over the city, so that the slightest noise was echoed back, and the animation perceptible seemed not, as at noon-day, the stirring life of a vast city, but of a few individuals. The giant was just awaking, but not rising from his slumbers. Sea-birds were seen dipping their broad gray wings into the waters as they sailed past us, while our little bark with its sails trimmed, skimmed lightly as they on its course.

Stretching out of the bay in order to round the promontory of Misenum, we passed the beautiful Portus Julius, made by Agrippa, by joining the lakes Lucrinus and Avernus to the bay of Baiæ. On our left we saw the island of Capreæ, famous for being the scene of the debaucheries too gross for a name, in which Tiberius past there the last seven years of his life. Here it was that he offered rewards to him who should invent new pleasures or procure fresh luxuries; while Sejanus, the friend and favorite worthy of the master, outraged and insulted alike Rome, humanity, and the Emperor.

To me, every thing was still new; and the sight of all these objects, of which I had long read and heard, added to the delight I felt at being seated by the side of Lucilla, seemed to me too like the fancied happiness of a dream or a tale, to be reality. On our left lay the island of Pithecusa, where the giant Python is buried; and whose inhabitants were changed into monkeys by

the anger of Jupiter, the fable that I once most fully believed. On our right lay the city of Cumæ, so long celebrated by the Mantuan band, as the residence of the Sibyl called the Cumæan. But our flying course was soon checked. The wind, which at first had been light and favorable, soon increased to a fresh and strong head wind. We were obliged to beat slowly and toilsomely against it, our little bark laboring heavily in the rough sea. We coasted along the beautiful shores of Campania, however, not less beautiful now for the smiling repose that contrasted well enough with our turbulent course, and passed the Vulturnus, the celebrated river that gave its name to the wind that blew from that quarter, and which so incommoded the Romans on the day of the bloody slaughter of Cannæ, when their eagles drooped before the genius of the great Carthaginian. From time to time, galleys laden with merchandise came sweeping proudly before the wind, returning from carrying the products of Egypt to Ostia, or some of the superabundance of Ostia to Pompeii, that mart for other cities. Occasionally the sound of music reached us from these vessels, and the smoke of incense from little altars gorgeously decorated, and raised near the prow, was not unfrequently blown to us, as the vessels came sweeping by. Sometimes the light Liburnæ[40] would come clipping by; then again we would see approaching the gilded and painted prow of some trader, bearing its name painted in large letters in front, and having poles raised from the stern, on whose top gay coronals of flowers and ribbons were tossed by the wind. Some, who had just quitted the harbour, had their sterns

hung with garlands; and, occasionally, some Phœnician vessel, returning home, would be seen with the figure of its tutelar god painted on the prow. These were sometimes protected by a *long ship*,[41] whose brazen beak, with its three teeth or points, would be seen glittering in the sun for some time before it came up with us; and while the dark mass increased as it approached, heaving its black bulk from the waves, the oars of the rowers could be discerned, then the flashing of the spray in the sun, then the glitter of arms, as the proud array rushed by, cleaving the waters, and leaving a well-defined wake for a long distance behind it, graven as it were upon the waves. We looked with peculiar interest upon the little island of Pontia, once the residence of him who condemned to death the great Author of our religion; and at length, at the close of the day, we had only reached the beautiful port of Caieta, named from the nurse of Æneas, who was buried there. Here, dropping in, we cast anchor, in order to pass the night there.

Our frugal meal was soon made; and as darkness closed around us, and we sat musing in that deep silence, the most eloquent language of happy hearts, it seemed as if the day-spring of our happiness had at length dawned. The flashes of the mountain, which were distinctly seen from this place, followed by its deep and sullen roar, served but to heighten the joy of the hour, by holding before us, in our present security, the uncertainty and peril of the past. And when the moon arose, throwing its soft light over every object, it seemed to me that the beauty of Lucilla should always be gazed on by moonlight, so well did it seem

adapted to her calm and serious countenance. While I held in mine the soft hand that I so soon hoped to claim as my own, the past seemed to me but as a frightful dream, while the only reality of life was the present.

Early the following morning, we again set sail; but not as before with a head wind. A gentle breeze wafted us propitiously on our course. Coasting along the shores of Latium, we passed Anxur, the renowned city, sacred to Jupiter, and the Circeian promontory, and at last saw the towers and domes of Antium rising from the shore. This ancient capital of the Volsci, was now shorn of its greatness, and fast hastening to the bourne that awaits alike cities and individuals. Hence it was, that Camillus transported the beaks of the ships, which were placed in the Roman forum, and which gave the name of "rostrum" to the tribunal where they were placed. Nearly opposite to this city, lies the little island of Palmaria which we sought, and for which we now stretched our course; nor was it long before our little vessel ran safely into a small cove or inlet, which formed a natural harbor at this port. Following the directions of Vetullius, which he had very minutely laid down, we landed, and after a few minutes' walk we arrived at a beautiful little dell situated at the foot of a high hill. Buried beneath the shadows of orange, olive, and citron groves, whose foliage was blended with that of the stately ilex, was a hut, built against a perpendicular rock, that rose from the side of the hill. Here dwelt Flavius Piso, a Christian, and the friend of Vetullius. He received us with the kindness of a father, and showed us a letter that he himself had received from Vetullius, explaining to him the nature of our

difficulties, and requesting him to shelter and conceal us for the present. This he readily undertook, and had already made preparation to receive us.

But Julius remained not long. Freed by the death of Matho from the imminent danger that hung over him, as there was no one to accuse him of being a Christian, he resolved to return. He was silent with regard to the attraction that drew him so strongly to Pompeii, but I needed not his confession to teach me what observation had informed me of before. It was not with dry eyes that we saw him embark one morning, with a fine wind, which landed him shortly in Pompeii. From our observatory, as we called a pleasant seat on the brow of the hill that overhung our hut, and which commanded a full view of the sea, we watched the white sail that bore him away, and as long as it was possible to see and to be seen, we made signals of farewell to him, which he returned; and when his sail could be seen no longer, we turned to each other with that feeling of strengthened trust and affection, that at such hours of parting always seems to bind us more closely to the true hearts that are left behind.

But tears pass away like the morning dew, when the sun of a happy heart rises upon the mind. Here it was that I knew how deep are the springs of joy, that, like fountains long hidden from the light of day, well up fresh and pure from the secret places of the heart. My dreamy and romantic turn of mind, that had fed in secret upon its own imaginations of unreal life and beauty, had suddenly a reality to which to cling; and its long-treasured hoard of affections, which had been guarded with all a miser's care, were now poured forth

with all a spendthrift's extravagance, before the young idol to which it bowed.

Meantime I urged her to shorten the period of deferred hope, and to become mine without waiting the arrival of Vetullius; and my pleadings I began to think would not be wholly void of success. Day after day did we wander to our observatory, where hour after hour we listened to the instructive conversation of Piso, or to the works of some agreeable writer. Sometimes it was the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides that engaged our interest—sometimes we wept over the fate of the hapless Dido, as drawn with the glowing imagination of the Mantuan bard—sometimes to the keen satirical humor and the elegant sweetness of the famed Venusian. But it was not always imaginary suffering that called forth our interest and our tears. The venerable Piso would sometimes read from that holy book, whence only the waters of life may be drunk, of the suffering, the meekness, the agony, and the death of the Saviour of men. He would enlarge upon his character, his attributes, and the object of his mission. He would point out in glowing language the practical piety that he taught by his doctrines and example, and its superior excellence over jarring creeds and wrangling sectarism—the forbearance he manifested towards human infirmities and frailties,—the mildness of his judgment and the spotless innocence of his life.

The very brute creation seemed to sympathize in my affection for Lucilla. Various kinds of birds, accustomed to be fed by her hand, daily assembled before the door of a grotto she had elegantly covered with

sea-shells, and there, with various and clamorous notes and after not a little bickering and pecking among themselves, would run to claim the food she was wont to bestow. And as we passed from the door of the hut to the grotto, these little pensioners would appear from every quarter, flying about the trees under which we were passing, impatient for the expected distribution. A dog, until our arrival the sole companion of Piso, seemed equally to attach himself to her. "How good must you be, my dear Lucilla," said I to her, "when even the very brutes follow you with that most eloquent testimony of their affection—confidence."

In the sacred hour of twilight, arm in arm did we wander along the beach, attended by Piso and his dog Pontus, whose task it was to carry, in a little basket, sometimes the food for the birds, and sometimes the scroll that we were reading; and sometimes, idle as we, he seemed to loiter about us as if enjoying like ourselves the glorious creations of God. And when the moon walked in her sad but beautiful brightness through the sky, then would we all repair to the observatory, and gaze for hours in silence upon that river of light which seemed to float on the bosom of the waves, trembling like the young heart even amid its tenderest and holiest hours. Beneath us lay the deep shadows of the groves that studded our little island; and above our heads towered the stately boughs of the dark ilex. In a scene like this, with Piso by our side, and Pontus stretched quietly at his feet, the soft and liquid voice of Lucilla would be sometimes heard, blending with the rich tones of her lyre, while the sad notes of the evening birds occasionally were heard amid

the pauses, lending its plaintive notes to aid the charm of the scene. Sometimes a distant sail would appear, lazily making its way over the tranquil waters, and occasionally sending out a pale and sickly light from the little altar at its prow.

Yet spite of the fullness of my happiness, there was at times an ominous misgiving that came over me, to trouble the deep quiet of my joy. Piso had often reproached me for the excess of my love—love that bound too strongly to earth, what should belong only to heaven. The venerable old man took occasion to rebuke it this evening, when some passionate expression escaped me, in the following ominous manner.

"When the great Creator of all things first framed this beautiful world, he poured out on its lap, in all their luxuriance, rich fruits, and laughing streams, and gay flowers. The lofty tree, the lowly violet, and the light harebell sprang together from the green turf. There was heard the hum of the bee, the voice of the bird, the stream's prattle, and the ocean's roar. One voice alone was wanting to give to it its life of life—the voice of intelligence.

"For this the Omnipotent Creator formed the boy, Love—not such as he is now represented, a mischievous and cunning urchin, but a lovely, laughing, weeping child, all joy and life and tenderness and feeling. If but an insect fell into a stream, there was Love, eager to extricate him from his difficulty; and when he saw him fly rejoicing away, he would clap his hands and laugh in the fullness of his delight. But if unable to relieve or to recover him, the gentle child would sit down on the bank, and weep over his fate. Such was

the being that God placed in this beautiful paradise. 'One thing only,' He said to him, 'I claim. *Remember me.* Every night when yon sun shall set, to me let your orisons arise. Do this and be happy—neglect it, and paradise is lost.'

"Gayly the delighted boy promised to observe the command; and he roamed, all happiness, about the beautiful world, enjoying the ever new and exhaustless pleasures of every place and of every hour. Now stretched in dreamy listlessness along the banks of some stream, whose waters lulled him with their everlasting flow—now chasing the golden-winged butterfly through the perfumed fields—now bathing in the clear waters—now cleaving the air with his sparkling wings and anon nestling among the roses, as he sunk tired to his dreamless repose, while his own fair existence seemed linked with that of the beautiful flowers. But still at sunset he threw himself upon the fragrant sod, and mingled the voice of his gratitude with nature's.

"But it happened one day that he saw a butterfly, whose gorgeous wings, as they floated by, glittered and sparkled in the sunbeam. So Love ran off with eager haste to catch the gaudy insect. But this was not so easy a task; and ever as the gilded, coquettish thing seemed nearest, it would again start off, and leave poor Love panting and tired behind. In the midst of the eager chase, the sun went down. But the boy was too eager in his pursuit to notice it; and the rustling leaf, the humming insect, and the whispering pine, raised on high their solemn voices, unmingled with that of intelligence. At length, while the shadows of even ing were closing about him, the tired insect dropped.

Joyfully did Love seize the coveted object; but lo! when he examined it, he found in his hand only a crushed and formless thing, whose golden plumage was effaced by his grasp. So Love sat down and cried himself to sleep; and in the morning he recollected his forgetfulness, and he knelt on the flowery turf and implored forgiveness.

"Faithfully for awhile did he return to his duty; but temptation came again and again, and again and again did Love weep, and promise, and forget. And when he found how easily he was swayed by the breath of temptation, he flung himself upon the fragrant turf, and wept in very bitterness, till he again sobbed himself to sleep. He was awaked by an icy chillness that seemed to benumb his limbs; and raising his head, he found he was no longer alone. A stern, grim, ghastly figure sat motionless beside him; and his shadow it was that so chilled the animated boy; and whenever that shadow fell upon him, he shivered with the icy cold, and moved away to the sunbeam to warm himself again. But wherever he went, that hideous monster stood immovable at his side, and its icy shadow fell on him.

"'Who are you?' he at length exclaimed to his tormentor; and a harsh voice, like the voice of the stormy sea, when heard in the mysterious softness of dreams, sent back an answer, as it were an echo—'Death.'

"'Will you not leave me then?' said the passionate boy.

"And again that deep voice answered—'Never. Here and hereafter—now and for ever—while the earth

shall endure—my place is here, and Love and Death must sit side by side.'

"The astonished child endeavoured unconsciously to repeat his words. But his voice failed and died away, as he faintly uttered, 'Here—'

"And again that appalling voice, frightful from its very lowness and quietness, and its dreamlike tone, was heard—'Every where—at the board and the bed, at the altar and the fireside, at the social hearth, and in the hall of strangers, at home and abroad, asleep and awake, in the tempest and the battle and the deep, this is your doom, Love must rest in the shadow of Death.'

"'And wherefore is this?' sobbed the weeping child.

"'To teach you to *remember Him.*'

"The affrighted boy fled in dismay—but in vain. Wherever he went scarcely could he feel one warm ray of the glowing sun, ere he shrunk shivering again in the icy shadow of his silent, motionless foe. In vain he flew from flower to flower, and from blossom and fruits, to fresh fruits and blossoms. Scarcely was he seated beside them, ere the freezing shadow fell on them, and they changed and died.

"In passionate anguish, the desolate boy flung himself to the earth and prayed earnestly and long to Him, whom even from the abundance of his blessings he had forgotten. Then in his very agony he appealed to the silent and inflexible monster. 'And thou too,' he exclaimed, 'who art sent in vengeance and in judgment, say, is there no way to propitiate Him who hath sent thee hither to compel me to remember Him?' And a voice solemn and distant, soft as the breath of

the summer's sigh, but deep as the roar of the volcano, seemed, as it were an echo, to repeat—'Remember Him.'

"But as Love fixed his wondering eye on Death while he addressed him, he saw that his face was changed. Instead of the ghastly, cold, rigid immobility of the grisly monster, his countenance seemed clothed as with a veil of solemn, melancholy, shadowy repose—a mysterious serenity—a tranquillity too profound and too sacred to be intruded on. His shadow too, Love thought seemed less chilling than before, and his heart leaped within him.

"'He is changing! he is changing!' shouted the rejoicing boy—'His terrors are psssing away. Tell me,' he added, 'what has caused this. Name the talisman that could thus shake thy throne. Say, is it prayer or penitence, obedience or faith?' And again that deep, dreamlike echo seemed to repeat, 'Prayer, penitence, obedience, faith.'

"'There *is* then, there *is* then,' exclaimed the triumphant boy, 'a power that can conquer thee, monster. —There *is* then a spot where Death hath no place by Love—There *is* a place where thy shadow shall never more wither my joy. Oh! I know there *is*—there *is*!'

"And the deep echo-like voice sent back the reply—'There is—there is.'

"Hence," said the old man, "the cause that Love here never enters a heart, but Death comes creeping after; and that over the whole earth, they still hold their united empire."

Lucilla and I both listened with an ominous sensation that we almost felt to be prophetic. Yet it was but

the uneasiness with which all doubt the reality of the fullness of their joy. And as under the influence of these vague feelings I pressed the hand of the gentle girl, I almost expected to feel the icy shadow of the so long dreaded monster, or to see his stern form in the cold moonbeam.

It was upon a scene and in an hour like this, that we saw a little bark steering directly for our island. So rare a thing was it for any vessel to stop here, that we all supposed it must be Vetullius, and all was at once anxiety and joy.

"Now," said I, delighted, "to-morrow you will be mine." The blushing girl made no reply, and we ran off together to welcome our excellent and venerable friend.

[The notes taken by Lucius seem to have ended here, and the conclusion is in the handwriting of another, probably of Piso.]

CHAPTER XVII.

The boat drew nearer and nearer, and at last disclosed to the view of the expecting individuals, not the venerable man they had expected, but a messenger from him. Holding aloft the letter he bore, he threw it upon the beach, some minutes before he himself landed. The letter was eagerly seized, but its contents, like all human things, were of mingled joy and sorrow. The Vestal, Canuleia, had fled from Pompeii, and this threw a new consternation over that devoted city. Julius too had left the city with the father and

family of Lucius, leaving there only servants to take charge of the house, he was never again to see. They had returned to the country, where Porcia became the wife of Julius. So far all was well. But the next information was of a less pleasing character. The flight of the Vestal had been discovered, and a rigorous but fruitless search followed. In consequence of this, Favella herself had been arrested, and was threatened with death in the amphitheatre, if Lucilla were not found before the day of the 9th before the kalends of September, the day appointed for the next public games. The letter concluded by informing them that he was himself again arrested, and condemned to die at the same time.

Words cannot express the consternation that followed. Lucilla wrung her hands in agony; but it was not long that her calm and resolute spirit quailed before the sudden and violent blow. "I will return with you," she said to the messenger, "I will return and surrender myself to the barbarous laws." Lucius in an agony entreated her not to go. "You will not avert her fate, you will but insure your own." Then again, with the inconsistency that often marks the heart in its passionate moments, he told her that it was only a snare of the priests to recover her; that they would not dare to put their threat in execution upon an innocent woman. To all this Lucilla only replied, "It is my duty."

"It is mine too, then," said Lucius, "and I will accompany you." It was in vain that she now entreated him to remain—in vain she pleaded and wept. "I will not outlive you," was his only answer. Hour

after hour glided away, and found these lovers still vainly endeavouring each to prevent the other from departing. But at length, and let not those condemn her who have never known the trial, the resolution of Lucilla began to give way before the prayers and the tears of her lover.

"I could have resisted it from others," said the heart-striken girl—"but *you* too—Alas! I did not think that yours would be the shadow that would fall thus darkening between Heaven and me."

"Nor does it. It is not duty, dearest girl, that calls you. It is madness—guilt, to throw away that life as a worthless thing, that Heaven has given you for a worthy end. You cannot assist your mother—you can but add to hers the sacrifice of your life and of mine, if the doom of those demons have decreed death."

The girl sunk sobbing upon her lover's bosom, as he called to his aid all the heart-stirring eloquence of passionate love and grief to induce her to remain—the memory of the past, the hopes of the future, their perils, their escape, their love, and their agony.

"My mother! my dear mother!" was the only answer of the heart-broken girl; yet wearied and exhausted, blame her not, that she at last permitted herself to give the desired promise. Blame her not, till you have yourself struggled with and conquered temptation like hers—then let him who is without sin cast the first stone.

Meantime the messenger, who was to return early the next morning, had long since retired to rest; yet it was not till nearly morning that Lucius compelled himself to leave Lucilla, and throw himself upon his couch.

After the severe agitations of the past night, it was not easy to sleep; yet after some time he gradually fell into a heavy slumber. He awoke not early, and when he did, he could not readily arrange his thoughts so as to recollect the incidents of the past night. But when at last they did flash upon his mind, he leaped from his couch, and hastily putting on his tunic, and throwing his toga upon his shoulders, he hastened into the room in which they commonly breakfasted. Piso was there alone. "Where is Lucilla?" asked Lucius, his heart already throbbing as if prophetic of coming evil.

"She has been gone this hour," returned the old man. "She embarked with the messenger of Vetullius, with a fine breeze, at day-break."

Lucius turned away in silence, and rushed from the room to the sea-shore, where the little boat used by Piso, when he wished to go to the opposite city of Antium, was kept moored. But it was not to be found, for having been improperly secured the preceding night, the tide as it rose had floated it away. In despair he rushed up to the observatory. The white sail of the little bark was still to be seen in the distance—so distant, as to be with difficulty distinguished, as it floated amid the white-topped billows, from them, or from the white of the sea-bird's wing. There he stood fixed and gazing upon the vanishing little vessel, till not a speck was discernible on the far horizon's verge; then dashing himself upon the ground he tore his hair, beat his head upon the earth, and gave uncontrolled vent to the agony that excited him.

Piso, meantime, anxious for his safety, came to seek him, and to administer as far as might be, the words

of consolation. But Lucius heard them not. Breaking furiously from the old man, he ran to the grotto where his last conversation with Lucilla had taken place. As he approached, he thought he heard the sound of her lyre. He sprang forward—It was indeed that instrument, over whose strings the fresh sea-breeze now sweeping, called forth a melancholy, dirge-like sound. Upon the ground lay a little fragment of blue ribbon that he well remembered as a part of the *strophium*[42] that she commonly wore. Taking it up, he kissed it passionately a thousand times, then placed it carefully in his bosom. Meantime, the birds accustomed to be fed at that place, began with loud cries to express their disappointment at the omission. Pontus too, unable to account for the disappearance of his friend, came smelling to the place where she was accustomed to sit, then seating himself upon the ground, he fixed his intelligent eye wistfully upon the face of Lucius, with a low, uneasy moan.

"She is gone," he replied, as if in answer to an interrogatory from the animal; "we shall never see her more." Then again bursting from the place, he repaired to the observatory, where he erected a mast with a flag for a signal to any vessel that might chance to pass. His whole time now was occupied in wandering about the places in which he had been with Lucilla. Every rock on which she had chanced to sit, every tree or flower that had ever formed the subject of a casual remark, was become sacred. As if to try his patience to the utmost, day after day passed, without a single vessel coming nigh enough to observe his signal. He then busied himself with forming a raft

from the trunks of trees, with which he had formed the plan of reaching Antium, and thence embarking for Pompeii. In vain did Piso attempt consolation. "She is dead—she is murdered," was the only reply which he gave him; "murdered, while I am imprisoned here, unable to attain even the bliss of dying with her. Cruel girl!" Then as the little pensioners on Lucilla's bounty flew chirping around him, he would throw to them vast quantities of food. "She loved you," he would say; "why should my grief make me do what she would not approve."

Pontus was the only friend with whom he would converse freely of Lucilla. He fancied that the faithful animal knew and sympathized in his sorrow, and he could utter before him unrestrained those passionate bursts of love and grief which he would have been too proud to utter before mortal man. There may be a higher love and a more rational intercourse between man and man; but, and alas! that it should be so, we find nowhere, except in parental love, more instances of true affection—faithful, devoted, unshrinking affection, than in the history of that noble animal. For hours would Lucius sit in silence at the grotto, listening to the low, dirge-like tones of the lyre, as the wind swept over its strings; then he would turn suddenly and passionately away to his yet unformed raft, to fell the trees necessary for its construction. But unused to labor, he made but slow progress.

Meanwhile the fatal day, fixed for the celebration of the games, drew nigh; and he was determined at every hazard to leave the island before that time, having a presentiment that that day was to decide his destiny.

It was now the third day before their celebration, and the pieces of the raft were brought together, and the next day was to witness the completion of his labor in uniting these pieces firmly together. Accordingly, it was at an early hour that he repaired to his labor, when the first object that met his view was a boat sufficiently near to allow him to distinguish the men on board. He instantly mounted to the observatory, and thence he easily succeeded in exciting their attention, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing their prow turned to the shore and the rowers pulling straight for it. Embarking in it with Piso, he was soon landed in safety at Antium. Here he lost not a moment in hiring a bark to convey him to Pompeii, and that very day he set sail, after taking an affectionate leave of his aged friend, Piso. As he was whirled along over the surface of the waters, a thousand thoughts thronged and crowded upon his mind. It was but a few short months since he had left the repose of the country, a dreaming and romantic boy. The future then lay hidden before him, or when considered at all, its images floated through his mind like the fleeting clouds over the blue sky, assuming now one form and now another, and all fantastic and vain; while, amid them and above them all, Love lay smiling upon roses, and religion, sacred religion, like the sun, animated all. A mighty change had passed over him. Tried in a fiery furnace, the gentle and retiring boy had yielded to the grave, stern, and decided character, which fearful trials had wrought. And if sorrow somewhat tempered and softened it, it was but to throw around it an interest which might else have been wanting; like that rich, soft, yellow

light, thrown by the setting sun upon the lofty peaks of rock, which crown as it were with desolation the mountains that support them. Love indeed still held the front ground of the picture, but how different from that happy and prosperous affection, passing life away like the dream of a moonlight night, which his imagination had painted there. To his religion too he had become an apostate; nay, had desecrated her very altars in the indulgence of his wild flame—he had become, though innocent, amenable to the laws of his country, and was subject to a shameful death. "Be it so," thought he. "Death can have no pang for me, like those of life without Lucilla." The certainty of reaching Pompeii now, before the fatal day of the games, unless some unexpected accident should intervene, had somewhat stilled that nervous restlessness, which after the departure of Lucilla had possessed him; and it was with comparative calmness that he now paced backward and forward upon the deck of the little bark, that was bearing him perhaps to a cruel and a public death. He could not avoid noticing from time to time, the intense and vivid brightness with which Vesuvius seemed to glow, and the hollow, heavy, and frequent reports that accompanied them. But in his own mind there was a more fearful volcano, and to that he turned with deep and unwavering anxiety.

An accident happening to their mast detained them a few hours on their passage, and it was dark when they rounded the promontory of Misenum, where the Roman fleet under the command of Pliny[43] was then riding at anchor in the bay, and beheld once more the Pharos of Neapolis. But they paused not there. Crossing

the bay, still alive with numerous boats, they directed their course to the city of Pompeii, and soon entered the *embouchure* of the Sarnus, and ran quickly in to the quay, mooring at the side of a Phœnician trader. An uncommon stir and bustle seemed to prevail in the city; lights were glancing to and fro, and bustle and activity seemed every where to pervade it. With a fainting heart Lucius heard one of the boatmen inquire the cause of this from a sailor who was lounging over the side of the Phœnician vessel.

"Do you not know," replied the man, "that to-morrow there is to be an exhibition at the amphitheatre, which is to last all day and night. Several combats of wild beasts of various kinds; a horse and a lioness, a bear and a bull, a tiger [44] and a monkey, are some of them. And then the amphitheatre is to be set with trees, and there are to be hunts of different beasts, and fights with them by torch-light; and some Christians are to be punished. So all the world are flocking in to secure their places. And on the other hand, the mountain to-day, after a loud report, threw out a vast quantity of ashes which fell in the streets a digit deep; so while every one living out of the city is crowding in, many who live in it are crowding out with their furniture and valuables."

While he was yet speaking, his voice was suddenly drowned by a report so deep and so loud, that it seemed to make the very earth rock. A flash of light accompanied it, so vivid and intense, that every other light seemed quenched in its intolerable brightness. Involuntarily, all placed their hands over their eyes, and bowed their heads to shield them from the blind-

ing glare. Some minutes of silence succeeded; and then a pattering shower of hot cinders and ashes, mixed with large drops of water,[45] descended upon their heads. For the space of about two minutes, the air was filled with this fearful shower, as in a heavy fall of snow; then it gradually ceased.

As for Lucius, he instantly left the boat and repaired to the house of Cennius. There all was confusion and disorder. No one of the family could be found. He therefore repaired to the house of Lucilla's sister, Cornelia, whose marriage he mentions having attended. From her he learnt that Lucilla on her arrival had instantly surrendered herself to free her mother. The priests, however, had sufficient influence and sufficient baseness to refuse to liberate Favella, notwithstanding Lucilla's having been recovered. They were both now in prison, under orders for the most strict confinement and the most rigid treatment, till some punishment should be devised adequate to the offence. The jailor himself, however, she informed him, was a Christian, and as yet unsuspected; and through his kind offices, they received many soothing attentions, and were privately permitted to see each other. "I doubt not," she said, "that I shall be able by his means to procure you an interview with Lucilla. Indeed," she added, "I expect the jailor here every moment, for he is in the habit of coming about this hour, to give me an account of them.

While she was yet speaking, Naso, the jailor, was admitted. Cornelia introduced Lucius to him. His story was too well and too publicly known to need any other introduction than his name. Naso readily pro-

mised the following night to permit him to see Lucilla, and the situation of her prison, her health, her spirits, and her looks, were inquired after with all a lover's minuteness, and the time and place of meeting appointed. It was with a lighter heart that Lucius retired to await the desired evening of the coming day.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The morning of that eventful day at length appeared. Calm, and bright, and beautiful the sun arose in a cloudless sky. Vesuvius too seemed to be reposing after her fearful displays of the preceding day. A thin column of smoke alone was seen rising perpendicularly from the yawning crater, till high in the air it gradually spread in a horizontal direction, overhanging the steady column that was perpetually rising, like the spreading foliage of some colossal tree. Long before this hour, the streets and every avenue to the city were crowded with those about to become spectators of the cruel sport of the day. All seemed gay and smiling and happy. Again the preparatory crowding and jostling took place—the streets were again filled with beasts, and men, and women; cars, chariots, and wagons containing the beasts for exhibition; laughing and railing, oaths, invocations, yells, and growls, in short all the noise and confusion of a city like Pompeii, previous to such exhibitions.

Gradually the smoke rose denser and blacker from the crater. An unnatural stillness seemed to reign

over every thing but man. The waters of the Sarnus and the bay slept without a ripple or a wave. Every leaf upon every tree hung motionless. The very shouts that were occasionally heard, were repeated and re-echoed along the motionless air for minutes after the sound had ceased, seeming as if every particular voice were caught up and repeated in mockery by a thousand others. When the sullen roar of Vesuvius was growled forth, the repetitions and reverberations were painful and deafening. Gradually the soft blue sky changed to a sullen, coppery hue, as it was seen through the fast increasing smoke. The sun, shorn of his beams, hung like a disk of copper in the frightfully serene heavens. The flashes of the mountain became more frequent and more vivid, shedding at the same time over every object a glare of such ghastly light, as to induce the idea that light itself had perished, and that this staring glare was but the color of its corpse. A darker and a darker gloom settled every moment over the horror-struck city. In the amphitheatre it became unnecessary to wait till night should bring darkness for their torch-light hunt. Still the games went on. What mattered it to the dying gladiator, whether he fell amid the sickness of nature or under the calm blue sky? What mattered it to the ravenous beast or to the martyred Christian? That light cheered not the eye of the dead—it added not to the torture of the beast the sight of the demon man—nor did it hide the Christian from the eye of his God.

A sort of sepulchral twilight was all that remained. The crowd for the most part was now seen traversing the city with their valuables in their hands to save

themselves from the terrible and unknown danger. Nothing was heard in the street save the heavy, incessant tramp of feet—and an occasional call of some mother upon a loitering child—a sister to a brother—a husband to a wife—a child to a parent.

The games of the amphitheatre alone went on, unheeding the terrors without. The venerable Vetullius was now brought forward for the second time upon the bloody arena, to seal his faith with his blood. By his side stood Favella—the former to suffer for being a Christian, the latter for being a mother. But the superstitious crowd, who remembered the former, as it appeared to them, miraculous escape of Vetullius, were displeased at seeing him again brought forward to die. A sullen murmur ran through the assembly, which gradually swelled to a noisy clamor for his liberation. The arena was thick set with trees, which, placed at intervals, formed a sort of artificial forest. From the boughs were suspended lamps, and in the hand of the old man were placed a torch and a sword. Favella stood firm in the appalling circumstances in which she was placed. Her fine, matronly form was seen leaning against one of the trees, her head hanging down, more from modesty than from fear. She stood utterly unprotected and helpless against the monsters they were about to let loose upon them. She thought not of herself, her only care was for her innocent and hapless child.

Meantime, the clamor excited by the appearance of Vetullius was far from being stilled. The president of the games arose and addressed the people; but his efforts to pacify them were fruitless. The crowd looked

upon Vetullius with a sort of superstitious fear, since his wonderful and most unexpected escape; and seemed to think that to destroy one whom the gods had so miraculously protected could not be effected without the commission of a crime. Vetullius himself at length turned to the crowd as if to address them. The tumult instantly subsided. All were eager to hear what he himself would say upon the occasion. He began by reproving them for their cruel amusements, and for the innocent blood they had shed. That blood he told them would call aloud for vengeance. "For myself," said he, "I am an old man. I have lived long enough, for I have lived long enough not to fear to die. Yet helpless and worthless as I am, think not that my blood will sink into the sands. It will be avenged—speedily, fearfully." As he uttered these words the president gave the signal to have the wild beasts turned in; for he saw that the fickle crowd was provoked that he should presume to rebuke them, and condemn their favorite amusement; at the same time they were enraged that he should threaten them with punishment. The signal therefore was heard without further clamor or confusion. The spectators were seen settling quietly into their places, and arranging themselves in the best possible situation to obtain a view of the spectacle.

Now the amphitheatre is situated near the walls of the city, in such a manner that the spectators as they sat could have a perfect view of Vesuvius. The president, as before stated, gave the signal for the doors to be thrown open, while the people, indignant that he should presume to threaten them, opposed

no farther obstacle. But before the order could be executed, a flash, whose brightness was too intense to be borne, was seen, and was instantly followed by a report so long, so loud, so deep, that the affrighted crowd burst from their seats with a general cry of horror. It seemed as if the earth was rent from its central core. "It is the vengeance of the Christian," shouted some.

"It is the vengeance of the Almighty," replied Vetullius. The terrible mountain had suddenly opened its abysses—it seemed to cleave and be rent in various directions, and from every cleft burst torrents of flame, roaring and curling high in the air. From the centre of the crater, a solid column of fire was seen shooting up into the very heavens, and falling at last in showers of lava, melted stones, solid rock, ashes, cinders, boiling water, and every variety of volcanic matter. Huge masses of stone, larger than the temple of Isis, were hurled flying into the air as lightly as the pebble from the shepherd's sling. Rivers of liquid fire were seen pouring down its sides in every direction. A deep cloud, black as midnight, came rolling down the mountain, spread along the land, and covered the sea; shutting from view the island of Capreæ, the promontory of Misenum, and the Roman fleet. The roaring of the flame alone was loud as a cataract. The earth communicated a tremulous motion to the feet, as if trembling with terror at the stupendous scene. Darkness, deeper than midnight, settled upon the city. The amphitheatre was deserted. Vetullius was left alone. The burning cinders and ashes poured down upon it, mingled with torrents of sea-water. The venerable

Christian retired to the covered archway, but the ashes gained rapidly round him. He gathered his garments closely about him, and wrapped his face in his mantle. "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," he said, as he laid himself down upon the earth from which he never arose.

Meantime, Lucius had remained with Cornelia, impatiently waiting the hour that was to conduct him to Lucilla. But the darkness and terror increasing to so alarming a degree, he at last lost all regard for prudence in his fears, and went out into the street to the Civil Forum, where he knew was Lucilla's prison. No one noticed him. Every one was too anxions on his own immediate account to attend to any other than himself. Cornelia accompanied him, carrying in her arms her young child, from which she would not separate. Arrived at the prisons, the jailor was not to be found. In vain Lucius attempted to force the doors, for no one now cared or attended to aught but himself; they were too strong. While he was thus occupied, that terrible explosion, which has been already noticed, occurred. As they stood under the arched passage-way, suddenly a female was seen to burst in at the door, supported by a man. It was Favella and Caius Marcus. The good-natured priest shook the hand of Lucius warmly for an instant, then rushed out again amid the shower of cinders and ashes. He was gone but a moment, and returned bearing the affrighted Naso.

"By Hercules," said the priest, as he wiped his brow, after throwing down his burden as he would have done a bale of goods, "I have done harder work in

cooler weather without fatigue. I caught a glimpse of the rogue getting away as fast as the crowd would let him and the love of life could make him. So I thought it best to bring him back here, to let out some of his *protegées*, as he would best know where to find them, and time is precious now."

"I obtest these witnesses," said the man, too much terrified to know well what he was about, or what was required of him, "that I am forcibly compelled to violate my duty. I will complain to the Decurions."

"Complain to Pluto," said the priest, "for our next meeting with the Decurions is likely to be in his realm. Come along." And raising him with his ponderous strength, that would have raised an ox if necessary, he bore him along after Julius, whose knowledge of the situation of Lucilla's prision, that he had obtained the evening before, now stood him in good stead. They soon arrived at the door, which Lucius conjectured to be Lucilla's; and rousing the man from his stupor of terror, they bade him open it. He obeyed almost mechanically, and in an instant Lucius was locked in the arms of Lucilla. For a moment, even the agony and terror of the present scene were forgotten in the joy of reunion. He seized her hand. "For ever?" he softly uttered.

"For ever and for ever," she replied.

Turning to Marcus, Lucius inquired, "Whither had we better go now?"

"Go!" replied the priest, "go out of the city as fast as you can, and as soon as you are beyond the limits of its walls, take the direction opposite to the mountain, and go that way without stopping, if you would escape."

"*You*," replied Lucius, "what, and will not you accompany us?"

"No, my friend. Isis has been true to me in my prosperity, which has been pretty much all my lifetime. I will not abandon her now. My duty is there; and live or die, it shall be on the ground of my duty. Besides, that heavy jailor has made me as hungry as a tiger, that has been kept a week without food to make him show game on the arena."

"Then farewell," said Lucius. "My friend, to me you have been most faithful and kind. God bless you. Here we may never meet again, but trust me we shall meet hereafter."

"What!" said Marcus, "do you Christians allow those without the pale, to inhabit your elysium?"

"Is it not written, that He is no respecter of persons, but that in every age and nation whosoever feareth Him and worketh righteousness shall be accepted of him?"

"Well, well," said Marcus, "I know not who may be right or who wrong; but perhaps after all we approach nearer to each other's practice than many believe. Farewell, my friend—if for ever, still farewell—for ever." And wringing his hand, he turned aside his head to hide a tear, that spite of his efforts to restrain it, would appear; then gathering his mantle over his head, the kind-hearted man again rushed out into the blinding shower, and the deeper than midnight darkness of the city.

"I know not, dear Lucilla," said Lucius, "if we shall ever more behold each other's face, but living or dying we separate not again;" and he passed his arm

round her waist, as if fearful of again losing her. Favella with her grandchild in her arms bound herself to his left arm, with a strip torn from her robe, in order that they might not to be separated by the press of the crowd, or by the darkness, from each other. Cornelia followed behind, attaching herself to his toga, while all protected their heads as much as possible from the scorching shower, by enveloping them in the thick folds of their mantles. The terrified Naso followed behind; and in this order they again stepped out into the street, and attempted to make their way to the Herculanean gate.

It was noon-day; but the darkness was terrific. Even the vivid flashes of the mountain were no longer perceptible through the dense and crowded atmosphere. Hot cinders and ashes, which were prevented from burning to death the unfortunates on whom they fell, only by the amazing quantity of sea-water that fell along with them, came down like rain. Through the streets nothing was heard but the cry of mother, sister, brother, &c. as each sought the friends, whom now they could distinguish only by their voices. The rushing crowd was only to be felt—nothing could be seen. The houses rocked in the terrible earthquakes like barks on the waters. The earth trembled like a frighted child. Already the ashes had fallen to the depth of several feet[46] above the pavement. The hands and faces of Lucius and his companions were burnt and blistered. A suffocating heat pervaded the atmosphere. They would have given worlds for one breath of cool, fresh air. But when they attempted to get it, they inhaled only hot cinders, and a thin burning atmosphere.

The ashes penetrated to every part of their dress. In the folds of their robes, in the mantles that protected their heads, upon their necks—every where it lodged and collected. Their feet were blistered, and their sandals almost burnt from their feet. Favella was the first to stop. "I can go no farther," said she. "Kiss me and leave me, my children." With one voice they declared that her fate should be theirs, and that they would either escape or perish together. In vain she supplicated and prayed them to leave her. "You are young," she said, "and I have the weight of years upon me.* You *may* escape—for me escape is impossible. Go, my children, I shall die content, if I have not been the cause of your death." Their only reply was to repeat what they had said before. Lucius, passing his arm round her waist, gently forced her along. She yielded to the gentle force, at the same time reproaching herself as the cause of their delay, and them for their disobedience to her orders. Almost exhausted, they at length succeeded in reaching the gates of the city; but here the strength of Favella gave way. She sank upon the earth. In vain did Lucius endeavour to encourage her to get at least to his father's house. There, he assured her, was an arched passage-way† where they would be secure, till this fiery storm should be passed over. It was in vain. She was but just able to reach the hemicycle on the left hand, near the gate, when she sunk exhausted. Her daughters knelt beside her, and she threw her

* See Pliny's account of his escape with his mother, written to the historian Tacitus.

† See description of the house of Diomedes, *note* 2.

arms around them and blessed them. Faithfully did these girls redeem their promise to save her or to die with her. From that embrace they rose not. The thick falling ashes closed over them, as the waves of the sea close over their victims; and the unfortunate Lucius and Lucilla lay side by side beneath that deadly and burning mass, their arms twined around each other's neck, united at last only in death.

On a recurrence to history, I find that the eruption lasted three days. "The universe seemed perishing. Men believed that chaos had returned, and that the earth was to be consumed by fire. But at the expiration of that time the eruption began to subside. The sun, once more unveiled, looked out on the scene. The whole of the neighbouring coast had vanished. The ashes and the cinders had reached even to Egypt and Syria; and when light again stole out from the gloom, Pompeii, Herculaneum, Stabia, Retina, Oplonte, Tegianum, Tamania, Cosa, and Veseride, all had disappeared. In their places were only mountains of half congealed lava, hot stones, and smoking cinders."

The following facts relative to the excavations now making, I extract from Bonucci's History of Pompeii, published at Naples, in 1828. It seems to relate to some of the characters mentioned in the above veracious narrative, as well as to throw some light upon the fate of poor Marcus.

"Vesuvius had for an instant suspended his fury, when an unfortunate mother bearing an infant in her arms, and with two young daughters, endeavoured to

profit by the opportunity, and to fly from their country-house to Nola, the city the least threatened by this unspeakable catastrophe! Arrived at the foot of the above-mentioned hemicycle, the volcano recommenced its ravages with redoubled fury. Stones, cinders, fire, melted and boiling substances, rained from all sides, and surrounded the miserable fugitives. The unfortunates sought refuge at the foot of a tomb, where reposed perhaps the ashes of their fathers; and invoking in the most frightful despair the gods, deaf to their prayers, they closely embraced their mother as they breathed out their last sigh, and in this situation they remained. Near them were found two other skeletons of men; the one stretched on his back with his arms open, the other on his face. The latter had upon him sixty-one golden coins, mixed with a hundred and twenty-one of silver. Among the female skeletons were found two elegant ear-rings, in the form of a balance suspended from a golden wire; and also three golden rings,* one of which had the form of a serpent several times twisted round, whose head pointed up the finger. One other, which from its size could have belonged only to the small and beautiful hand of a young girl, contained a garnet, on which was graven a thunderbolt, indicating in these interesting victims, taste, wealth, and a distinguished rank."

This excavation was made A. D. 1811; and it is evident from the author's mode of accounting for these skeletons being found there, that he was ignorant of the veracious history contained in these pages.

In the same history of the excavations just quoted

* A ring was the index of noble family.

page 175, in the description the temple of Isis, as it was found at the excavation, is the following. Speaking of the refectory:—"In this chamber was found the skeleton of a priest, who was at table. He had eaten eggs and chickens; and had drunk wine. The remnants of the dinner and the vessels were overturned upon the floor, and his own bones lay scattered beneath the seat."

NOTES.

[1] The natural day was from sunrise to sunset. It was divided, as was also the night, into twelve hours, whose length varied according to the season of the year. The night was divided into four watches, each consisting of three hours, which likewise varied with the season of the year. One o'clock began at sunrise and sunset.—*Adam's Roman Antiquities.*

[2] *House of Diomedes, excavated from* 1771 *to* 1774.—It is divided into two stories, ranged *en amphithéatre*, the highest of which is almost upon a level with the public street. It had a third above this last; thus this house might by called a *tristega*. It has no equal in Pompeii for elegance and grandeur.

Mounting a few steps, we enter, through a small door, an open court surrounded by fourteen columns covered with stucco and with brilliant colors. A flower-garden was in the centre, and a little canal received the water from the porticoes, and transported it to two cisterns. Their mouths, *putealia*, made of volcanic stone, may still be seen with the cavities made purposely for the cord. A mosaic work, with *signinum*, adorns the pavement.

On the right of the peristyle are the chambers where the men dwelt, and where strangers received hospitality. On the left is the apartment of the baths. In the first there is seen a little basin for cold water, crowned by a pretty little intercolumniation, with octagonal columns, at the extremity of which is a stove, where were found a gridiron and two frying-pans, still blackened with smoke.

At the side is the chamber for undressing, and in the next room is the furnace where the water was heated. These rooms were commonly decorated with stucco and arabesques of very delicate

taste. Over the bath, and between the porticoes, were painted trees laden with fruit, and fishes of every kind, which seemed to swim at the bottom of the waters.

Thence we mount to the bath-room over the furnace by which it was heated. It is entered by crossing another chamber, in which they left their clothes; and the *tepidarium*, where the sweat and moisture were scraped off with *strigils;* after which they anointed themselves. Here were wooden seats; below on the ground the form of a basket; and over the window a sash *with four panes of window-glass similar to ours.*

The bath-room contained on one side the bath for warm water, and on the other a niche in the form of a shell, with two windows. There is seen on the surface of the wall, the passage along which passed the heat of the flames below, and which rendered this chamber, and especially the niche, a true furnace. By means of a large hole bored in the wall, the heat passed into and warmed the *tepidarium.* A window-pane tempered the heat.

Descending, we pass by one of the porticoes of the peristyle into the pantry, where were found kitchen utensils around a marble table, supported by the statue of Hebe. Farther on are the sleeping-chambers, formerly rich in paintings of birds, in mosaics, and in marbles. In the middle of these chambers, there is one in the form of a semicircle, destined for a dining-room. The place where the table stood, can be very well distinguished; at its side is seen a *garde-robe.* Here were found some little glass vessels, and some in bronze, moulds for pastry, two tripods with shells, a basin, a candelabrnm, and two knives with handles of bone. Fishes were painted upon the walls. Three large windows, which looked upon the country from the east to the south elegantly adorned it, receiving the sun at all hours of the day; and introduced into the apartment the perfume of flowers, and of roses, some plants of which were recognised in the field below.

In front, another apartment appears, composed of a room for company (*exedra*), of a gallery, and of some open galleries overlooking the domestic garden and the sea. This rendered this little quarter the pleasantest of all the house.

In looking from these galleries down upon the street, we observe the habitations of the slaves and domestics, now the lodg-

ings of the veterans who guard the faubourg. On the left of these galleries we observe a fifth and more secret apartment. It was the women's.

Fragments of a large vessel of wrought silver, a kitchen utensil of bronze, a quantity of coins, morsels of ivory, the remains of a little statue which served for ornament to some article of furniture, were found in the ashes. They had fallen from the upper story.

By a little interior flight of steps, we descend into the summer apartments. The rooms resting against the hill are the largest in the whole house, and the best adorned with paintings and mosaic pavements. In the dining-room there were found on the pavement the remains of a carpet.

There is a little fountain which seems but to have just ceased to flow. On the same level is seen the garden, surrounded by a square colonnade of forty-nine feet on the four sides. There the ancients walked during the rainy season, and there they were luxuriously borne by their slaves on a chair or litter. Thither the women descended from their apartments, and reposed deliciously under the shade of these porticoes during the heat of the day.

From the garden we penetrate into a subterranean gallery very well lighted, to walk in during the summer. There are seen amphoræ which contained the wine of Vesuvius and that of Pompeii equally famous. In this gallery were found twenty skeletons near each other, two of which were of children. At the side of these skeletons there were found, in gold—two necklaces, one of which was adorned with blue stones, and four rings with graven stones; in silver—two rings, a large pin, the foot of some piece of furniture, and thirty-one coins; in bronze—a candelabrum, a vase, forty-four coins, and a bunch of keys. These objects might belong to those of the family who had sought refuge here; but they were covered there with ashes and water, which, forming a kind of paste, surrounded their bodies and took exactly their forms. In the Museo Borbonico are preserved many specimens of this consolidated ashes. One of them preserves the form of a superb bosom, another the contour of an arm and its ornaments, another a part of the shoulders and of the waist; all announces that these women were young, tall, and well-formed, but that they did not fly almost naked, as Dupaty affirms, for not only the print of their

linen remains visibly impressed on the ashes, but also that of their robes. They preserve there also the skull of one of these girls, with the remains of light hair, the molar teeth, and the bone of an arm.

The skeleton of a fugitive who had a key in one hand, a ring and a rouleau of ten pieces of gold and eighty-eight of silver in the other, was discovered near the door which opens towards the sea. At the distance of some paces, under the porticoes, were found two others. Without the villa were found nine of different conditions, to judge of them by the quality of their ornaments; they probably belonged to the same family. They had endeavoured to save something; but they did it with so much precipitation, that among other objects, there was found a little ivory spoon that they had lost in this extreme embarrassment near the superior door of this habitation.

There is in the centre of thegarden a fish-pond of considerable size, with a fountain formerly adorned with statues like the Divers, and the little Genii of bronze around the ponds, in some of the houses of Herculaneum. In the angles we see two little rooms which served as granaries, or places of deposit for agricultural utensils.

This house was surrounded without by various other gardens, and by a field of which the land was found tilled in furrows, and the barn for threshing the grain.—*Translated from Bonucci.*

[3] *For modesty's sake.* "It was customary for them," i. e. young men after putting on the *toga virilis*, "as a mark of modesty, during the first whole year to keep their right arm within the toga. Parents and guardians permitted young men to assume the *toga virilis* sooner or later than the age of seventeen as they judged proper."—*Roman Antiquities.*

[4] *Street of Tombs or the Pagus Augustus Felix.*—Pompeii is entered by one of its *faubourgs*, a village called Augustus Felix. This village, discovered principally between 1812 and 1814, which stretched from the gate and the walls of Pompeii a considerable way on the ancient route to Herculaneum, was founded by the colonies of Sylla and of Augustus, whose name it retained. It might now be called the *faubourg* of the dead, from the great quantity of tombs that cover it. There is but a single country-

house as yet disinterred there. But on the declivity of the hill may be observed remains of every kind, not yet uncovered, but marked by the swellings of the green turf. There the citizens the most distinguished by their offices, sacred, civil, or military, established their homes; and there they obtained public and honored tombs. These dwellings and tombs were most closely connected; and hence the remark of C. Nepos, that the ancients in quitting life merely changed their habitation. The shades of the dead wandered silently around their ancient dwellings; they partook at each instant the same sentiments, and thoughts, and even tears, with their surviving family. In the deep silence of a dark and stormy night, they assisted at the domestic altars, where they were invoked under the name of Lares, and received at the foot of the sepulchres, which were the first temples of every nation, the sacrifices and vows of their children.

Immediately upon entering the *street of tombs*, there may be seen at a single *coup-d'œil* the whole extent of it, as far as yet uncovered, and the tombs which adorn it on each side, up to the entrance of the city. What magnificence! How many forms unknown to architecture and to the arts!

These tombs, raised on superb pedestals, are crowned with flowers and shrubs of a perpetual verdure. There entire families repose together within their own domains, as if they still dwelt together; the mother sleeps at the side of the father, and the children, according to their age, at the side of the mother. The inscriptions are simple, and in a style at once tender and manly.

Cenotaphs, whose extremities terminate in the graceful tangling of palm and laurel boughs, altars which present the beautiful forms of *lectistenia*, and of temples which had been raised to the memory of the citizens worthy of them, who had died far from their country, embellish, by the beauty of their marbles, these fields of silence. One would take them for so many altars raised by the Genius of the arts to the silent Genii of mystery and death.

As this abode of the dead offered coolness and shade from the heat of the sun, it became a favorite promenade and rendezvous. There the Pompeian slept at the foot of the cypresses, and sat on the pedestals of the monuments.

The games, the sports, and the liveliness of a people naturally

idle, formed there a singular contrast to the calmness and silence which reigned over the spot sacred to the repose of the dead.

Here might once be seen mothers burning perfumes before the tombs of their children—girls watering with their own hands the poppies planted over the graves of their lovers—others pointing out to their children the spot where slept the ashes of a father who had been their stay. All were lost in the bitterness of sorrow and regret—a profound grief which makes no boast of empty parade, and which nothing can alleviate.—*Translated from Bonucci.*

[5] A skeleton was sometimes introduced at feasts in the time of drinking, in imitation of the Egyptians; upon which the master of the feast, looking at it, used to say, "Vivamus dum licet esse bene." Πῖνε τί καὶ τέρπευ, ἔσσαι γὰρ ἀποθανὼν τοιοῦτος.—*Roman Antiquities.*

[6] The street of tombs was closed by the city gates which were three in number at this place, viz. the central gate, of the same breadth as the street, and which was apparently raised up in grooves which still remain; and at each side of it was a little gate for foot passengers, under which the sidewalk passes. Directly by them stands a little niche or sentry-box, where the soldier on duty at the gate might stand.

[7] In the Museo Borbonico I was shown a circular plate of metal to which belonged a hammer; and upon striking it, a very loud, sonorous tone was produced. It is supposed that such were used in the manner here specified.

[8] *Temple of Venus.*—This temple is one of the most considerable of the city. It was destined for the college of the *Venerei.* Mention is made of them in this inscription which was discovered there.

M. Holconius Rufus D. V. I. D. Ter.
C. Egnatius Postumus D. V. I. D. Ter.
Ex D. D. Jus Luminum
Obstruendorum HS. ∞ ∞ ∞
Redemerunt Parietemque
Privatum Col. Ven. Cor.
Usque Ad Tegulas
Faciund. Coerarunt

"M. Holconius Rufus and C. Egnatius Postumus, duumvirs of justice for the third time, by the decree of the Decurions have bought the right of closing the windows for 3000 sesterces; and they have taken care to build up to the roof the private wall of the corporate College of the Venerei."

The architecture of this monument is inferior to that of the public Treasury. It has forty-eight columns of tufo, covered with stucco, of fhe Corinthian order and of bad proportions, which support four porticoes adorned with statues, with Hermes, and with superb paintings. Some of these latter are very singular. They represent Hector dragged around the walls of Troy, and Achilles drawing his sword upon Agamemnon, but Pallas holds his arm. Others represent some scenes of the battles of the Pigmies and the Cranes, a ludicrous contrast, by which the painter wished to translate to us, in another language, the irony with which Homer contemplated the exploits of the Mice and the Frogs.

We lingered some time in this temple, and strewed some myrtle leaves on the steps of the sanctuary, and we seated ourselves on the place where two young lovers had offered to the most amiable of goddesses, a couple sparrows and of doves.—*Translated from Bonucci.*

[9] *Basilica.*—This is a majestic edifice which is separated from the temple of Venus only by a little street. There assembled the merchants, and there was justice administered.

At its entrance were found the fragments of an equestrian statue of bronze gilt. Those found on the front of the Basilica of Herculaneum, were of marble; the equestrian statues of the two Nonniuses.

As the ancient Christian churches were also tribunals (of penitence), so they took the form and the name of these monuments.

The Basilica has an uncovered nave in the centre, and two others with porticoes on the sides. These last are formed of two rows of columns; one Ionic, which rose to the roof, the other more interior, Corinthian, which supported a second story, opening upon the central nave, whence the magistrates might be seen from every part of the basilica. There inferior judges settled trifling causes, the lawyers gave their counsel, and the young orators sometimes declaimed. The columns are of brick, stript

of their stucco, and of a construction apparently so recent, that it would seem almost incredible that they should belong to so ancient an edifice. At the end of the hall rose the magistrates' tribune seven feet high. An equestrian statue was placed before it, on a high pedestal. The interior of the tribune formed a little chamber, furnished with small grated windows, in which the criminals were placed to be interrogated prior to receiving public sentence. In the pavement of the tribune are seen the openings through which the voice was heard.

The porticoes were adorned with marble statues, and with Hermes of bronze. Among the first, were some of gigantic size. Fragments of both kinds were found. Here were also basins and fountains.

The walls, covered with stucco, are built of large square stones of different colors. On the exterior were painted fanciful specimens of architecture and many inscriptions (some of which are given note 16), made for amusement, with a brush, or with iron; which announce the condition and ignorance of those who made them. Near the entrance of the Basilica, we saw three large rooms, whose extremities, made in the form of a semicircle, and the niches and elevated seats of brick, appear to be the *sacelli*, appropriated to the magistrates who judged the minor causes of the state. The walls of these Curiæ, formerly covered with the finest marbles, are built of red bricks, and seem to have just come from the hands of the workmen.

The Forum was enclosed all round by triumphal arches, and by iron railings. A step which runs round it at the sides prevented carriages from entering.—*Translated from Bonucci.*

[10] The Chalcidicum is a species of spacious vestibule adorned with niches, and in the present case, covered with marble and supported by sixteen pilasters. By a large door, we pass from the vestibule to the interior porticoes. They were formed of forty-eight columns of Parian marble, of exquisite workmanship, which enclosed on four sides an uncovered court, a hundred and nineteen feet long, and half as wide. At the extremity in a superb niche was what seems to have been the statue of Concord. It was found near by, overturned, headless, and having traces of gilding on the borders of the robe.

The Crypt forms a second order of porticoes, more interior, and more sheltered from the weather.—*Translated from Bonucci.*

An enclosed gallery, with large windows to cool it in summer, was called Crypto-porticus. Commonly they had a double row of windows.—*Adam's Roman Antiquities.*

[11] As we have formed no such resolution, we proceed to give the inscription in question. It is as follows:

EUMACHIA L. F. SACERD. PUBL. NOMINE SUO
ET M. NUMISTRI FRONTONIS FILI CHALCIDICUM
CRYPTAM PORTICUS CONCORDIÆ AUGUSTÆ PIETATI
SUA PECUNIA FECIT EADEMQUE DEDICAVIT.

"Eumachia, daughter of Lucius, a public priestess, in her own name and in that of her son M. N. Fronto, has built at her own expense the Chalcidicum and Crypto-porticus of Concord, and has dedicated them to the piety of Augustus."

[12] *Statue of Eumachia.*—This beautiful statue stood in the Crypto-porticus already mentioned. It was raised in her honor by the washerwomen of Pompeii, for whose use the porticoes were constructed. The centre of the Chalcidicum evidently once contained a sheet of water, in which were several washing-blocks cased with white marble. This statue represents Eumachia in a Vestal's dress; her veil, which hangs down on each side of the head leaving the face exposed, falls over the shoulders in front, and is supported by her right hand against her breast. Her left is also slightly raised in the act of gracefully supporting her robes. On the pedestal of the statue is the following inscription:

EUMACHIÆ L. F.
SACERD. PUB.
FULLONES.

[13] *The Pantheon or Temple of Augustus.*—This temple may be termed the gallery of the Pompeian *fêtes*. Its plan seems to have been taken from that of the temple of Serapis at Pozzuoli.

By a door decorated with two orders of columns, with several altars, and a file of pedestals for statues, we have a passage to a place uncovered, and formerly surrounded with a peristyle, on whose walls were painted every thing requisite for a sumptuous repast; fish, a turkey-cock, baskets full of eggs, geese, partridges

killed and plucked, vases for fruits, and a quantity of amphoræ for wine. Over the private entrance at the left, are also seen oxen, sheep, a cornucopia emptying itself upon upturned dishes, fruits in vases, little genii who wreath garlands and flowers to distribute among the guests, and Psyche with her butterfly wings, who follows her lover to the banquet of Loves.

On the right is ranged a row of eleven cabinets, for the repasts of the most distinguished citizens, with figures of geese, which were their principal viand. In front rises a tribune adorned with four niches. On a base there formerly stood, probably, a statue of Augustus; since there was found on the ground an arm holding a globe. At the side are two agreeable statues, one of Livia in the flower of her age and beauty, the other of Drusus her son. A light drapery envelopes the body of this interesting child.

In the *sacellum* contiguous, sacrifices were offered. On a large altar encrusted with marble, is still the place *(favissa)* where the sacred instruments were deposited. On the stone seats on the other side of the tribune, the victims were cut up and distributed among the people, who entered there by a contiguous door. Upon this door were painted morsels of meat, a hatchet to cut them, dead birds, a pig's head, and hams. Beneath the seats is a little canal, where flowed the blood of the victims. It is on this account that they were painted red. In the depth is seen a large picture where were represented the twin founders of Rome on the knees of Laurentia, and the gods protecting them from on high.

From the middle of the uncovered Atrium rose in a decagon twelve little pedestals, for the beams that support the *tholus*, a light pavilion of wood. In this enclosure they prepared the meats and distributed them. It was a kind of little kitchen. Here was a receptacle for dirty water, &c. which was found full of the offals of fish, that had been thrown there. Still further on were found amphoræ and vases of bronze.

A great number of fresco paintings every where embellish this edifice, dedicated to the sacred banquets; which the dancing girls, the poets, and the actors, animated with all that the Greek dances and recollections of glory and of love could furnish, of the most voluptuous and alluring.

Here a Bacchante leans on a young actress; there a beautiful

musician seems desirous of pouring into your ear the sound of the lyre that she strikes, while one of her companions is in the attitude of repose; she has ceased to strike her lyre, but she seems to meditate some new lay. One would say that she was waiting for the inspiration of Love.

Sometimes one meets a warrior, a guard of the *Sacrarium;* sometimes young and beautiful priestesses, who offer to their fellow-citizens poppies and presents of Ceres.

Here is seen Etra discovering to Theseus the sword of his father, till then hidden under a rock; and Ulysses, sad and pensive at his own fireside, can scarcely restrain his tears before Penelope, who has not yet recognised him. In fine, near the principal entrance of the temple, is painted an Emperor, seated on a pile of arms, and crowned by Victory. Vessels ranged for battle, remind us of Actium, and unite for the last time Antony and Augustus, the triumvirate and the empire.

Divinities and Genii offering fruits on a discus, landscapes, and Victories on cars in full career, palaces and arabesques, complete the ornament of this fine monument consecrated to the triumphs of Rome.

This temple was dedicated to Augustus, whom Tiberius had deified. Vitruvius, who places this temple in the forum, and inscriptions without number found at Pompeii, which mention the priests of Augustus *(Augustales)* and their ministers, confirm our opinion. These last were chosen by two persons, to whom was entrusted the charge of procuring by means of public vows, the performance of the solemnities consecrated to Augustus. And do not all the signs of the sacred repast, and of the distribution of the entrails *(visceratio)* to the people, as well as the pictures of the sacred ministers so often repeated in this temple, indicate the history that these inscriptions so briefly explain?

Tacitus tells us that the *Sodales Augustales* were priests who sacrificed to Augustus. At some paces from the principal entrance of the temple, the following fragment may be read on marble, which speaks precisely of these priests, who there had their establishment.

. . . . AMINI AUGUSTALI SODALI
AUGUSTALI Q.

Moreover, besides the public banquets and *fêtes* celebrated in honor of the birth and victories of Augustus and of his successors, Dion relates, that the senate had decreed *fêtes*, and the chace of animals on the anniversary of the death of Sejanus; and that it was the duty of the four principal colleges of priests to have them executed, under the direction of the Augustales. In this temple, where these *fêtes* and banquets must have taken place, are still seen paintings of the chace of animals.

Near the little door was found a small casket with a lock, in which were 1036 coins of bronze, forty-one of silver, a fine gold ring with an engraved stone, and another of silver. Towards the large door were found ninety-three coins of bronze. These were the gifts of public charity. Here too were discovered large *window-panes of glass.* This circumstance will not cease to excite the surprise and even the incredulity of many antiquarians.—*Translated from Bonucci.*

[14] *Temple of Isis.*—This divinity was most venerated because least known. Protectress of the port and of the commerce of Pompeii, she was called *Pelagic.* At the entrance of the temple was found the little box for public charity; and near it two elegant basins for lustral water. But who was the deity painted in the depth of that niche? It was Silence (Harpocrates), the son of Isis, who with his raised finger commands silence, as he points to his mother in the depth of the *sacrarium.*

On the large altar sacrifices were offered; on the other, which is vacant, were placed the ashes of the victims.

There is here a subterranean chamber with a bath. One or two persons could go there together. There the initiated were purified. Its little door is adorned with a frontispiece, and surrounded by walls elegantly covered with *bas-reliefs* in stucco. They represent the initiated at prayer, Venus with Mars, and Mercury who embraces a nymph lightly clad and crowned with flowers;—Cupids, dolphins, and Genii seem to surround them, bearing the sacred caskets.

The *sacrarium* with its little vestibule, formed by six columns of the Corinthian order, rises from the centre of the uncovered Atrium. Let us ascend these stairs. On this sub-base was the statue of the goddess, here the Hierophant appeared clad in his

mysterious robes in the midst of the noise of sistrums, tympanums, and hymns.*

On each side of the staircase is a small pedestal to which was found attached a flat calcareous stone with hieroglyphics upon it. On each side of the *sacrarium* are other altars and other niches behind; there was also in a little niche, a statue of Bacchus. Porticoes and altars surround the whole enclosure of the temple. Their columns offer a confused mixture of three orders of architecture. In an angle on the right rose the little statue of Isis that Cecilius Phœbus dedicated to her; and that of Venus, the neck, arms, and lower part which were gilt.

From thence we pass into the eating-room, adorned with paintings and a mosaic pavement. On this pavement is read,

N. Popidi Celsini.
N. Popidi Ampliati.
Cornelia Celsa.

These were votaries of Isis and adepts in her mysteries. The paintings represented the apotheosis of Io (the Egyptian Isis) and the figures of different animals who were there held in veneration. There were seen two gigantic Hermes with beard and horns; between them were barks, of which one, probably that of Horus or the Sun, contained a casket with a bird, and the other was steered by a man; two serpents round two sticks surmounted by a garland of flowers, and below, a lioness; a figure seated in a chair and closely veiled, and a serpent; a figure of Isis with a robe and a covering on the head, in her left hand a sceptre, at her arm is suspended a bucket; beneath her feet is a skull, and at her side serpents, one of which is erect, and the other twined about a tree laden with fruit. All these figures have on their heads the lotus flower, and alluded to the diverse operations of the sun

* This is probably a mere inference of Bonucci, drawn from the fact, that beneath the altar is a little chamber in the sub-base mentioned. A small and secret flight of steps conducted to it; and there, according to the more general and probable idea, the priests concealed themselves, when they delivered their oracles in the name of the goddess. Other tricks and impositions were doubtless practised upon the people by means of this secret avenue to the statue—a disposition to the practise of which does not seem to be altogether lost by the modern priesthood of Italy. Christian statues can still groan and weep, and Christian paintings wink and blush, as well as any Pagan of them all.—*Ed.*

and of nature. The serpent *uræus* or the aspic, was the symbol of life and of death.

In this chamber was found the skeleton of a priest of the temple, who seems to have perished at his meals. Egg-shells and chickens' bones lay before him, with the vessels that he had used at his meal.

In the next chamber were found a great number of the symbols of the worship of Isis, and a little Egyptian idol in a niche. This was a wardrobe of the temple; it had still two chairs and other furniture. We should wander too far from the subject, were we to relate all the trials, the ceremonies, and the prayers which entered into the mysteries of Isis, which were transplanted into Greece under the name of *Eleusinian.* No authors, ancient or modern, have been able to penetrate the secret. Apuleius speaks of them in an enigmatical manner.

"I approached," he says, "the confines of death. After having trodden under foot the threshold of Proserpine, I returned through all the elements. At midnight the sun seemed to shine with a dazzling light. I have appeared before the celestial and infernal deities, and have worshipped them very near."

Many believe that the Isiac mysteries taught in disguise the doctrine of a future life. When Apuleius says, "that he arrived at the confines of death, and trod under foot the threshold of Proserpine," is it not a sufficiently clear allegory of the fears from which he imagined himself delivered by his initiation? For the rest, every difficulty disappears with these promises made to him by Isis.

"*Thou shalt live happy; thou shalt be full of glory under my protection. When, having reached the limits of thy life, thou shalt descend into the place of the departed, thou shalt inhabit the Elysian fields . . . If, by thy zeal for my worship, and by the practice of continence and of the privations which shall be imposed upon thee, thou shalt merit my favors, thou shalt find that it is in my power to prolong thy days beyond the time that destiny has prescribed to thee.*"

To the hope of enjoying an assured felicity after death, was joined that of a long and happy life, a hope respecting which it is never difficult to deceive men, because their happiness consists in their yielding to the force of this illusion.

It appears that M. de Hammer has wrested this secret from time, and that he is the first who has thrown a ray of light upon the mysterious sanctuary of Isis. On the authority of Clemens Alexandrinus, he mentions three kinds of Isiac mysteries, viz. the purification at the entrance of the tomb; the lesser mysteries upon judgment and death, and the doctrine of a future life; and finally, the passage to the greatest mysteries, by the contemplation of the eternal light, the source of existence and of the universe. For the initiated, the minor trials were four, the major three.

The chamber of the victims and the apartments of the priests are on the left of the temple that we have just described. Here and there were found about the kitchen, bones of ham, offals of fish, and earthen table-utensils. The Hierophant had collected the treasures of the goddess and fled; but death surprised him at the entrance of the great square of the theatre. Under his skeleton were found three hundred and sixty coins of silver, nine of pure gold, and forty-two of bronze; little silver vases, very singular Isiac figures, spoons, goblets, clasps, little cups, all of silver, a fine cameo and ear-rings.—*Translated from Bonucci.*

Into the above account, our author seems to have thrown something of the mystery of the divinity whose temple he was describing. I will therefore subjoin the following brief account. "The temple was eighty-four feet long by seventy-four broad. It is surrounded by a portico sustained on each side by eight columns of the Doric order, and six in front. All this building is composed of brick, covered with a very hard kind of stucco, and was of beautiful architecture.

"In the depth of the temple rose the sanctuary, insulated, and ascended by seven steps. This sanctuary itself formed a little square temple. It is adorned with stucco on the sides, with two niches in front and one at the opposite part. The *façade* is terminated by two famous Isiac tables, now in the museum at Naples.

"A small but elegant vestibule, supported by six columns and adorned with beautiful mosaic, conducted to the altar, upon which were found fragments of the statue of Isis. Beneath the altar is a little chamber, where, as it is thought, the priests hid themselves when they uttered the responses of the oracle. The back part of the temple still presents the little secret staircase

leading to the chamber. On each side of the temple is an altar, the one on the left for burning the victims, that on the right as a deposite for the sacred ashes which were found there in great quantity."—*Vasi.*

[15] This extreme number of shops to be let by a single person in the little city of Pompeii has led to various conjectures. Some suppose it to be a hoax upon this Julia Felix, the lessee, by some wag of Pompeii. Others suppose these to be mere stalls or single rooms, or a mixture of both. Others again consider her to have been a sort of female broker, who let the tenements of others. Whatever may have been the fact, the advertisement was found on a wall. It is as follows:

IN PRÆDIIS JULIÆ SP. F. FELICIS
LOCANTUR BALNEUM, VENERIUM ET
NONGENTUM TABERNÆ PERGULÆ
COENACULA EX IDIBUS AUG. PRIMIS IN
IDUS AUG. SEXTAS ANNOS CONTINUOS
QUINQUE S. Q. D. L. E. N. C.

The second supposition seems to be hardly admissible, when we consider the terms of the advertisement; and on the other hand, it is hardly probable that she would possess so many buildings as her own property. Truth probably lies in the first or last supposition.

[16] It is interesting after the lapse of so long a period of time to see the inscriptions scribbled about the streets by boys and idlers, which show how little the nature of either has been changed. The following are selected from many on the walls of the Basilica, of every kind and character. The first one, particularly, is very characteristic of all idlers in all ages. The orthography is here preserved.

C. PUMIDIUS DIPILUS HEIC FUIT AD NONAS OCTOBREIS.
M. LEPID. Q. CATUL. COS.

i. e. seventy-seven years before the time of our Saviour, the epoch of the death of Sylla. Seldom does the aspirant after immortality by such means, so fully obtain his object.

NON EST EX ALBO JUDEX, PATRE ÆGYPTIO.

DAMAS, AUDI.

SUAVIS VINARIA SITIT; ROGO VOS VALDE SITIT.

LUCRIO ET SALUS HIC FUERUNT.

OPPI EMBOLIARI, FUR, FURUNCULE.

Under several obscene inscriptions some one has written,

JOUS MULTUM MITTIT PHILOCRATIS,

i. e. against such indecencies. It was a common custom to write with colors, on the side of shops or houses, the names of the vender and of the *Patron*, who was commonly one of the chief magistrates, a Duumvir, or an Ædile, whose protection was implored. The following is one of them:

POSTUMIUM PROBUM ÆD. PHOTINUS ROG.

FER TUNNUM.

Other public inscriptions contain the recommendations of themselves by the colleges or the artisans to the protection of the magistrates in office.

MARCELLINUM ÆDILEM LIGNARJ ET FLOSTARJ ROGANT UT FAVEAT.

M. CERRINIUM ÆD. SALINIENSES ROG.

A. VETTIUM ÆD. SACCARJ. ROG.

C. CUSPIUM PANSAM ÆD: AURIFICES UNIVERSI ROG.

PILICREPI FACITE.

FORNACATOR SECUNDO ÆD.

PAQUIO DUUMV. I. D. VENEREI.

In the secret street of the little theatre some soldiers had written one of their adventures with a certain Tyche; and added, "in the consulate of M. Messala and of L. Lentulus;" i. e. three years B. C.

All these are written in red or black letters, with a brush. They were sometimes covered with white paint, and other inscriptions placed over them.—*Translated from Bonucci.*

[17] The nearest relation closed the eyes and mouth of the deceased, probably to make them appear less ghastly. The eyes were afterwards opened on the funeral pile. When the eyes were closed, they called upon the deceased by name several times, at

intervals, repeating *Ave* or *Vale;* whence "corpora nondum conclamata," "just expiring"; and those who had given up their friends for lost, or supposed them dead were said, "eos conclamavisse." So when a thing was quite desperate, *conclamatum est.—Adam's Roman Antiquities.*

[18] "They," the emperors, "used a particular badge of having fire carried before them. Marcus Antoninus calls it a lamp, probably borrowed from the Persians. Something similar seems to have been used by the magistrates of the municipal towns; a pan of burning coals, or a portable hearth, in which incense was burnt; a perfumed stove."—*Ibid.*

[19] On public occasions, the emperor wore a crown and a triumphal robe.—*Tacit. Ann.*

[20] That I may not seem to have misrepresented the morals of the times or of the votaries of Isis, I must be allowed here a few remarks.

"The worship of Isis was universal in Egypt. The priests were obliged to observe perpetual chastity. Their heads were closely shaved, and they always walked barefooted, and clothed themselves in linen garments. They never ate onions. They abstained from salt with their meat, and were forbidden the flesh of sheep and of hogs. During the night, they were employed in perpetual devotion near the statue of the goddess."—*Encyclopædia.*

To judge from the above, it would seem that the rules here required were directly at variance with the character of Marcus. But it must be remembered that the worship of Isis by the Egyptians and by the luxurious Romans, was a very different thing. Their luxury and refinement incorporated itself into the worship of the myriads of strange gods they introduced into Rome from the barbarous nations whom they conquered.

It may be assumed safely of any large body of men, that restrictions from marriage always produce licentiousness; and the priests of Isis, neither in dress, tonsure, rules, nor *religion*, seem to have differed (except in name) from many of the present priests of Christ on the same spot. Those travellers who have visited the *private room* at the Museo Borbonico will find enough of the satire of *that day* against the priests of Isis, on the sarcophagus in that room, to warrant all that is intimated in the conversation alluded to. The strangely obscene presents brought to the temple; when,

in consequence of the supposed influence of the priests, the donors had become mothers ; the indecent paintings in the bed-rooms of the young girls, the charm *contra sterilitatem* which there seems little reason to doubt were worn by the ladies about the neck, as in modern times a cross or an eye-glass; the symbol over the oven, &c., all serve to show how deep was the moral degradation from which Christianity rescued mankind.

Speaking of the house of Julia Felix, Bonucci remarks, " Parmi ces chambres on découvrit un *Sacrarium*, qui d'après les peintures d' Isis, d' Osiris, d' Igiéa, d'Anubis, et de différentes petites idoles et talismans qu'on y trouva, parmi lesquelles un Priape et un Harpocrate, tous deux le doigt sur les lèvres, on conjectura que la propriétaire étoit *une initée aux mystères d'Isis et devouée à son culte pour obtenir des enfans.* Il y avoit dans le centre un trépied de bronze, soutenu par trois Satyres obscènes, qui tendent la main à la suppliante, et semblent lui promettre que ses vœux seront exaucés." The more general impression seems to be however, that she *exerçoit chez elle le* LENOCINIUM which was forbidden to those who should hire any of the nine hundred shops she advertised; very possibly with the intention of monopolizing the business herself. See note 15.

In the street of tombs is a little sepulchral inclosure where was found a marble head, *à peine ébauchée*, with the hair knotted behind the neck. It bore this inscription:

JUNONI
TYCHES JULIÆ
AUGUSTÆ VENER.

The protecting divinities (answering to the modern *patron saints*) of women were called Junos, of men, Genii. " Singulis enim et Genium et Junonem dederunt."—*Seneca.*

Thus Tyche recommends herself to her tutelar divinity ; but her quality of *Venerea* " ne seroit pas des plus décentes de nos jours."— *Précis Historique.*

[21] When persons were at the point of death, their nearest relation present endeavoured to catch their last breath with their mouth ; for they believed the soul then went out at the mouth.—*Roman Antiquities.*

[22] This little vial, called a *lachrymatory*, has lately been assert-

ed not to contain the tears, but some rich odor. I have preferred adopting the more generally received opinion of its use. The sepulchral chamber of Saturninus is seen in turning to the right near the house of Diomedes, where was found a small door which opened into an enclosure of *reticulated* wall. There is to be seen a *triclinium*. It is formed by three beds made of stone, upon which when carpets and cushions were placed, the guests were very comfortable.

Here was celebrated the funeral banquet *(silicernium)*. This custom at first consisted only in sitting round the tombs and eating the remains of the victims after the sacrifices were terminated. M. Fauvel, French consul at Athens, found about a sepulchre that he believed to be that of Antiope, the Amazon, near the Piræus, the bones of goats and rams, and horns of oxen partly burnt, bones of chickens, and other remains of the funeral feast.

But the fervent piety of the ancients, and the poetical imagination of a mythological religion, soon changed the simplicity of these feasts. They believed that they should be prepared for the dead; and in effect they spread magnificent tables, leaving in the middle of the guests a place for the dead. In this triclinium is a small column on which was placed, before the table, the urn of the defunct, crowned with roses. Flowers were scattered in profusion; libations were offered; and it not unfrequently happened that, in often replenishing the goblets with the wine of Vesuvius,* the guests forgot that they were met to weep.—*Translated from Bonucci.*

[23] At the betrothing of the parties, there was commonly a feast; and the man gave the woman a ring by way of pledge, which she put on her left hand, on the finger next the least; because it was believed that a nerve reached thence to the heart.—*Macrob.*

It is not a little curious thus to trace customs and expressions still in use, to their origin, which to the great mass of men is perfectly unknown. "He received his dying breath," for "he was present at his death bed." "He will not go out again till he goes feet foremost," to signify that "he will never go out again alive," are among the many examples that may be found of this fact.

[24] Hence, as is supposed, the Latin name for wife, *uxor quasi unxor.*

* This is the wine now known by the name of Lachrymæ Christi.—*Ed.*

[25] This house is known by the name of the *House of the Mosaic Fountain.* At its side stands a twin sister, which is known by the same name as the first. This second house has a Tuscan court, with two small rooms at the side of the door for servants. In the study are some beautiful decorations; little Cupids who milk a she-goat, and who fight with ferocious beasts; and stags who draw tranquilly a little car. In the room at its side are painted actors and a comic representation.

In front, in the garden, columns support a portico covered with verdure. In the middle is a very singular fountain, covered with mosaics of marbles and shells, in the form of a niche terminated by a frontispiece. The water fell by three steps into a marble bason, in the form of an oblong square, where the bath might be taken. The half of a small column sent forth a *jet d'eau;* or perhaps the same little hole that it had in the centre, served at the same time to emit the water and to prevent its overflowing the basin. Two masks of Parian marble supported lamps; and shed from their eyes and mouth a light whose effect was very curious.—*Translated from Bonucci.*

[26] *House of the Vestals.*—The house known by this name, has a vestibule, divided into three chambers, decorated with four demi-columns, which almost give this house the form of a temple. It is adorned with superb mosaics, and with beautiful paintings. There may be seen a Faun who raises the garment of a sleeping Bacchante, a favorite subject with the Pompeian painters.

We entered the Atrium.* It formed the public part of ancient habitations. It has in the centre a court *(cavædium)*, which, although it had been covered, had an opening in the middle of its roof *(compluvium)*, which served for the admission of light; and through which the rain-water fell into a square basin *(impluvium)*, which conducted it to cisterns made with particular care. A *triclinium* in a saloon formerly paved with rich mosaics of

* The ancients used five kinds of Atrium or court. 1. The Tuscanicum, whose roof was formed by four beams, which crossed each other at right angles, having an opening in the middle. 2. The Tetrastyle, whose vault rested on four columns at the point where the rafters met. 3. The Corinthian, surrounded by a peristyle. 4. The Testudinatum, that is to say, covered. And 5. the Displuviatum, which shed its waters into the street.

glass, is placed at the side of the Atrium. There is still to be seen the figure of a fish, a symbol of the object to which it was destined. The audience-chamber is opposite, where the Pompeian, surrounded by the images of his ancestors, received his clients, friends, and dependants.

Immediately after, we arrived at the public apartment, where were the rooms for the men. This house seems to have been originally two separate houses, afterward, probably, bought by some rich man and thrown into one. After traversing a little court, around which are the sleeping-chambers, and that destined to business, we hastened to render our visit to the Penates. We entered the pantry, and rendered back to the proprietors the greeting* that from the threshold of this mansion they still direct to strangers. We next passed through the kitchen and its dependencies. The corn-mills seemed waiting for the accustomed hands to grind with them, after so many years of repose. Oil, standing in glass vessels, chestnuts, dates, raisins, and figs in the next chamber announce the provision for the approaching winter; and large amphoræ of wine recall to us the consulate of Cæsar and of Cicero.

We entered the private apartment. Magnificent porticoes are to be seen around it. Numerous beautiful columns covered with stucco and with very fresh colors, surrounded an agreeable garden, a pond, and a bath. Elegant paintings, delicate ornaments, stags, sphinxes, wild and fanciful flowers, every where cover the walls. The cabinets of the young girls and their toilet, with appropriate paintings, are disposed along the sides. In this last were found a great quantity of female ornaments, and the skeleton of a little dog.

At the extremity is seen a semicircular room adorned with niches, and formerly with statues, mosaics, and marbles. An altar, on which the sacred fire burned perpetually rose in the centre. This is the *sacrarium*. In this secret and sacred place, the most solemn and memorable days of the family were spent in rejoicings. On birth-days, sacrifices were offered to the Genius or Juno, the protector of the new born child. Offerings of crowns

* The word *Salve* is printed in mosaic on the threshold of this house, so that the visitor is welcomed as he crosses it.—*Ed.*

made of poppies, whose seeds are innumerable, were made to Fecundity, and the slave embraced there, with trembling, the knees even of the Furies. The Abbé Romanelli conjectures that this is the house that Claudius, afterwards emperor, occupied with his son Drusus, when they retired to this city to avoid the hatred of Tiberius.—*Translated from Bonucci.*

Hence it is easy to infer that it is, to say the least, very doubtful if this were any thing more than a private house. It may perhaps be sufficient authority for a tale, but for nothing else.

[27] This house, called the *House of the Dramatic Poet*, in which we have placed our good friend Cennius, I shall proceed to describe in the words of Bonucci, omitting only those parts which have already been described in the tale.

"On the threshold is seen in elegant mosaic, a large dog, chained, and seeming ready to spring upon those who enter, and below are these facetious words in mosaic, *Cave Canem.*"

After speaking of the Venus, Thetis, &c. he goes on to remark, "All these figures are probably portraits, as it was the custom to represent them around the Atrium. The rings upon the fingers show the family to have been noble. But who was the young girl or rather goddess, who lent her smile and her charms to this Thetis, to this Briseis, &c.

On the same side [of the Atrium] are seen various small sleeping-chambers. In one are paintings of the combats of the Amazons, similar to the *bas reliefs* lately discovered at Figalie. They are on cars, a singular thing! The warriors are on foot. The victory seems to declare itself for the latter. Below this ornament is seen a young Nereid, naked, sitting on a sea-bull, that she seems to caress. One perhaps was the *Taureau dionysiaque* and the other a Bacchante. In front is an obscene painting. The Pompeians were accustomed to place these representations in the most exposed places, which shows how different were their morals from ours. Propertius deplores this fatal usage, and invokes the wrath of Heaven on the first who shall dare expose to the ingenuous regards of a young girl these dangerous monuments of shame.

Opposite the court is the study; in a very ordinary painting is seen a poet seated on a stool, who, holding a paper in his hand, declaims his verses before two illustrious personages seated at the

extremity of the chamber. At a little distance Apollo and a Muse protect our man of letters.

If this curious painting alludes to a historic fact, the poet who seems to be of an inferior condition was perhaps Plautus, or Terence, or some one of those unfortunate Athenians, who, prisoners at Syracuse, sought to soften their fate and the ferocity of their masters by passionate verses; thus weighing the glory of Euripides against the reverses of Nicias.

Every part of this chamber is embellished and animated by a crowd of Genii, Victories, and Arabesques. The coloring, freshness, and movement of these little figures are admirable. The mosaic pavements are also of a perfect style. The middle one indicates *the concert of a dramatic representation.* In the depth of the theatre are seen the columns which ornament the scene. A flute-player seems by his modulations to accompany a *Choragus* who is seated and is declaiming. The choir has received from him the masks, some of which still rest upon the knees of the players. Another seems to dress himself in a great haste, and one of his companions assists him. Joy and enthusiasm are painted in the gestures of the first. There are in our day but very few mosaics of antiquity which can be compared to this fine picture composed of seven figures. Scenic masks are painted in the contiguous apartments.

We next come to a Doric peristyle which has capitals of a form somewhat new and elegant. It surrounded a small garden enclosed with iron palisades. Opposite is the domestic altar, with a little niche adorned with a beautiful frontispiece.

Here was discovered the little statue of a Faun, with flowers and fruits in her bosom.

On the left is a sleeping-room, where is a painting of Ariadne abandoned; besides a Narcissus; and a Love, fishing. The rogue has already caught a good prize, that he presents to his mother. This chamber doubtless belonged to some lovely, fascinating lady, to whom it was desired in this picture to address a flattering compliment.

Near by is a small chamber, where among the beautiful landscapes and sea-views, were discovered papyri, painted with Greek letters. This was certainly the library. There was ordinarily in

the middle of the libraries a closet, where the books were ranged each with its label. Others were placed upon the walls. One walked around and selected the author desired. In the preceding chamber the Pompeian abandoned himself to the pleasures of love; in this to meditation and study. The passions and their excess were perhaps less formidable among the ancients than among us. The study consecrated to philosophy and moderation, was if I may so speak, the *sacrarium* of the profane temple of voluptuousness and of beauty.

Not far from this place, we admired for its freshness and for the composition, a beautiful painting which represented the sacrifice of Iphigenia.

We next arrive at the room for banquetting and dancing. We see represented in this vast room, in the midst of the most various and agreeable decorations of architecture and of flowers, fruits in glass vases, a cock who holds a caduceus, charming dancing-girls, Leda who presents to her astonished spouse the three twins Castor, Pollux, and Helen, coming out of the egg; Theseus, who having arrived on the shore of Naxos, abandons the sleeping Ariadne; and Love who complains to Venus of the contempt of Diana. On the pavement in mosaic we see fishes, geese, and ornaments simple but full of elegance and taste.

Next comes the kitchen with its hearth similar to our own, and the *common* place.

This habitation had a second story, very noble and agreeable. There, in the first excavations, were found broken pieces of pavement, which represented in mosaic a fine head of Bacchus; and moreover a treasure of female ornaments. Some countryman who had come hither to seek for objects, had not been so fortunate as to find them, although he had arrived within two paces of them; when, from spite at finding nothing, he dispersed the bones of the skeletons in departing.

In the angle contiguous to this house in the Osque language are the following words:

SIIIIIIX. II. VN.

Numerii poemata accipies.

Translated from Bonucci.

[29] As there is no temple of Vesta yet discovered in Pompeii, I have borrowed that at Rome for the occasion.

[29] It has been a disputed point whether the statue of Vesta was placed over her altars. Meantime, in the unsettled state of the matter, I have felt at liberty to do as I pleased about placing her there.

[30] *Tragic Theatre.*—Here I shall merely subjoin what I have omitted to mention in the text. The first thing that strikes the attention is the following inscription:

M. M. Holconi Rufus et Celer
Cryptam Tribunal Theatrum S. P.
ad Decus Coloniæ.

This theatre was built in the time of Augustus, and was the work and done at the expense of Rufus and Celer. It was dedicated the 22d year of the Tribunate of that Emperor.

That part of the theatre that we call the pit was called the orchestra. It was the place of the principal magistrates. Among the Greeks, dances were executed on a floor made for the purpose. Thus the dancers could exhibit the lightness and grace of their movements in the very midst of the spectators, who loaded them with praises.

In front of the orchestra is the *proscenium* where the actors, the dancers, and the buffoons played their parts. It was five feet from the ground. The *siparium* or curtain, descended from above downwards, and contained a painting of the subject of the spectacle to be exhibited.

Awnings were spread upon poles projecting from the top of the theatre, to shield the audience from the excessive heat of the sun. On this account too, odoriferous showers of saffron-water were sprikled upon the audience from ingenious machines. A vast reservoir which received the canal of the Sarno is hard by, destined to this object.

This theatre, like all the more elevated monuments of Pompeii, is ruined and deprived of its marbles at the upper extremity, which from its height could not be entirely buried by the eruption.

Near by is the Odeum or theatre for music. It is on the left of the theatre, as Vetruvius directs. "Exeuntibus e theatro, sinistrâ parte Odeum." It is distinguished from the other theatre only by its smallness and preservation. Here were exhibited the trials and proofs of dramas, and the poetical contests, for which tripods

were offered as a reward. On the floor is seen in large bronze letters the name of the president of the spectacles.

M. Oculatius M. F. Verus II Vir pro Ludis.

Two inscriptions inform us that the Duumvirs C. Quinctius, son of Caius, and M. Porcius son of Marcus, by a decree of the Decurions, borrowed the silver for building the covered theatre, and approved it.

C. Quinctius C. F. Valg.
M. Porcius M. F.
Duovir Dec. Decr.
Theatrum Tectum
Fac. Locar. Idemque Probar.

Mr. Wilkins thinks, that perhaps it was not entirely covered; but he does not remember the two ancient theatres of Naples, and this line of Statius that describes them.

Et geminam molem nudi, tectique theatri.

Pillars at the extremity of the superior wall supported its roof; leaving between them intervals for air and light. This edifice suffered much injury by the earthquake of 63, and it was repairing, when buried by the eruption of 79.

The Quarters of the Soldiers immediately follow. To have an idea of them, one must figure to himself a spacious open enclosure, with a vast garden in the middle, surrounded by porticoes and intercolumniations on the four sides, and closed by long files of chambers on the ground floor. The columns are Doric, fluted at the upper part, small, painted red, and have a fine effect.

Here are seen inscriptions without an object, and very bad drawings of ships, soldiers, &c. done doubtless by the *classiarii* (soldiers of marine) who were quartered there, and by idle persons who lounged gaping about there.—*Translated from Bonucci.*

These drawings seem most of them to have been done with the point of a pin or knife, or some such instrument, and resemble the first efforts at drawing, which most of us can remember to have practised in younger days, upon the unfortunate benches, desks, &c. when *we* too yawned over uninteresting tasks.

Other facts relative to the Quarters of the Soldiers have been elsewhere described.

[31] To the door-keepers was given in a ticket of bone, on which was designated the cavea, the cuneus, the seat or bench, the place on the seat, and the name of the author of the play. Such a ticket cost a few sous. Some have been found in Pompeii indicating a tragedy of Æschylus. They were circular, having on the reverse side a drawing of a theatre.—*Starke.*

[32] The victim was led to the altar by the *Popæ*, with their clothes tucked up, and naked to the waist, with a slack rope, that it might not seem to be brought by force, which was reckoned a bad omen. For the same reason it was allowed to stand loose before the altar; and it was a very bad omen if it fled away.—*Adam's Roman Antiquities.*

[33] For a description of this gallery, see *note* 2.

[34] As I *assumed* a Temple of Vesta, so it became necessary to *assume* a *Campus Sceleratus.* The one would not be likely to exist without the other.

[35] "He" Domitian, "was so distrustful, even when alone, that round the terrace where he usually walked, he built a wall of shining stone, that from it he might percieve, as in a mirror, any one who approached him from any direction.—*Suet. in Vitâ.*

[36] Dioclesian introduced the custom of kneeling to the emperors. Aurelius Victor says, that the same thing was done to Caligula and Domitian.—*Adam's Roman Antiquities.*

[37] He passed the greater part of the day in catching flies and killing them with a bodkin. Hence the witty reply of Vibius, to a person who inquired of him who was with the emperor? 'No one, not even a fly.'—*Suet. in Vitâ.*

[38] *Catacombs of Naples.*—These are subterranean excavations pierced in the hill in the form of corridors, with other smaller ones at the side, which have three stages or stories. The walls contain niches of different sizes to the number of six, placed over each other. It is asserted, that these catacombs extended to Pozzuoli on one side and to Lautrec on the other, although the assertion seems to rest on conjecture alone.

As to the original object of these catacombs some suppose that anciently they served as subterranean communications with the city. The more general opinion however is, that they were formed by the removal of sand and stones for building; and that the

ancient Christians made use of them for the purpose of prayer, and the interment of the dead in the time of the persecution of the Christians; as was the case at Rome in the catacombs of St. Sebastian.

It is very interesting to observe in these catacombs the church of the ancient Christians, which is ascended by a few steps. There are some columns hewn in the tufo, the pulpit, and above all, the sacristy, in which were several inscriptions on marble, with which the exterior church that stands over the catacombs is now paved.—*Vasi.*

In the last plague at Naples, a vast number of those who died of that disease were buried, or rather laid, here. Consequently, skeletons meet you at every turn; now lying in the stone niches above mentioned, which are not unlike the berths of a ship, in social amity of five or six together, sometimes a heap of heads piled neatly up like canon-balls on board a man-of-war, and presenting a very disgusting appearance.

These catacombs are visited by torch-light, and are well worth a visit from any one who goes to that city.

[39] ☧. This monogram is commonly explained to be XP*ιστὸς*, i. e. the first two letters of the name.* This is believed to be the unquestionable indication of the place of interment of the early martyrs. The rock from which these catacombs are hewn, is often of a reddish color, which the conductor always shows as the stain of the blood of these martyrs. Whether they are really so, or only the natural color of the rock, I am unable to say.

I cannot recollect having been shown the above sign in the Neapolitan catacombs, in which I have placed it in the tale, though it seems most probable that it may be found there.

[40] Ships contrived for lightness and expedition had but one rank of oars on each side, or at most, two. They were of different kinds, and called by various names. But the most remarkable of these were the *naves Liburnæ*, a kind of light galley used by the Liburni, a people of Dalmatia addicted to piracy. To ships of this kind, Augustus was in a great measure indebted for his victory over Antony at Actium. Hence, after that time, the name was

* Some persons have supposed these two letters to be the Roman P, and the Greek Ch forming the initials of the words Pro Christo. Compared with the above explanation however, it is obviously strained.

given to all light, quick-sailing vessels.—*Adam's Roman Antiquities.*

[41] Ships of war were so called in contradistinction to ships of burden, on account of their greater length.—*Ibid.*

[42] The Roman women used a broad ribbon round the breast, called Strophium.—*Ibid.*

[43] The Roman fleet under Pliny, at the time of the eruption, lay at Misenum. He immediately repaired to Retina to save the soldiers who were there; but deterred by the danger which increased every moment, he landed at Stabia, and being arrived at the house of his friend Pomponianus, he took the bath, supped tranquilly, and slept. The danger began to be urgent—the court into which his apartment opened, began to be filled with ashes—the houses were so shaken by the earthquake, that they visibly rocked from side to side and then resumed their place. Death was imminent. It became necessary to wake him, and to fly. The sea was agitated by a contrary wind. Every one was flying to the country. Pliny called for cold water, and having swallowed two mouthfuls, a cloud of sulphur, the *avant-coureur* of the flames which approached, enveloped and stifled him.—*Précis Historique.* See two letters written by Pliny the younger to Tacitus, describing this event and his own flight with his mother from the terrible volcano.

[44] The combats here mentioned were actually painted on the wall. "On y distinguoit un cheval qui fuyoit devant une lionne, une ourse liée avec une longue corde à un taureau, afin qu'ils ne pussent s'éviter, et enfin (ce qui étoit spirituel) une tigresse qui combattoit avec un singe."

They placed trees and plants in the arena, and exhibited there the hunting of wild beasts, the games of the gladiators, the combats of the athletes, and those which took place on foot by the light of flambeaux, of which Enchion speaks at the supper of Trimalchion.

In excavating this amphitheatre, there were found "near the entrance and in the corridors six skeletons; and beside them two bracelets, two rings, a coin, and other morsels of gold; bronze coins, and a packet of cloths, in which was a lamp."—*Bonucci.*

"Skeletons of eight lions and of one man, supposed to have been their keeper, were according to report found in this amphitheatre."—*Starke.*

[45] Vesuvius, in its eruptions, commonly emits a great quantity of sea-water mixed with its volcanic substances. Pompeii was buried only under ashes, cemented by this water into a kind of paste, which effectually excluded the air, and contributed greatly to its preservation. The cast of a female, which was thus fairly stamped, has already been mentioned as having been found in the house of Diomedes. It is on account of Pompeii having been buried under such light and yielding matter, that its streets, &c. are so easily cleared out; while those of Herculaneum, being buried under solid lava, are penetrated but slowly; since the way must as it were be hewn out of rock.

I would here correct an error that many persons seem to fall into, which is, that Pompeii is subterranean, and is visited by torch-lights. It is on the contrary entirely open as far as the excavations admit, and it is entered as one would enter any other city.

[46] Speaking of the skeletons of the party found at the hemicycle near the Herculanean gate, Bonucci observes, "Tous étoient sur une hauteur supérieure de 9 pieds au niveau de la rue ancienne; ce qui nous assure qu'ils fuyoient quand le sol étoit déja extrémement encombré," &c.

[47] *The Amphitheatre.*—The description of this noble edifice has been anticipated in the course of the foregoing pages. Little now remains to be described.

"One is astonished," says Bonucci, "to find so vast a monument in a city whose inhabitants could hardly suffice to fill it. It seems capable of containing about twenty thousand persons. From this we infer that the neighbouring inhabitants were accustomed to frequent the spectacles at Pompeii. What confirms this conjecture is the squabble which occurred there between the colonists of Nuceria and the Pompeians, at an exhibition of gladiators given by Livinejus Regulus; and which rose from some trifling cause. The account of it is given by Tacitus. It seems that from words they went to stones, and at last took up arms. The Pompeians got the best of the day; and many of the Nucerians lost

their lives there. The Roman Senate in consequence prohibited these spectacles in Pompeii for ten years; and contrary to the laws, broke up the Colleges. Livinejus and the principal offenders were banished.

The construction of this amphitheatre is very solid, and is in much better preservation than is that of Pola, Verona, or the Colosseum. This is mainly owing to the repairs that the richest Roman colonists caused to be made after the injury done by the earthquake of 63. Their names are inscribed on the edge of the left parapet that surrounds the arena; and the four divisions that are seen, corresponding to their names in the first Cavea, were doubtless intended for these restorers of the amphitheatre, who were moreover superintendents of the spectacles.

A marble announces that the Duumvirs C. Valgus and M. Porcius (the same who built the covered theatre) had given them a perpetual place at the spectacles.

C. Quinctius C. F. Valgus
M. Porcius M. F. Duo Vir.
Quinq. Coloniæ Honoris
Caussa Spectacula de Sua
Pec. Fac. Coer. et Coloneis
Locum In Perpetuom Deder.

The names of these colonists are written on the step or seat assigned them.

It was the business of the Pontif Cuspius Pansa (to whom a statue and an inscription were dedicated at the other entrance of the amphitheatre) to see that the Petronian law was enforced.

C. Cuspius C. F. Pansa Pater D. V. I. D.
IIII. Quinq. Præf. Id. Ex D. D.
Lege Petron.

This law was promulgated under the reign of Nero, and consisted in a prohibition to cause slaves to fight with gladiators and wild beasts, unless when legally condemned to it. In fact, it seems that under the Duumvirate of Pansa, wild beasts could only fight together.—*Translated from Bonucci.*

I will add for the benefit of the unlearned, that a certain number of seats were separated from those behind them by partitions,

like those separating the pit from the orchestra in France, for the use of the different magistrates; and these seats, thus separated, were called *caveæ*. As the circumferences of the building and the arena form a small oval in a large one, if we suppose both to be divided by the same number of points equidistant, it is obvious that lines drawn from the smaller to the larger, would be lines diverging from the former; i. e. having the form of a wedge (cuneus.) Now the entrances to the amphitheatre are all of them in the range of lines thus drawn; and hence the parts included between the *vomitoria*, as they are termed, are called *cunei*. This word not unfrequently is used for the assembly; "all the cunei," as *we* often say, the whole theatre, meaning all the spectators.

The subjoined is merely an imperfect list of the objects taken from Pompeii and Herculaneum and placed in cabinets in the Museo Borbonico. To those who take an interest in such matters it is curious to see this catalogue of "household stuff," and to note its approximation or entire resemblance to our own. They are set down as they were taken by the author in passing from case to case.

The first case was principally filled with articles of food. There were bread, nuts, eggs, almonds, figs, chesnuts, olives, shoes, vials, &c. In the second case, rings, bread, bracelets, buckles, and prunes and figs, as fresh looking as if just put up. In the third case, spoons, salt-spoons, cullenders, a silver basin, hair-pins, on the heads of which were little figures elegantly carved—human and other figures. In another room were saucepans, stewpans, pots, kettles, frying-pans, skillets, &c. Then again there were drinking vessels in the form of horns, heads, &c.—urns of all sizes—glass from a house in Pompeii—lachrymatories—the skull of a bird found in an urn with the ashes of his master,—large glass tumblers a foot high—apothecaries vessels—glass vessels crushed out of shape but unbroken—steelyards whose weight is some finely done figure, as the head of an emperor—a tall glass bottle,—a glass urn for the dead—glass necklaces, with beads as large as musket bullets, and thick window-glass.

Next came kitchen utensils, pies, pans, jars, pastry-moulds—scales of bronze, lamps, jars for wine and oil, weights of bronze, lead, and stone, stamped with the makers' names—a table—sacrificial vessels—a portable altar for sacrifice, made to shut up something like an umbrella—broad shallow basins for the blood of victims—drinking-cups for sacrifice—a little furnace like our modern furnaces, for boiling water, &c., a silver lamp—an incense-box—a lustral basin—a sacrificing knife—a sponge and soap—bridle-bit, like ours, a curule chair, another lustral basin, a large tripod altar, arms and armour, a girdle, a quiver; a circular metal plate with a hammer to give notice to those turning a corner—horse furniture—bridles—spears—axes, bucklers—a pair of stocks, in which skeletons were found detained by the leg—a stylus—an inkstand with the dried sediment of the ink—stamps for different things—surgeons' instruments—forceps, pills, probes, a catheter, an instrument something like the modern French instrument for extracting stone, tops, ivory theatre-tickets, fish-hooks, *bagpipes, cowbells,* pieces of flutes, ladies' ornaments, thimbles, combs, pins for hair ornamented with ivory, a furnace like our modern economical one for frying, boiling, broiling, baking, &c.—a distilling machine, nails, staples, keys, locks, locks with the key half turned and fixed so by rust, &c.

"The French *batterie de cuisine,*" says Lady Morgan, "seems to have invented nothing, not to have added even a *casserole,* to the gastronomic necessaries of antiquity. From the elegant silver butter-melter of a Parisian Amphytrion, to the capacious turbot-boiler of an English alderman, every culinary article may be found among the *débris* of the kitchens of Pompeii. The specific purposes of these vessels are evident; but the elegance of their workmanship, leaves modern luxury hopeless. They are almost all of bronze or fine metal. Many offered evidence of having been silvered within, and the handles were of such exquisite forms, that any one of them might afford a subject for taste to descant on. The water urn, having a place for a heater, was beautiful beyond description, and might now serve the purposes of the most refined tea-table. A stove that shows an anticipation of Rumford's discoveries, and combines great elegance and economy, was probably placed in the middle of the apartment. The household bell is not

only most exquisite in workmanship, but clear and silvery in its tones. Several dishes of bronze, silvered and exquisitely chased, with handles to come off and on, evince the fine organization of a people, who sought even in the coarsest details of life, for forms to gratify their elegant and high-wrought imaginations."

To this it may be added, that even the well-curbs are of elegantly carved marble; and it would seem that this passion for luxuries descended into the coarsest details of life.

Among the many interesting objects in Pompeii is the House of Cicero; and although the house known by his name has but a very equivocal claim to that honor, still there is an intense interest in the feeling with which we observe a house that he has even been *supposed* to have occupied. His Pompeian and Tusculan villas, he says, "me valde delectant," but whether this be his "Pompeianum" is uncertain. The Abbé Choupy reckons twenty-four country houses possessed by Cicero. Without attempting a discussion as to this point, I shall proceed to describe the house in the words of Bonucci.

"A portico and shop form its exterior part; its true entrance is in the place where are seen two cones of masonry. This was a spacious and well decorated house. It was uncovered at different times from 1749 to 1778, and afterward covered again, according to the custom of those times, that the proprietors of land there might not suffer. By its plan, we see that having entered, we passed into an uncovered court. We then arrived at an elegant peristyle by a long passage, at whose sides were the stables, the coach-house, the porter's room, and other dependencies. Around the peristyle were ranged the chambers of the men; farther in that of the master of the house and of the women, with the cells and galleries that look out upon the sea. In a lower story was found a portico which surrounded a garden, and over the portico a lodge, whence could be enjoyed a view of the sea and of the country on one side, and on the other the promenade of the route conducting to the city. A secret door (the only one yet discovered) opened into the street and into the court, where were found some Etruscan sepulchres.

Among the remarkable objects which decorated this villa, the celebrated paintings of the eight female dancers should be men-

tioned; the four groups of the Centaurs, and the Funambuli which decorated an eating-room. Hence too were taken the two mosaics of Dioscorides of Samos, who inscribed there his name. They represent two comic scenes, which, according to Winckelmann, deserve the preference even over the celebrated ancient Roman mosaic, the doves, which has hitherto made so much noise.

In this house was discovered a niche embellished with a frontispiece, and with two columns; below, a wall of support incrusted with beautiful marbles.

At a little distance was found a basin, and immediately after, in another niche, a little statue of marble representing an old man covered with a goatskin or *nebris*, who bore on his shoulder a pitcher, which poured water into the bath.

The habitation was terminated by a little street which bounded it on one side down to the seashore. In the angle was a pedestal, on which stood a consular statue.

EX AUCTORITATE
IMP. CÆSARIS
VESPASIANI AUG.
LOCA PUBLICA A PRIVATIS
POSSESSA T. SUEDIUS CLEMENS
TRIBUNUS CAUSIS COGNITIS ET
MENSURIS FACTIS REI
PUBLICÆ POMPEIANORUM
RESTITUIT.

Near by at the entrance of the street, the divinity of the place *(Lar compitalis)* was painted on the wall under the form of a large serpent, before which burned a lamp."

END.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

MAY 02 1984
REC'D LD-URL
NOV 04 1985
JUN 16 1988
REC'D LD-URL
JAN 07 '91
JAN 08 1991
REC'D LD-URL
MAY 01 1995
DEC 20 1994

35m-8,'71(P6347s4)—C-120

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LOS ANGELES THE LIBRARY OF
3 1158 00592 9194